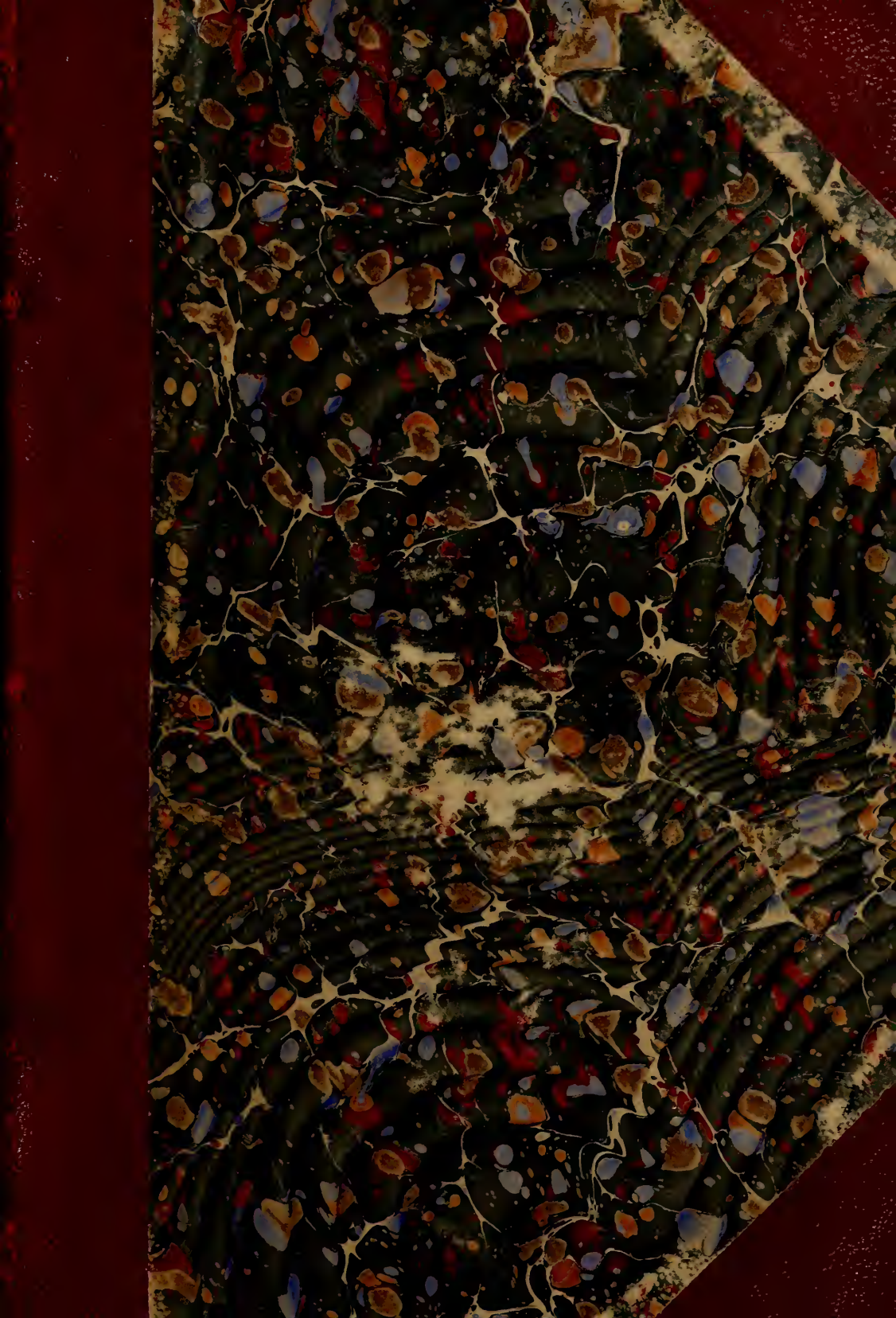

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AD VALOREM SLAVE TAXATION, 1858-1860.

BY W. K. BOYD.

There is no phase of American history more profitable for study than economic conditions and changes in the South from the close of the Revolution to 1860. The state historians have universally neglected economic developopment. Politics monopolized scholarship as completely as it did society, and if the economic interests were ever seriously considered, there is no evidence in works extant. It remains for the younger investigators to reconstruct from data and material too often meager and unsatisfactory, those forces which made possible the glory as well as the internal decay and civil strife of a departed and almost forgotten civilization.

North Carolina occupied an unique position among the slave States. The Quakers and Scotch-Irish were never in sympathy with the slave system, and many opponents to it arose among these stocks. Benjamin Lundy said that he made his first abolition address at Deep Creek, North Carolina. Coffin, the founder of the "Underground Railroad," was a Guilford county Quaker. In 1857 Helper, another native of the State, published his "Impending Crisis," which clearly presented the evil effects of slavery on industry. In 1858 a member of the State Senate began a revolt against the existing system of slave taxation which illustrated many evil effects of slavery on the non-slave holders. By 1860 this revolt had become a State issue.

By the constitution of 1835 all slaves under twelve and over fifty years of age were exempted from taxation, and all between those ages were subject to a poll tax. The amount of this capitation tax was fixed year by year. In 1836 it was twenty cents; in 1852 was forty cents, and in 1860 was fifty cents. This variation was due to variation in land tax, for the poll was to be equal to the revenue on three hundred dollars' worth of land. Slaves were therefore not listed as property, but as persons. It was claimed that this was a compromise. The Eastern counties consented to the abolition of boroughs and the admission of the West to the same basis of representation, provided that slaves be taxed as persons. The ad valorem men, the innovators and friends of a new system, rejected this view. Also there were many unsatisfactory clauses in the Revenue Acts. One thousand dollars at interest yielded $1.80 revenue; the same amount hoarded, nothing. The same amount invested in land was taxed thrice the amount in trade. So Governor Reid in 1852, in his letter to the General Assembly, advised that an ad valorem method be adopted in all taxation except slave property. Nothing was done to relieve the situation and inequalities con-

tinued. In 1859, by the Comptroller's Report, $203,000,000 slave property yielded $118,330 revenue, while $98,000,000 land paid $191,980. Land was rated 20 cents per hundred dollars value, slaves 5¾ cents per hundred. An opportunity was open for a man of broad sense and political tact to win prominence for himself and relief to the burdened by offering a remedy to these conditions.

Such a leader arose in 1858 in Wake county. This was Moses A. Bledsoe, member of the State Senate for that county, who introduced a bill which proposed to levy taxes ad valorem on all property in the State, slaves not excepted. In an able address he showed that the average revenue of one thousand dollars in land property was $1.50. A mature, healthy slave was worth the same amount or more, yet was taxed but fifty cents. He estimated that between one-third and one-half of the property in North Carolina was slave property, yet less than one-seventh of the revenue was levied from these slaves, three hundred thousand in number. By this system the small land owners and the slave holders were not taxed in proportion to the value of their property. Slaves were very profitable and brought a good price on the market. An offer of $1,100 each for 110 was refused in Pitt county about this time.* There was thus little inducement for the poor to acquire land. Inequality in taxation would tend to discourage those wishing to establish homes.

Mr. Bledsoe claimed that the taxation of slaves as persons was contrary to the Southern position on slavery. "Let me say to you that if you oppose this just doctrine (that slaves are property), if you attempt to exempt slaves from the same rules that apply to every other kind of property, you will abandon your strongest ground of defense against the assaults of the Black Republicans and Abolitionists." If slaves are property, why not tax them as such? "If my neighbor inflicts an injury upon my

*Letter, Pulaski Cowper, Raleigh, N. C.

slave, I may seek redress in the courts of justice and recover damages done to my property, but I can recover nothing for the pain inflicted on my slave as a person; that is a deed for which he must be indicted, convicted, and punished as an offense against the peace and dignity of the State."

About this time the Raleigh Working Men's Association was organized. Its purpose was to protest against certain features of the Revenue Acts that appeared unjust to the laboring men of the city. For instance, the tax on interest was $2.40 per thousand. But tools, implements and even carriages were assessed at one per cent. or $10 per thousand. Mr. Bledsoe drafted the constitution of this society, but slave taxation was so overshadowing in importance that little notice is made of it in the press of the time.

Mr. Bledsoe's bill failed to secure the required majority to become a law. But such an impression did his agitation make, that ad valorem taxation was discussed from mountain to sea and became the dominant State issue in 1860. Now the Democratic party won the State by an appeal to popular sympathy. Through its efforts the last colonial restrictions on suffrage were removed and the party entered on its career of supremacy as the champion of the people. But the slave aristocracy dominated the party and the proposed reform in taxation, in many ways a benefit to the poorer classes, was rejected by its leaders. The State convention which met at Charlotte found no place in its platform for the measure. But the Whig-Know-Nothing convention adopted the reform and Mr. Bledsoe was widely spoken of as an excellent gubernatorial possibility on their ticket. Here should be noted a difference in political methods. The Whigs favored an ad valorem system only as it should be the expression of the popular will through a convention. In the Assembly of 1858 Gorrell and Turner had introduced bills to submit

the taxation question to a popular vote and a convention. Mr. Bledsoe thought this unnecessary, that the reform might be by legislative enactment. Perhaps this was the reason that Bledsoe did not receive the Whig nomination. John Pool, of Pasquotank, was the chosen one and his opponents in the campaign urged that he had not formerly been in sympathy with the ad valorem movement. This charge might have been due to a wilful misrepresentation and confusion of methods to the people by the opposing politicians.

This issue of 1860 not only dealt with one of the most vital of civic problems, but was also not the least of the economic problems of slavery, for it involved the relative values of slave and other property. It caused dissention among the Democrats and had not national issues made necessary loyalty to party creeds there might have been a serious rupture. Mr. Holden, the editor of the "Standard," the Democratic organ, was in 1858 in sympathy with Mr. Bledsoe, but in 1860 sacrificed his individual views to the will of his party. The fight was close. In Raleigh the "Adder," a campaign sheet, was edited from the "Standard" office by John Spellman. This gentleman later was editor of the "State Journal," the Democratic organ that succeeded the "Standard." The "Little Ad" was published in Greensboro by J. M. Sherwood, the editor of the "Greensboro Patriot." Unfortunately files of these papers have not been preserved and the regular papers must be consulted for information regarding the campaign.

The arguments adduced are of more than passing interest and importance. The address of the Democratic Executive Committee was an able document, signed by E. G. Haywood, chairman. The argument, though able, is purely theoretical and well represents the speculative tendency of the Southern mind. Value alone must not be the standard of revenue; such a method would be onerous to the poor. Governments are instituted for the protection

of the rights of individuals and if value be the measure of revenue, what must be the amount levied for personal defense? Slave taxes are taxes on labor and history shows that excessive labor revenues are never successful. Slaves are also capital and one of the principles of political economy is that "governments must never lay such taxes as will inevitably fall on capital." By the proposed reform 300,000 slaves would yield more revenue than millions of whites. Productiveness, cost of production, and protection must be considered as well as value in any equitable system.

The opposition relied for their argument on facts rather than theory. Perhaps the best exposition of their policy was by the "Greensborough Patriot," whose editor, let it be remembered, issued the "Little Ad." "What will be the feelings of the owner of $1,200 worth of land when he understands that he pays just three times as much tax on it as his more fortunate neighbor does upon his slave worth the same money?" It was also claimed that the existing system caused emigration. "Why do they go away? Ask them. They all most inevitably reply, that our State is behind the age, taxation is oppressive, and we must go to a State where a different system prevails." But the most practical argument was the experience of other States. All the Southern States except Virginia and North Carolina had the ad valorem system. Moreover North Carolina was then carrying an excessive debt and not the least reason for the new system was to diminish this debt. A few years before Georgia was practically bankrupt; she adopted the ad valorem system and by this time had become the equal of any of her neighbors. "There is no complaint in that State about high taxes, notwithstanding her great and extensive public works. Her people are taxed less than the people of almost any State in the South." If her example were followed, taxes would be diminished, not in amount, "but the funds from which the

Legislature must levy the revenue would be so greatly increased, that the per cent. to be paid would be greatly less for each tax payer. This is the experience of other States and we may make it ours."

Thus both parties presented their views of the issue and worthily defended them. Mr. Ellis, the "middle of the road" Democratic nominee, was elected by six thousand majority. Quite naturally the East, where slavery had a strong hold, supported Ellis. Mr. Pool, a native of Pasquotank, lost his own district. It was in the Western and some of the Central counties that the ad valorem cause was strongest. In Wake Mr. Bledsoe failed to receive the Democratic nomination for the Senate. Geo. W. Thompson was chosen by the county convention to represent the party in his stead. Mr. Bledsoe at once announced himself an independent candidate. The contest was one of the memorable local campaigns in the State. Both men were able politicians and good stump speakers. Mr. Bledsoe was triumphantly elected. "Well do I remember that warm summer night in August when the news reached Raleigh from the country precincts announcing the election of Mr. Bledsoe. The town was wild and his admiring friends took him upon their shoulders and paraded the streets with him."*

Returned to the General Assembly, Mr. Bledsoe again presented a bill providing for the institution of an ad valorem system. This required but a few votes to make the requisite two-thirds majority.

Thus ended ad valorem agitation in the Union. The history and nature of the movement present many questions for thought and speculation. Though apparently a movement of the non-slave holding class, on close examination many slave owners are found among its most ardent friends. Mr. Bledsoe himself was one of these. Frequently articles may be found among the paper files

*Letter from John Nichols, Esq., Raleigh, N. C.

signed by slave masters who defend the reform. This must have been the result of the love of the Southerner for speculation and politics, for as slaves were more valuable than ever in 1860, personal interests would certainly not win their support for the ad valorem method. Surely if the war had not been precipitated, the ad valorem cause would have triumphed two years later, for this method of taxation was adopted by North Carolina when she entered the Confederacy. Both political parties now favored the ad valorem system, "the old Whigs because they advocated it in 1860, and the old Democrats because, the war being about slavery. discord might ensue if slaves should escape their due taxation; the latter thought the non-slave holders might not fight so readily, unless slave property, lands, etc., should be placed on the same footing."

In the "Public Laws" of 1861–62–63–64, chapter 53, it is enacted that "an ad valorem tax of two-fifths of one per cent. be levied" on (1) real estate, (2) "all slaves in the State, excepting such as the county courts may have exempted, or may hereafter exempt from taxation on account of bodily or mental infirmity, to be taxed according to value, which value is to be ascertained by the same persons who assess the value of lands."

N. B.—The sources from which data and facts have been obtained are interview with Mr. Bledsoe; letters from Messrs. Pulaski Cowper and John Nichols, of Raleigh, and Judge MacRae, of Chapel Hill; newspaper files in the State Library. W. K. B.

JOHN WEBSTER'S VENGEANCE.

BY F. S. CARDEN.

It was in a country store. Pots, pans, buckets, horse-collars and every useful object you could think of hung from the rough rafters. Dry goods, drugs and groceries were neatly arranged in the shelves. The day was rainy and dreary. Work on the farms being impossible, a group of farmers and farm hands were comfortably lounging on boxes and chairs in the store. They were hotly discussing politics, when the door was slowly opened, letting in a gust of wind and rain. The person who entered gently closed the door and glanced timidly around at the crowd of loafers. There was something unusual about his appearance, which at once attracted the attention of the observer. He was a young man of average height, clad in rags. But the peculiarity was about his face. Its contour was intellectual, the chin was square and firm, and the forehead was broad and low. Yet the eyes were blank and expressionless. It was plain at a glance that the light of understanding no longer shown forth from those windows. A strange, solemn hush fell upon the crowd. One or two of the younger ones tittered, but upon receiving a stern glance from their elders, they became shamefacedly silent.

"What'll you have, John?" asked the kindly-faced clerk. "Got some more seng to sell?"

"Yes," replied the new-comer, smiling meaninglessly. "What will you give me for what's in this sack? Will you give me some candy for little Susie?"

His voice was peculiarly soft and gentle. He continued talking in a rambling way, while he slung the sack from his shoulder and untied the string. As he poured the contents out on the floor a large dead rattler fell out among the roots. Its head was crushed into nothingness and it was otherwise mangled.

"Killed another, have ye, John?" remarked a big-bearded man.

"Yes, that's the hundredth," replied John, looking at a stick full of notches, which he carried.

His voice was no longer soft, but was hard and stern, and his eyes blazed fiercely. The men stretched the snake out, counted its rattles and made various comments on it. In the meanwhile the merchant, after weighing the seng, paid John for it and gave him a few sticks of candy. He picked up the snake and placing it in the sack, disappeared again in the driving rain.

"What's the matter with him?" asked a stranger.

"It is a sad story," replied a little red-bearded man with a sharp eye. "He used to be one of the smartest men in this county, now he's as crazy as a bed-bug."

"You don't say?" remarked the drummer, at once interested. "Tell us about it."

"Well, it's a long tale," said the other, tossing his quid into the stove box, as the group began to gather around him. Many of them had heard it before, but they never tired of it.

"It's this way: John Webster's parents were poor, but they set a sight of stock in education. So by scrimping and digging they sent John to college. He grad'ated at an early age and came home with the notion of being a preacher. His parents died soon after he got back, so John, bein' foot loose, got license to preach and commenced at Smith's chapel, away over yonder at the foot of the mountains. He did splendid, worked hard, too hard, some people say. Well, everything went all right until John fell in love with old 'Squire Green's daughter. But he warn't the only one after her. Young Harry Westwick, handsome and rich, was also settin' up to her. He was wild, drank and got into a deal of devilment, and to my opinion, was and is yet an uncommon mean man. That don't make much difference to most gals, but it did to Mary Green. She jilted him and ran away with the handsome young parson, John Webster. Harry was furious

and swore he would get even with them. He swore and kicked so that his daddy sent him somewhere to cool off kinder.

"John and Mary settled in a little home up there under the mountains, five miles from any house except the church. They lived there for a year and a little girl was born. In the course of another year Harry Westwick came home. He cast many an ugly look at that pretty little cottage as he rode by and saw that little golden-haired kid tottering around on the porch. I tell you he was an uncommon mean man. Most fellows would have forgotten, but Harry Westwick don't forgit, he don't.

"John never expected any danger. He was kind-hearted and held nothin' agin' Harry. He was so happy, it seemed like he believed the Lord would let no harm come ro his wife and little un. He would ride around to see his flock and leave them all day alone.

"Well, everything went well until one day John had to go to see a sick woman, 'cross the river, twelve miles from home. He kissed his wife and little girl good-bye and mounted his horse. As he rode off he hadn't any idea that he would never see his little child again. He waved his hand at the beautiful pair standin' there in the little honeysuckle-covered porch and said to little Susie: 'Papa'll bring you some candy when he comes back.'

"Now, I can't stand for the truth of the rest of the story, but I believed it all the same. There was a little nigger boy who staid at John Webster's and helped with the house-work. He was hoeing in a patch of corn at one side of the house, so high nobody could see him. He says that about one hour after John left, Harry Westwick, about half drunk, came ridin' by. As he was looking one of those hard, wicked looks over into the yard, he pulled up his horse all of a sudden and exclaimed, 'Copper-head, by ——!' He got off his horse and, picking up a big rock, crept up to the fence. Just as he was about to throw over

the fence into a little clump of grass, little Susie tottered out on the porch and said: 'Papa, has oo dot me some tandy?' She instantly saw her mistake and stared in wonder at the stranger. Suddenly a malignant look came into Westwick's face and he dropped his rock into the road and said: 'Yes, honey, here is some candy; come and get it.' He reached in his pocket and pulled out some paper and held it over the fence to her. She toddled towards him with outstretched arms. The clump of grass into which Westwick had started to throw, lay directly in her path. As she neared it there was a slight rustle and movement in it."

Here the narrator stopped, took out a plug of tobacco and deliberately took a chew. As he gazed fiercely around on the little group of listeners, he said: "I always thought Harry Westwick was a d——d scoundrel, and I don't give a d——n if his daddy is rich and a General."

"Go on, go on!" exclaimed the listeners.

"Well, there ain't much more," resumed the narrator with a faint suspicion of moisture in his eyes. "Just as the snake struck her in the face that devil jumped on his horse and galloped off. The mother came running out when she heard her baby cry, and what she saw was her darlin' lying on the ground with a monster copper-head clinging to its cheek. She rushed towards them just as the snake loosened itself and coiled again. It struck her in the neck as she stooped to pick up her baby. She paid no attention to it, but rushed in the house with her child. The nigger was skeered nigh to death, but she managed to start him after the Doctor and some whiskey. They had no spirits in the house, John bein' a preacher, you know. Nobody will ever know the misery them two endured there alone. The poor mother herself pizened and seein' her child die in her arms." The stranger swallowed and gazed fixedly at the stove.

"Well, when the Doctor got there the child was dead and the mother might a nigh it. They say when John got

home that night such mortal misery never has been seen nor heard of. They wouldn't let him see his little baby, for it was swollen and so blue that you couldn't have told whether it was white or black, if it hadn't been for its golden locks. Mrs. Webster lingered on for a week and John sat up with her night and day. But it warn't no use. She was of a delicate constitution and wanted to jine her baby. They buried them both up by the little church. After John heard the little nigger's tale, he was took down with brain fever, and when he got well he was as you saw him 'while ago. All the money he gets he spends in candy for little Susie. He hates the very sight of snakes and kills all he can find."

"Well, what did they do with Westwick?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, that was easy. He was rich and nobody but a little nigger to testify agin' him. His father sent him off to Europe and he just got back last week. He brought back a lot of friends and they are having a high old time over at the General's."

"Looks like he'd be afraid to re——."

Just then the door opened and a tall man, enveloped in a mackintosh, entered. His age might have been thirty. His face had a wicked, dissipated look. As he passed the group of loungers without deigning to notice them, the narrator nudged the stranger, saying: "That's him." He asked the store-keeper for his mail, for the postoffice was located in the store. After he had received it and was quitting the store, he turned to the store-keeper and said in a harsh voice: "By the way, George, there are some friends over home I wish to take through Kelly's Cave day after to-morrow. Have a good guide at the mouth of the cave. Let him be there at ten o'clock." He passed out, mounted his horse and was away without awaiting an answer.

"By Grabb! Boys, there ain't nobody in the country who knows that cave but poor John Webster, and hit would be a shame to send him."

"You'll have to send somebody or Westwick, fool-like, will be taking the crowd in hisself, and the whole shootin' match will be lost."

"Webster is the only one who knows the cave; send him. It don't make any difference. Him and Harry didn't recognize each other when they met the other day," said another. After much discussion the store-keeper sent John Webster word that he was wanted at the Cave on Thursday morning.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear. As the sun peeped above the eastern hills and shot its glancing rays full into the towering ivy-covered cliffs of Stone Mountain, it found an earlier riser than itself seated dejectedly before the dark, gloomy mouth of a cave. Eager to make money to invest for his little Susie, John Webster had arrived long before the appointed time. The beautiful valley below him, the level green meadows stretching far away in the distance, the glistening Tennessee winding like a silvery ribbon among them, the faint tinkling cow bells, whose notes were wafted up to him, sufficed not to light up the blank, sorrowful eye and to smooth away the look of care from his wan, worn features. He sat there for hours taking no account of time. Finally the voices and laughter of a merry group, as they were toiling up the winding mountain-path, reached him. As the foremost of the party came into view, picking his way up the rough mountain side, John Webster suddenly became all attention. His eyes blazed fiercely and his limbs trembled with rage. He withdrew into the dark entrance of the cave and awaited their arrival. Soon, all the party—several ladies and gentlemen—had arrived. While they rested at the mouth of the cavern, John remained within lighting the lanterns. A connected idea was slowly forming itself in the confused chaos of his brain.

Outside Harry Westwick laughed and joked with the gayest, unconscious of the fact that he was about to entrust his life into the hands of a man he had deeply wronged.

* * * * * * * * *

They had been in the cavern for an hour or two. Almost all the points of interest—except the guide's face, which was a battle ground between conflicting passions—had been seen. The ladies were tired, so when they again came in sight of the light of the entrance, the Guide said in his soft, gentle tones: "There is one more point of interest—the rat's nest." He pointed to a dark, narrow opening, which led up towards the surface of the mountain. John explained that this branch of the cavern became warmer and warmer as it neared the surface of the mountain, and was inhabited by a species of large and harmless rats. The ladies begged to be excused, so they were conducted to the main entrance, there to await the rest of the party.

Harry Westwick and two other men plunged after the Guide into the dark side passage. If they could have seen the wild glaring of his eyes they no doubt would have hesitated, but such warning was denied them. The air became warmer and warmer, the sides of the cave were wet and slimy, and the bottom was soft and slick. Bats, like spirits of warning, winged their noiseless way past them. At last they came to a steep ascent over a pile of loose rocks. There was barely enough room for them to pass one at a time. "Wait until I get through," said the Guide; "for I might kick a loose rock down on you." Slowly and painfully, like a snake, he worked his way up the steep, narrow passage. When he had reached the top he turned, placed his lantern behind him, and gazed down at those below. "Mr. Westwick next," he said. Harry Westwick went through the same toilsome ascent, swearing and wishing he had never attempted it. Just as he reached the top, the Guide loosened a large stone, which rolled down into the narrow passage, completely blocking

the way. "You d——d awkward devil," exclaimed Harry Westwick, "I've a notion to break every bone in your body."

"Only an accident, sir," murmured John, "only an accident. Those gentlemen below have a light. Let them return to the entrance and I will take you by another passage." This advice was shouted to those below, who at once followed it.

As John and Westwick continued on their way, the latter exclaimed, "Pshew! I smell snakes." And indeed a strong and offensive odor peculiar to the rattlesnake pervaded the atmosphere. They were picking their way carefully on a narrow ledge, around one side of a dark hole. Suddenly from the black depths of the hole came a dry, whirring noise. "Rattlers, rattlers!" exclaimed Westwick. "Yes, you smell snakes." "Look, look!" replied the Guide, and held the lantern over the ledge into the hole below. Westwick gazed fearfully over. "My God!" he exclaimed. The pit was about ten feet deep and it seemed as if the sandy bottom was completely covered with rattle-snakes. The Guide straightened up on the narrow ledge and, holding the lantern near his own face, sternly exclaimed, "Look, look!" Westwick, with protruding eyes, turned and gazed into that pale, handsome face and those flashing eyes, into which the light of reason had momentarily returned. They gazed at each other for a full minute. As a flash of vengeful fury overcame the reason in John Webster's eyes, Westwick, with a scream of terror, endeavored to spring back, but he stumbled and fell with an awful shriek into the pit below.

There was an angry whirring, a violent storm of hissing, a dreadful squirming and all was still for a moment, as an anxious face bent over the pit. Then John Webster broke into a fit of wild demoniacal laughter, and ran with all his might away from that awful hole. He knew not where. There was one loud, long, piercing shriek of laughter—

whose notes, echoing and re-echoing through the bowels of the mountain, reached those without. There was a loud splash and the midnight blackness of the cave sunk again into its wonted quiet.

In his mad flight, John Webster had at last cooled his fevered brain in one of those dark, dangerous pools of the cavern.

GROWTH THE RESULT OF STRUGGLE.

BY M. B. CLEGG.

In the recent poem, Marpessa, by Stephen Phillips, we have the picture of a beautiful Greek girl standing with the god Apollo on one side, and Idas, a mortal, on the other. There came a voice from Zeus saying, "Let her decide." By this message was meant that she was to choose either to spend her life in heaven with Apollo, or on earth with Idas. On the one hand she could choose to live with the Greeks' ideal of perfect manhood, who sits upon Mount Olympus in perfect peace and happiness, and smiles as he looks out upon the pain, misery and suffering of mankind. Apollo promises her that if she would become his companion, she should become with him an immortal being, and that he would carry her up into heaven, from where she could see "The grateful upward look of earth emerging roseate from her bath of dew." On the other hand she is given the privilege of choosing the mortal Idas as her companion. As Idas was picturing before her the conditions of mortal life, showing her that by struggling against its imperfections she should be "like a candle clear in this dark country of the world," she, with dimmer eyes and with lips apart, lay her human hand in his, and thus chose to live a life with a human being.

It may seem strange to many of you that this girl should choose to remain in a world where to live meant to suffer pain and to endure sorrow; but I declare to you that in this decision is involved the principal by which human civilization has made its progress. Only to the extent that the human race has come face to face with the imperfections of its own nature and its surroundings,—and to the extent that it has toiled patiently with and struggled to overcome these imperfections, has it made progress toward an ideal civilization.

Search the pages of history from the earliest dawn of civilization to the present time, and you will find that this has been the principal according to which all civilized nations have made advancements. I think of no better illustration than that of the country of Holland, which was once swept over by the tides from the sea. By patient toil and struggle of the inhabitants against this element of nature, they at length encircled their coasts with walls, thus shutting out the water; and to-day they have fertile planes and large cities with paved streets, where once flowed tides and sluggish streams.

Not only is it by this principal that nations have made progress, but it is equally true with regard to every individual who has attained to real success in life. There is no better example of this than that of Abraham Lincoln, who, during his childhood and early life, had almost every conceivable difficulty to overcome in order that he might bring himself in touch with the leading men of his time. These early struggles, however, were only a preparation for the great struggle that lay before him when he was made our nation's Chief Executive. In the North there was a wide-spread demoralization, half the people used their influence against him, while in the South the States had unfurled their own flag, and were ringing the carrion notes of defiance in the ears of their insolent foe. In the midst of all this stood Lincoln, not a hero or a statesman only, but more than both—a real President. With his mind firmly set upon the preservation of the Union, he passed victoriously through four years of toil and struggle, and thus gaining a victory that has placed him among the great men of the world.

In view of these facts of history, we are led to consider further the principal by which all real progress of the human race has been made. As we look back over the religious work we find that the legend of the lost Paradise has been commonly considered among men as the story of

the Fall of Man. That there is truth of the most vital sort in this legend, looked at from this point of view, no one will deny; but I wish to call your attention to the fact that there are aspects of truth, that, looked at from an opposite standpoint, will lead us to regard the loss of Paradise as in itself the beginning of the Rise of Man. It was upon this occasion that man first had a knowledge of his imperfection. It was there that he became a conscious being with the power of choosing between the good and the evil. The problem whether she should grow or not grow became the all important issue. Not to grow meant death; to grow meant the overcoming of his state of imperfection, and ever striving toward a state of perfection. To do this meant that he would have to struggle and to endure pain, sorrow and disappointment. To the extent that he realized his true position, and to the extent that he struggled to overcome the imperfections of his nature, and to conquer the evil conditions around him, to that extent has he made progress in civilization.

Not only is this true from the standpoint of the history of religion, but the same truth has been opened up to us in a different form by some or the leading scientists of the 19th century. Mr. Darwin, in his "Origin of Species," teaches us that struggle for life is the final clue to the course of living nature. As we study the different geological periods we find that there has been a gradual evolution of plant and animal life. We find that the animals of each succeeding age possess striking similarities to those of the age preceding, yet there is a difference sufficient to show that there was a gradual evolution of animal life on the earth. Finally man appeared upon the scene. His chief function while in his primitive stage was, as with the lower animals, to struggle for his own individual life. He had but little care for the lives of others; yet he was not without the germ which later developed into a desire on his part to use his life for the benefit of others. The father

began to protect and to make more comfortable the lives of those about him. The mother looked upon the new and helpless life that palpitated before her, and realized that its existence hung by a thread. There arose an instinctive desire on her part to reach out her hand in tender affection to save and protect her child. So great has been the evolution of this sympathy and love in the mother's heart, that to-day as we see a child press its face upon its mother's cheek and feel the tears that flow from her eyes, we realize that there is a love that no one on earth but a mother can know. Take any phase of life you may, you will find that of all that has ministered to the good and the pleasures of man; that of all that made the world varied and happy; of all that has made society solid and interesting, and of all that has brought beauty and gladness into the lives of men, the larger part has been accomplished by struggling for the lives of others.

It has been the failure on the part of human civilization to recognize this truth, and to see its far-reaching significance, that has prevented it from making the progress toward an ideal humanity that it might have made. There are to-day, and have been for centuries past, two classes of people who fail to recognize that moral strength can only be attained by struggling with and overcoming the evil in the world. One of these is a class of religious optimists who simply deny the actual existence of evil. They, in their vain imagination, try to look at the world from what they would call God's point of view, invent social Utopias, as was the case in the time of the French Revolution, refusing to recognize the deep reality of the sorrow and pain that is in the world. They claim that looked at from their visionary heights, all is bright and clear, and that the ills of life vanish from their exalted view. They ignore the present and look to the future. The present is a world of crime, of drunkenness and of wickedness of every kind in which there is no God. They admit that there are a

few good people in it, but their concern is not with the absurdities of this earthly life, but with the service of some far-off ideal future humanity. This world to them is out of joint, and instead of trying to set it right, they would fain look to the future and forget it, "Leaving human wrongs to right themselves, cares but to pass into the silent life." There is no meaning in life except what the far-off gives to it. The good is somewhere just as "oats and beans and barley grow where we know not of." They dream of the far off starry future and gaze at other planets and fancy some perfect life that may be there, never for a moment realizing that this world may be to them the best of possible worlds.

"Hesper—Venus—were we native to thy splendor or in Mars,
We should see this globe we groan in fairest of the evening stars.
Could we dream of wars and carnage, craft and madness, lust and spite,
Roaring London, raving Paris, in that point of peaceful light?
Might we not in glancing heavenward, on a star so silver fair,
Yearn and clasp our hands and murmur, 'Would to God that we were there?'"

There is, on the other hand, a class of people who, by their scientific investigations, have been led to remain agnostic with regard to the spiritual realities of the world. They found in the study of the phenomenal order of nature many things that tore down the dogmas of a blind faith. So great was there influence, it seemed as though they were going to undermine our Christian faith, but there are evidences to-day that this class of men is coming more and more to realize the spiritual reality of the Christian religion.

A genuine synthesis of the modes of thinking of these two classes of people, would be a spiritual idealism that not only sees the good in the world, that not only fixes its eyes upon some ideal future, but that realizes the deep reality and the gravity of the evil in the world. We need a people that not only in their imagination see a God of Love sitting upon some great throne, bidding his faithful

ones, "enter thou into the joy;" who do not, as the Greeks did, think of God as slumbering on Olympus, or as driving his solar chariot across the heavens, but we need a people who see God struggling in the mire, and in the dens of vice and crime. A people that realize when they see a human being struggling through life with a heavy burden, that it is a part of God that is struggling. In the language of Mr. Royce, we should conceive of God as saying to the world, "O ye who despair, I grieve in you. Your sorrow is mine. No pang of your finitude but is mine too. I suffer it all, for all things are mine; I bear it, and *yet* I triumph."

As we look back over the great and awful and tragic altar of history, this truth comes home to us as we see God and man struggling against the evil, and sacrificing their own individual lives in the onward march toward the universal idea of humanity. It is this truth that Christianity first taught the world, and it is this truth that it will continue to teach throughout the roaring billows of time that are yet to come. However much of struggle and pain that God may call upon the human race to endure, it shall not be engulfed, but "borne aloft into the azure of eternity. Love not pleasure, love God. This," says Carlyle, "is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all controdiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

A SONNET.

BY E. C. PERROW.

Of all the many people whom we meet
How small the number that we really know.
We glance into their faces as we greet,
But never see the heart that throbs below.
How oft we pass a friend upon the street
And greet him with a cold, indifferent stare,
And find, too late, that in his bosom beat
A heart of love we never dreamed was there.
God grant that we may learn while pass the years
To know our friends, with sympathetic ties
To bind their hearts to ours, and dry the tears
That gather oft unnoticed in their eyes.
O Lord, as Bar-timaeas prayed for light,
We pray that we, too, may receive our sight.

DAVID HILL.

BY M. E. L.

It was a cold winter's evening in the mountains of North Carolina. The snow had fallen all day and a cold rain was freezing as soon as it reached the ground. The wind whistled a gale around the house corners and the limb that brushed the sitting-room window in windy weather beat harder than usual to-night.

Inside the large farm house where father and mother Horton and the two boys, Herbert and Ben, lived, everything was warm and comfortable. The tasks of the day finished, they sat around the great open fire while mother read aloud. They were a happy and contented family. Father Horton, after giving up his practice of law in the village near by, looked after his large farm. Mother Horton had taught the boys herself until now she thought she had taught them as much as she could, they needed to come in contact with other boys their own ages. She did not like to think of sending them away to school. It was so pleasant to have them at home, to help with managing the farm in the mornings and to study with her in the afternoons. She had not like most mothers dropped her music and study as age advanced. She still took an active interest in her reading and the piano stood open in the parlor. Often in the evenings she would play the old songs she knew when she was a girl. With Herbert to turn her music she could almost imagine she was young again, he was so much like Father Horton was in his youth.

The clock had just struck nine when a step was heard on the front porch, the old knocker sounded and Father Horton opened the door to admit a stranger. He was a young man, not over twenty-four, his face was rather pale, his eyes were black, and as Ben said afterwards, seemed to see into one's very heart. It was a pleasant face to

look at. In response to a cordial invitation to come in he stepped into the warm sitting room. Soon he had made his wants known, he was in search of work, could Father Horton give him something to do? They felt that this was no ordinary day-laborer. The delicate white hands, the soft tone of his voice and the gentlemanly bearing could belong only to a man far superior to those generally seeking work at farm-houses.

What could he do? Anything he said. Father Horton promised to find something for him to do the next day, for that night at least he must make himself comfortable. The stranger simply gave his name as David Hill, he told nothing of his home.

For several days the weather did not permit the boys' being out doors, then it was that Herbert found that David could read his Greek and Latin and Ben found ready help with his knotty problems in mathematics. In a week mother had transferred her teaching to David and the boys were delighted with the many things he taught them. Mother Horton liked David from the first, he was always so kind and attentive to her every want, threading her needle when she sewed or finding her glasses. He was near her all the time, yet never a word had he said of his home, she found herself wondering what his surroundings had been and hoping that her boys would be the manly son that David would be in a home.

Two months had passed. Winter was fast going and spring seemed very near. The boys would often wander into the woods with David. He could point out to them so many things they had never noticed before.

Ben was David's favorite, they were always together, their chief delight was to take long tramps in the surrounding country. One day when returning from one of these tramps, David stopped in the village and Ben went home. At supper time David had not reached home. After night-fall he returned and went straight to his room.

Ben went up to tell him his supper was waiting but received no answer to his rap. Then he was rapped louder and called to David to let him in. The door was opened. David staggered back to his bed and fell across it. A strong odor of whiskey pervaded the room and Ben found that his friend was drunk. His first impulse was to rush down stairs and tell Mother Horton about it but on a second thought he decided to keep it secret. He put David to bed, and locked the door on the outside taking the key with him. Down stairs he said that David was asleep and did not care to be disturbed.

The next morning David did not speak of his strange behavior on the previous evening. During the morning Mother Horton heard some one playing the piano, who could it be? She was the only one of the household who played. She slipped gently into the parlor. There sat David playing the sweetest music she had ever heard but there was a sad strain running through it that brought tears to her eyes. He, too, was crying. She sat down beside him, put her hand on his arm, "What is it, my son," she said, "Tell me your trouble." Then he told her that his name was not David Hill, he had chosen that name because he did not want his friends and relatives to know his whereabouts, that while in college he had learned to drink—to drink like a beast he said. In New York lived his mother and a beautiful sister, so good and pure that he would sooner die than bring disgrace upon them. They had never known that he drank. He had left them —"left them," he said, "until I can return to them a man indeed having overcome this fearful habit." "I thought I was growing stronger and could master myself until last night, the demon again possessed me and I drank, My God! Shall I never be able to do it?" His head dropped on his breast, great sobs shook his frame, Mother Horton smoothed his dark hair and whispered words of encouragement. He had seemed so strong and was now so weak and helpless.

After a while he began to play again and Mother left him to himself.

After this mother kept David with her as much as possible. Her heart ached for the mother who knew not where her son was and for the son who had not his mother to help him in his purpose. The question of how she might help David was always before her. Surely she argued he is not to blame, he tries so hard, has he inherited an appetite for drink? Perhaps his father had been a drunkard, he had said nothing of his father. No matter how he came by this habit he had the sympathy and love of the Horton family, they would do anything they could to help him.

After a few weeks of spring weather, winter seemed to return and snow fell. Once again David was gone toward the village. It was quite dark when Ben started out with the buggy in search of him. He found him on the side of the road lying in the snow. Ben helped him into the buggy and hurried home with him. He had been drinking again and had no doubt been lying in the snow some time, he was well nigh frozen when they reached home. Mother Horton had him wrapped in warm blankets and gave him hot teas to drink. He coughed dreadfully. Herbert went for the family physician. The doctor said he had pneumonia. For two days he was very sick, Mother did not leave him. Ben was heart-broken almost, he would sit by him and hold his hand when he was delirious. In his delirium he would call for mother and Blanche. The third day he seemed somewhat better but on the fourth he was again delirious. All the forenoon he was calling for "the boys" and Blanche and mother. In the afternoon the doctor advised Mother Horton to send for his revatives. . She knew of no one to send for. He had only told her that his mother and sister lived in New York. He could not be made to understand her questions now. She tried to make him understand but he would only look

at her in a dazed way. They searched every thing in the room but could find no name, no address.

It was once more dark outside. The shaded lamp threw a dim stream of light on David's face, as he lay motionless and still. Mother thought of him as he stood in the door-way only a few months ago asking for work. He had become a part of the household, a part of her family and she and the others loved him as such. She knelt by his bed-side and prayed with her whole heart for the boy and for the mother. While she knelt David's hot hand was placed on one of hers. He drew it gently to his parched lips, then he saw Ben, he reached his other hand toward him. Ben took his hand between both his own. A sweet smile lit up David's face he made an effort to raise himself, "God bless"—he said and died.

They buried him in the little cemetery near by. On the stone that marks his resting place is simply, David Hill.

SUSIE PERKINS.

BY W. A. LAMBETH.

"Land sakes, mamma!" said Helen Moore bursting into her mother's room, "here's a letter from Susie Perkins saying that if it is convenient for us she will visit us early next week."

"Well, I had hoped," replied Mrs. Moore resignedly, "that we wouldn't have much company this summer. You remember how it was last year. I'm getting tired of these everlasting summer-visits. But write her to come on. It's about as convenient now as it ever will be."

A letter was soon written to Susie saying, however, that it was perfectly convenient for her to come and that she would be expected early the following week.

"Mamma," said Helen at the supper table that evening, "doesn't it seem strange to you that Susie Perkins has never got married?"

"If age is any qualification," replied Mrs. Moore, "Susie certainly has that."

"I've been looking at girls for a long time," said Helen's father joining in the conversation, "and I've come to the conclusion that in every community there are just a few fine girls born to be old maids. They don't seem to take with the boys. And I believe that Susie Perkins belongs to this number."

"I think that your father is right about that," said Mrs. Moore. "But has either one of you ever noticed that this kind of girls does a great deal of visiting? I've seen and been bothered with so much company that I have come to the conclusion that any girls, whose prevailing custom is to make long summer-visits among her friends, has something radically wrong with her age. When I see this it always makes me think that the girl is looking for a husband and hasn't been able to find him at home where her age is known."

Many are the schemes designed for entertaining visitors. Few are the boys who have not at some time been bored because of old girls' visits. Little did Susie Perkins know when she arrived at the Moore residence of the plans laid because of her expected coming. Helen had been busy. She had been afraid that Susie would not be popular. Consequently she had urged her friends, for her own sake, to be very attentive and kind to her expected guest. Out of a most generous feeling she had even appealed to one who was dearer to her than simply a friend. She had made Jack Nichols, her own sweetheart, promise to give Susie a great deal of attention. She had resolved not to tell Susie of the relationship existing between her and Jack. Knowing well the custom of boys in this regard she felt more that Jack would not let Susie into the secret.

Jack was kind and attentive to Susie. Everybody was, she thought. She felt that her old popularity must be returning to her. Jack dropped in, by accident, nearly every evening. Susie soon found herself looking forward eagerly to the time when he should come. His presence seemed to make her draw short, quivering breaths. "Can it be," thought Susie, "that I'm in love once more?" She knew that this strange, delightful feeling had not been awakened in her since she was eighteen. Then it was that Gilbert McKinzie stopped visiting her. Susie remembered well the night he made his final speech. He reminded her that he had been a constant caller at her house for two years. He was afraid, he told her, that his advances might keep some one more seriously inclined than he from visiting her. To all outsiders his advancements might already be considered serious. He felt, he continued, that it was his duty to tell her his position. She had often given him assurances of her affection. There was a little tremor in his voice when he asked her if she was willing for him to keep on loving her without the

slightest intention of marriage. He had been framing this question for weeks. His courage had failed him several times when he had been determined to tell her.

A painful silence followed his question. She could not let him know what her inward feelings were. She knew that he had never said anything about their marriage. But deep down in her heart she had always believed that he would sometime. She was not prepared for such a question and it stunned her. She knew that Gilbert was looking intently into her face. She gazed out into the darkness. Believing finally that she could answer without betraying her feelings she said coldly, "Why certainly, Gilbert, I never thought of such a thing." Their parting that evening was possibly a little more formal than usual. But she did not keep Gilbert from holding her hand a little longer than the time usually allotted for an ordinary good-bye. He looked up a little wistfully into her face and then stepped out hurriedly into the night.

Eight years had now passed since that dark summer night. During all of this time Susan had never had a constant lover. Gilbert had called occasionally but had always studiously avoided any mention of their former relationship. Many times during these years she had been dangerously near believing that she should after all be an old maid. She often withdrew to her room and there all alone went over the proceedings of that last evening with Gilbert. Occasionally as she thought a strange tear would fall down her cheek.

Susie dressed very carefully on the last evening of her visit. She had been just as careful on that same evening eight years before. There she was thinking of Gilbert McKenzie. Now she was thinking of Jack Nichols. She was uneasy because Jack had not said a word that betrayed any feelings for her.

Jack faithful to his promise and in accordance with his custom, came early bringing a friend. The evening was

passing rapidly for Susie. Jack had given her almost his entire attention. This made her very happy. "Do you really intend to leave us to-morrow, Miss Perkins?" said Jack after a little pause in the conversation.

"Yes, Mr. Nichols, I shall be compelled to return home in the morning."

"We shall all be very sorry when you leave."

"O, thank you. I am sure that I have never had a more delightful visit in my life. You have been especially kind to me."

"I have been most delightfully repaid for anything that I may have done."

Susie's heart was beating furiously.

"I am thinking," continued Jack, "if coming over to your town next week on a very important mission. I suppose you can guess very easily what I am speaking of."

"N-o, n-o-t exactly," stammered Susie preparing for what she believed would be a final shock.

"I'm sure you do, Miss Susie. You've certainly been here long enough to tell where my affections lie."

"Is it true?" Do you really mean that you,"—Susie could go no further.

"Why Miss Susie, hasn't Helen told you of our engagement?"

"No."

"She hasn't? Well she has treated you cruelly. I see that I must tell you. Helen and I are to be married two months from to-night." Susie's flushed face changed into a deathly white. "You are to be one of Helen's maids. You probably didn't understand me a minute ago. I thought of course you knew all about it. I am going to your town next week and engage the services of your minister for the marriage. Please forgive me if I have done anything wrong."

WORDSWORTH IN ROMANCE.

BY C. E. E.

My heart leaps up when I behold
  My sweetheart coming nigh:
So was it when I loved her first;
So is it now as it was earst;
So be it when I have grown old,
  Until I die.
For she, of maidens fair is first,
And I do wish our days to be
Bound each to each by stronger ties, you see.

D. D. PEELE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

With this number the Class of '01 assumes control of the magazine that must represent the literary life of the students of the College, and it is our purpose to do all in our power to make it worthy of the body it represents. Trinity is, and has always been, a growing institution, and especially of late years has its growth been phenomenal. All departments have been greatly strengthened and improved; but especially are we proud of our English department. Under these conditions we can reasonably look for growth in THE ARCHIVE, and are proud to say the improvement here has kept pace with the general improvement of the Institution. But this is a necessary improvement. THE ARCHIVE cannot afford to remain at the same grade of excellence while the literary life of the body it represents is enjoying such a wonderful growth. The magazine that would have done with honor the task it has undertaken, several years ago, to-day would hardly deserve the respect of the public. Then it is absolutely necessary, if THE ARCHIVE is to do its work as deservingly as heretofore, that it reach a higher degree of excellence than in any previous year. It is the purpose of the Senior Class to make it do this, but we cannot do it alone and we shall not attempt to do so. Such action would be to claim for ourselves a magazine that is intended for the service of all classes. We desire to say to the student body once for all, THE ARCHIVE is yours; the public will learn of you through it. If it is able to maintain a high standard of excellence,

you will be known as a body of students who have an active interest in literature; if not you are the sufferers. Then we invite every one from the humblest Freshman to the highest officer in the College including all alumni, in justice to himself and the Institution we all love and honor to give his enthusiastic support to THE ARCHIVE, financially and otherwise. We expect this, we have a right to expect it, and you cannot afford to disappoint us.

There has been so much written and said about what kind of matter should find a place on the pages of a college magazine that we feel like offering an apology for having a few words to say as to what shall be the policy of the present management with reference to this question. We cannot hope to say anything new, but only to select from the abundant dicta of others what we hope to be guided by during the present year; and we promise our readers silence on this subject ever in the future.

First and foremost, THE ARCHIVE is a literary magazine and has no space for anything that is not strictly literary in its nature. We have no department for the stale college joke that no one off the campus and very few on it can enjoy. Such a department shows a false conception of the mission of a magazine as well as a miserable lack of the proper kind of material for its pages. So excluding this pitiable little *Puck-and-Judge* department which we have never had and hope never to have, we desire to furnish the readers of THE ARCHIVE as great a variety in kind of literature as possible. Good short stories are desired. But, while we think good fiction is essential to the success of a magazine, we do not agree with those who think fiction and fiction alone has a place here. Among college men we find some whose stories would do honor to a more experienced writer, but there is not a sufficient number of these men to supply the pages of our magazine. Besides, such a policy would exclude the

essay which other students can write with equal facility, and which is just as essential as fiction.

We fear too much has already been said about poetry. This form of literature has almost been laughed out of existence in many of our college journals. Perhaps it is fortunate that some of it has, and some that is still abiding its time ought to be. But is there not danger in pulling up the weeds, that some wheat will be destroyed? Under present conditions, a true poet in our midst would think too much of his verse to class it with that kind of poetry known as "magazine poetry." If less time were spent by editors in laughing at such verse and more in selecting such as they desire for publication, those students who can write verse would feel more like making the attempt, and the magazines would have more as well as a better quality of such material to select from. Now, we are not bidding for verse of any and every description, and the student who may submit a piece of rhyme which fails to appear on the pages of THE ARCHIVE need not think we have acted unfairly, but should rather find comfort in placing himself with Wordsworth, Browning and other great poets who were not appreciated by their contemporaries. If, however any one has a quantity of good verse on hand, we shall be glad to see it.

We are under many obligations to the Assistant Editor, Mr. G. H. Flowers, who so nobly did the work of THE ARCHIVE during our absence at the beginning of the term.

It is an incouraging as well as an important fact that a large per cent of the students in Southern colleges for the last few years have been taking more and more interest in an industrial education. Up until recent years it was the prevalent idea that if a man wished to make a success as a lawyer or a doctor or a teacher he should have a college education, but if he desired to devote himself to industrial work there

was no special need for that training which a man receives from a college education. But we are glad to say this idea is rapidly loosing ground, and to-day instead of rushing into the already overcrowded professions, such as law and medicine, many college graduates are finding their way into the mills and factories of our country, where they are proving as successful as behind the teacher's desk or in the law office. This is due partly, of course, to the fact that the South has made great advancements along industrial lines in recent years, and has thus thrown open new fields for aspiring young men; but it is due also to the fact that people are beginning to realize that deep-thinking, sound-judgment and broad information, which a man gets from a college course, are as necessary for success to-day in the industrial world as in the literary world. The college man means more to the world to-day than an encyclopedia of Greek, Latin and Philosophy, and the embodiment of dry facts and theories. The time is not far passed when in those occupations where the hand was used more than the head the most important capital a man could have was a strong arm and a sound body; but there has been a great evolution in the industrial world, and to-day he who has the widest range of knowledge, and can think and plan the wisest is generally the one who obtains the greatest measure of success.

It is for this reason that we are glad to see so many young men in the South to-day graduating from colleges before taking a course in a textile school or entering the shops and factories to learn some industrial profession. A thorough knowledge of one's profession is, of course, the first requisite for success in any occupation, but the man who knows his profession and nothing else is at a great disadvantage to-day to the man who has solved the problem of mathematics, wrestled with the questions of Philosophy and felt the influence of the great minds of the literary world.—G. H. F.

LUTHER GIBSON, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

A very remarkable story by a new American writer is "Who Goes There?" The story of a spy in the Civil War, by Mr. B. K. Benson. A short synopsis of the story is given in "Book Reviews," which is as follows:

"This story is told by a Federal soldier. The two main features of his personal career are his love for the daughter of his former tutor and the mental affliction of "Amnesia"—the malady of forgetting his past identity—under which he suffers.

"His tutor becomes a medical officer in the sanitary commission of the army, while the daughter becomes an army nurse.

"The hero of the story enlists in the Eleventh Massachusetts Infantry; is in the battle of Bull Run, and under McClellan in the advance to the Chicahominy. While scouting for the North he is wounded and is attacked by Amnesia—loss of memory—and becomes a private in the First South Carolina regiment, and makes the campaign of Richmond, Second Manassas, Antietam and Chancellorsville, under Stonewall Jackson, and the Gettysburg campaign under A. P. Hill.

"In the Bristoe campaign he recovers, and brings to General Meade the alarming information that Lee is marching against the flank of the Union Army; Meade succeeds in retreating.

"The descriptions of battle are from the standpoint of an eye-witness, as are the adventures while scouting, the trials

of the camp and the march, and the terrors of battle in the ranks of the two armies.

"It is a book as fascinating as it is new and extraordinary, while at the same time being historically correct."

"The Gateless Barrier," by Lucas Malet, is a book the literary quality of which is good and some of the characters are very interesting, but a student of history will find his sense of chronology slightly strained. Below is given a short sketch of this book, which came out in the critical notes of a recent copy of The Outlook:

"The heroine is a ghost, inhabiting a luxurious apartment in the country house of an English gentleman. The hero is heir to the estate—an American, married and "blase." He forms a pleasant friendship with the ghost, who takes him for his own grandfather, to whom she was affianced before the battle of Trafalgar, where the grandfather was killed."

We have from the pen of Mr. Winston Churchill, author of "The Celebrity," "Richard Carvel," etc., a new book entitled "The Crisis."

"Richard Carvel" was written as the first of a series of novels, which while unrelated in "dramatic personæ," and in no sense sequels as to story or plot, have a distinct historical sequence of subject. In "Richard Carvel" Mr. Winston Churchill treated of the origin and character of the cavalier, and having contrasted in this book the London and Colonial societies, then takes up in "The Crisis" the Cavalier's history nearly a hundred years later.

The scene of "The Crisis" is laid mostly in St. Louis. Such historical characters as Lincoln, Grant and Sherman are dealt with in this novel.—Book Reviews.

Just now there seems to be a slight tendency to use Morocco as a subject of fiction. A recent book by A. J. Dawson, entitled "African Nights Entertainments," gives us a good insight into this country, and is considered by critics to be

superior to the somewhat similar work by Mr. Mason, entitled "Miranda of the Balcony." In this book by Mr. Dawson, cruel and detestable incidents abound, and the reader longs for relief in more humor and romance. It would have been better, perhaps, if the author had made it less tragic and more sympathetic.

"Arabia; The Cradle of Isham," is the subject of a new book by the Rev. S. M. Zivemer, who has had ten years' residence in the missionary service on the Arabian coast. Because of the lack of information relative to that country, this book will be especially welcomed.

According to the "Bookman," the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month of July are: 1. The Reign of Law; Allen. 2. To Have and to Hold; Johnson. 3. The Redemption of David Carson; Goss. 4. Unleavened Bread; Grant. 5. Voice of the People; Glascow. 6. Philip Winwood; Stephens.

By reference to the list of the best selling books above, we find "The Reign of Law," by James Lane Allen, to head the list. This is a tale of the Kentucky hemp fields.

In connection with this, and in view of the recent state of lawlessness in Kentucky, it may not be out of place here to insert a quatrain sent by Mr. William J. Lampton to the "Bookman:"

TO JAMES LANE ALLEN:

"The 'Reign of Law,'
Well, Allen, you're lucky;
It's the first time it ever
Rained law in Kentucky."

F. S. CARDEN, - - - - - - MANAGER.

This department of THE ARCHIVE cannot of course be expected to do much in the first issue. Our table is, as yet, empty. Nor is it in time nor taste to give a long and lengthy treatise on how a college magazine should be run, where should be its field and what should be its standard. Such opinions are far too plentiful, and no two are the same. A great many of them are impractical and if a magazine should attempt to follow all the advice given in this line it would be an incomprehensible jargon of dissimularities. The work of the Exchange Editor lies not in the drawing up of plans for the arrangement of college magazines but in the study and criticism of such plans after they they have been put into effect.

If, after carefully reading the different magazines which constitute the Exchange Department, the editor assimulates what is good, or may be profitable to his own magazine and points out what is not so good, then both the criticized and criticizing are profited and the exchange department has served a purpose. But if the Exchange Editor keeps his eyes open for faults and shuts them to all merits save those of his own journal it were better for him that a millstone be hanged about his neck and he be cast from such position of high opportunities. Again, if an editor's only object is to fill up, with as little work as possible, a certain space in his magazine, his department will do more harm than good. Some Exchange Departments bear the marks of indifference and carelessness. An article is criticized in a very knowing

and wise manner when the critic has not even read it. Such careless work is good for nothing and tends to lower the standard of college journalism.

The chief aim of our Exchange Department this year will be to see and point out, as far as possible, what is good in other magazines, and not to be forever carping and interchanging invectives and sallies of wit. Mistakes of judgment and errors of interpretation will of course be made but we hope that when the intention is good such mistakes will be pardoned. "To see ourselves as others see us" is what THE ARCHIVE expects to give and to get out of the Exchange Department. This is often a very profitable experience, especially to young men of literary aspirations.

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. C. BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Another college year has opened. Some of us are now entering upon our last year, while others have yet a year or two before them. The doors of the Y. M. C. A. are thrown open to all, and the members of the Association join together in extending a hearty welcome to the men just entering college. An outward expression of this feeling of welcome was manifested in the reception given Saturday evening, September 15. We feel that an occasion of this kind aids us in becoming better acquainted with each other, and makes us feel the ties of common interest that bind us all together. The Y. M. C. A. of the High School was invited to join with us in this reception. Although the rain deprived us of the pleasure of having some of our town friends with us, yet the evening was a very enjoyable one to all present. After a plentiful supply of cream, cake and fruits had been served, the address of welcome was delivered by Mr. W. A. Lambeth, of the Senior Class. Toasts were then responded to by members of the faculty and Headmaster Bivins, of the High School. The purpose of the reception was not lost sight of; and we feel sure that the evening will be remembered as a pleasant one by all.

* * *

The first meeting of the Association was held in the Chapel Sunday afternoon, September 16. Dr. Kilgo addressed us, taking for his subjects, "Temptation to make a wrong use of Liberty" and "Temptation to Indifference." He spoke at first more especially to the new men, sounding a note of

warning and pointing out to them the dangers of making a wrong use of liberty, that freedom which every man feels when he goes out from under the influence of home life. He then pointed out the temptation to which so many young men in college yield, the temptation to become indifferent to all Christian work. The talk was impressive, and we think all who were present were benefited by it.

* * *

Our second meeting was held under the leadership of our President, D. D. Peele. He acted wisely in turning it into a decision meeting, giving all the new men a chance to make an open acknowledgement of what their purposes were and how they intended to use their influence while in college. We were very much impressed by the stand a number of these new men took. Many had come with purposes already fixed, while there were others who made their decisions in this meeting. It is always impressive to see young men stand up and witness for their Master. Twenty new names were added to our roll, but we feel that there are others who ought to and who will connect themselves with us.

At Home and Abroad

S. G. WINSTEAD, - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. S. S. Dent, of '97, passed through Durham several weeks ago on his way to Harvard, where he goes to persue a course in English. He stopped over at the college a day or two, and we were all glad to shake his hand.

Mr. R. Webb, of '00, who was recently elected professor in History at Trinity Park High School, has been on the sick list for several days, but we are glad to note that he has greatly improved, and is again able to meet his classes.

Mr. L. W. Elias, of '99, spent Sunday, September 23d on the Park. He was on his way to Columbia University, where he resumes his work in the medical department.

Prof. Plato Durham delivered an address before the Sunday School Convention, at Oak Grove church, Person County, Saturday September 22d. Prof. Durham is an entertaining speaker and we are always glad to send him out as our college representative.

The many students and friends of Dr. W. I. Cranford will be glad to learn that he is now convalescent, and expects to be able to meet his classes in a few weeks. Dr. Kilgo has charge of his classes in his absence.

Prof. W. H. Wannamaker of Wofford College, S. C., succeeds Mr. S. S. Dent as assistant instructor in English this year. Prof. Wannamaker is also an applicant for the A. M. degree.

Messrs. F. T. Willit of '99, L. L. Hendren, J. R. Cowan, E. F. Hines, J. F. Liles of '00 are again on the Park as applicants for the A. M. degree.

Dr. Kilgo and Prof. Dowd constituted a committee to raise funds from the students and faculty; the object of which was to relieve the Galveston sufferers.

The first meeting of Science Club was held Monday September 17th. Prof. George B. Pegram gave a very instructive lecture on "Some Rodio-Active Substances," after which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: L. L. Hendren, President; F. T. Willis, Secretary.

Prof. George B. Pegram left the Park, Friday, September 22d, for Columbia University, N. Y., where he continues his work in the physical department. Prof. Pegram spent last year in the University and was elected assistant in the physical laboratory.

The Freshman Class' meeting as usual was a very rich occasion, but the High School boys understood the game and elected Mr. Johnson of '00, as president of their class.

Mr. J. F. Liles has charge of the Inn this year. Mr. Liles made the culinary department quits a success last year, and we only wish him a continuation of same this year.

In the absence of Prof. W. W. Flowers, Prof. A. P. Zeller of Harvard has charge of the modern languages this year. Owing to the late arrival or Prof. Zeller, his classes were organized later than the others, however, all this has been done, and he is now claiming his portion of the Freshmen and Sophomores time.

Misses Mabel Chadwick and May Hendren both graduates of Greensboro Female College, who for the past two years took special work in English at Trinity, are now employed as teachers at their old "Alma-mater."

Messrs. John M. Flowers and R. P. Reade are employed by the American Tobacco Company, in this place, but these young men are closely confined. "So near but yet so far."

The college library has grown in volumes to that extent that a new building is almost a necessity.

Mr. W. W. Card was on the Park at the opening of the college. "Capt." made it pleasant for the new boys. His genial manner always makes friends for him—provided he is not their opponent on the diamond.

The reception given by the Y. M. C. A. to the new boys back in High School and college proved quite a success. A large crowd always attend these receptions—ice-cream being the incentive. Several speeches were made by the different members of the faculty. Mr. W. H. Lambreth, of Senior class delivered the address of welcome for the Y. M. C. A.

On resignation of Mr. L. A. Rone, as manager of our base ball team for the ensuing year, H. B. Asbury was elected instead. He with assistant manage Fred. C. Odell, we are all expecting great things from our college team.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE.

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A SERMON TO TRINITY STUDENTS.

BY DR. J. C. KILGO.

1. In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea,

2. And saying, Repent ye: for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

3. For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord make his paths straight.

4. And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.—St. Matt. 3: i-iv.

When tall men cease to appear among a people national decadence sets in, and in the place of a hopeful activity there grows up a loud worship of the past. Four hundred years of increasing weakness stretch themselves between the sharp reproofs of Malachi and the voice of John in the

valley of Jordan. During these centuries there were developed many superstitions and an unyielding bigotry. Israel had no hope and no spirit of progress, because there was no man who was the voice of better things for his people. Priest and scribe joined in a foolish laudation of the days of Abraham and Moses, and made a fruitless struggle to reinstate ideas and orders that had passed away with the centuries. This period of decay was broken by the loud call of this strange man from the wilderness.

John the Baptist was a prophet. He belonged to that order of men out of whom epochs are born—an order that has appeared here and there in the history of men. The germinal idea of the term prophet is "an over-boiling man." This makes him distinct from all the other orders of men. The professional man acts from choice and can shape his policies and select his times and places of work. But John had no such freedom of action. There was in him an energy over which he had no mastery, and he spoke because he could not be silent. His was not impulsion but compulsion. This kind of force is not the product of high attainments in scholarship. Dr. Lyman Abbott, it will be recalled by you, in his sermon before the last graduating class, gave the prophet a place outside of creeds and schools. It is the fire that comes from visions. It was not the hard taining of Egyptian universities that made Moses the father of Israel's freedom. This fire was kindled by the blazing bush behind old Horeb. Samuel, who buried the age of the Judges, Israel's "Iron Age," and rocked the cradle of an infant empire, came to his task from a sleepless couch, made so by the urgent call of God. Take the vast array of these men who give vigor and progress to the history out of which the Bible has come, and every one starts from a vision of God. It may be the inner glow of light unknown to the outer world, or it may be the throne, "high and lifted up," upon which the Lord sat overshadowed by the six-winged seraphims crying

"Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory." Be the form and size as it may, the vision is the starting point. The prophet is, therefore, the tallest man.

We may reckon truth in three spheres: It is fact —hard material facts. In this sphere lives the scientist. Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Herbert Spencer and Liebig are chief apostles of truth in this form. Fact is placed against fact till a cold and hard logical result is reached in the formal statement of law. This we call science. There is a higher sphere in which move such men as Plato, Seneca, Aurelius, Descartes, Locke, and Kant. Here truth is a principle—the ultimate principle of being. This we call philosophy. Above this is a higher—the highest—sphere of truth. In it fact and principle blaze and shine, for all is light and heat. It rolls through the human consciousness with irresistible energy, forcing every power into action and uttering a voice of life to men. This is the region of the prophet. Truth to him is more than fact, more than ultimate principle—it is light, it is fire, it is a sight of God. No man asks for the credentials of such a man as John. All realize that he is acting under extraordinary power, and has his commission outside of all the professions and vocations of men's orderings. He has seen and feels what they have not seen and cannot feel.

The term "voice" is descriptive of the office John came to fill. It conveys the idea of originality, and strongly contrasts him with the type of teachers who assumed to instruct and lead the people. His was not an echo, sounding back from some distant speaker, but words started fresh from his lips. A new voice sounding a new note in the earth, is the meaning of it all.

This man broke away from the past. His call was for a new energy and a new form. He should be classed as a radical man, if our rules of classification are to be used.

It is hard for a man to learn that ideas exhaust themselves, and that the world must gain new truth, or have

new views of old truth, even to maintain past achievements; and vastly more are new views of truth needed if new lines are to be worked out. If there are those who admit the general truthfulness of this statement, still they are slow to admit that an idea or form has been exhausted. Egypt lived out her religion, her science, and her industrial doctrine, but Egypt would not see it till her weakened people fell before a nation that out-thought her. China has been shaking hands with herself for thousands of years and with a grim desperation the Boxers have risen to stamp out those who bring her new ideas. Sixteen thousand strangers march to Pekin and stack their arms in the "Sacred City" and dictate the terms of her life. China would not see and now she must feel.

Men in these days warn us against breaking with the teachings of the past. The alarmist sees national ruin ahead only because some political economist long since dead cannot rule new conditions with old ideas. These men build nations in cemetaries, and set dead men on the thrones of power. When any set of men assert that one dead man is stronger to shape an age than all living men, the declaration is the verdict of national death. All parties, all organizations, and all individuals must rest their claims, not upon an avowal of allegiance to the past, but on their competency to handle the present. The world will not give up astronomy for astrology, though Abraham was a loyal astrologist. The Lick Observatory must not be torn away because Saint Paul never examined the heavens through a great telescope. Chemistry must not be thrown aside because the University of Memphis on the Nile only knew alchemy. America must not be restrained by the doctrines of George Washington because he won the independence of a narrow strip of this continent. The world does not want the echoes of the past, but the fresh words and the prophetic notes of a real voice. Israel's hope, and John knew it, was in breaking away

from its old forms. "Ye cannot put new wine in old bottles" is the law that men and nations break and die.

This is true in every line of life. Commodore Vanderbilt saw from a ferry boat that the old method of running fragments of railroads was a business failure and incompetent for large commercial growth. He combined roads and gave birth to a new system that has worked revolutions in American life. Pasteur broke from the old doctrine of medical science and the teeth of the rabid dog was torn out of the human flesh. The young fellow who looked from the porch of the old farm house and saw a new way open before him, struck a path to a new success. The manufacturer who found a new way and broke with the old, has gone rapidly to marvelous achievements. The man who farms as his grandfather farmed, and prides himself on an ancestral loyalty, will fail, as he should. The manufacturer who does as his father did will not have assets enough to pay the sheriff's fee. The boy who goes home from college to do as all who have gone before him have done, courts a just disaster.

The assurance of Christ's eternal reign is that He was and is always breaking from the past. How rapidly he moved from Nazareth to Jordan, out into the wilderness, up to Cana, down to Jerusalem, over Hermon, down into Gethsemane, through Pilate's hall, up to Golgotha, out of Joseph's tomb, to Olivet's summit, and away beyond the burning sun of the heights of God. He commands our allegiance because he is and always will be far in the lead of all creatures. It was not what He was in Capernaum, but what He is to-day in Durham; not what He was at Jacob's well to the Samaritan woman, but what He is to-day to the wretched outcast in every place; not what He said to the multitude by the Gallilean Sea, but what he is saying to us; not what He was when He came from His own grave, but what He is when He brings us into a new spiritual life. It is not the Christ of the past, but the

"Christ of to-day" and the Christ of eternity that lays claim to the loyalty of immortal spirits.

John the Baptist was necessarily ahead of his age. That is no sin, though some men so regard it. It is oftener a sin not to be ahead of one's age. Emerson warns us against the man who can tell what he knows and tell it through. There is a faculty that puts one ahead of himself. Who has not felt a struggling emotion that reason could not formulate, and years passed before it came to utterance? The teacher who cannot talk over the heads of his students talks to no good purpose, against him I warn you. The preacher who talks on your level has no message for you; against him I warn you. The book that you could write is worthless; against it I warn you. Go after those men who are ahead, and always strive to be ahead of some man. Not that you may boast of superiority, but that you may make it easier for him to come after you. The leadership of these last days is too often the shrewd calculation of the coward as to the trend of events, and a cautious hanging on to the rear of the unthinking multitude. How often do you hear, and sometimes from the pulpit, the call for a man who knows the peculiarities of our people and can harmonize with them. It is not the man who knows what our people are, but what our people should be, that we most sorely need. Find him for us. Bring him into education, into politics, into journalism, into commerce, into the pulpit and order him to speak. He may confuse us, but the confusion of a higher and deeper idea is the beginning of a wider light.

In the South we boast of conservatism, and offer it as the explanation of much of our history, as well as the type of our character. There is a conservatism that is commendable—a real virtue—but there is a conservatism that is not a virtue. It is full of obstructions. Stagnation grows up with it. Error gets from it a new lease of life. A comfortable leisure is its product. There are many cities

in our section of the nation that are hindered by the conservative merchant, the conservative banker, and the conservative manufacturer.

There are two reasons why we may break from the ways and teachings of the fathers. First, because they were wrong in their conception of things. Secondly, because their doctrines do not meet present conditions.

The discovery of truth is not an easy task. The student who has given attention to the history of doctrines and institutions has learned long since that truth does not lie in easy reach of men. In the strong days of Egyptian civilization, men—tall men—were toiling to know the truth. They never got beyond astrology, alchemy, and mythology. Solon and Lycurgus worked hard to find the basis of just laws, and never got beneath the first stratum of sensuality. Copernicus and Galileo were the victims of a struggle to find truth. The worthy toilers everywhere and in every place have been searchers for it, but only in parts have they found it. No generation is bound by any consideration to follow an error because it bears the marks of antiquity, or claims the patronage of heroes and philosophers in other centuries. Luther found falsehood in the doctrines of Constantine and the claims of the Pope. From them he had to break. It was the high demand of reason and God that he should break. Must Confucianism stand forever because it is old? Must every doctrine of State and Church abide because it has hoary age? This would crush hope from life, and give falsehood a perpetual reign.

It is not to be supposed that one truth is sufficient for all conditions. Our fathers may have had truth, but it was applied to the conditions of their day. We can outgrow logic. It has been done time after time in the world's history. No man has been and no man ever will be able to answer the logic of Calhoun. His doctrines were constitutional, but history, the progress of the nation, was against him

and the constitution. Events are mightier than deductions and constitutions. This was to be a nation. In the order of things it was forced to national solidity. The companionship of many small nations was not equal to the tasks of history, and the right was not to be found in the past, but in the problems of the future. Calhoun held to the truth of the past, but the wheels of destiny rolled on, grinding his logic into the dust and crushing out blood with which to cement a nation. Stephen A. Douglas declined to cast his vote for a certain policy to control our history, because he did not know the future and declared that conditions might arise that would cause him to change his ballot. That was lofty statesmanship. Those conditions have come to us. There is to-day a casting about by leading men to find a broader interpretation of Christianity, one that will apply to the new problems of life. These are no infidels; they are serious believers. They will not discard the past because it is the past, and because its forms will not compass the present.

The spirit of conservatism about which we boast has produced a political tyranny that is worse than feudalism and more intolerant than mediæval ecclesiasticism. Traditions have put us in party lines, and partisanship has developed an arrogance that assumes to dictate all politics, while the individual citizen has been robbed of his will, and made the slave of party rule. An attempt to assert personal freedom and express patriotic sincerity of faith has been met by social ostracism, loss of business caste, and a flood of vile denunciation. By these methods—methods as cruel as the flames of the Inquisition—men have been driven to do the will of the party. The price of freedom is death, social, business and political death. It comes at as high price to-day as it did in the days of Leonidas. The hope we have is in the fact that there are some men among us who will have it at any price. They are the fore-runners of a genuine kingdom. To them freedom and

death are better than slavery and existence. You recall an editorial that appeared in *The Charlotte Observer* during the past summer, in which the editor declared for personal freedom in the duties of citizenship. Into the words of the quivering pen was poured the full consciousness of the storm they would inspire, but behind them rose the lofty spirit of a brave man who loved truth better than companionship; his State better than parties; and his rights better than bank accounts. May we not expect all genuine college men to swell the number of this royal company?

John the Baptist had a deep insight into the events of his age, and saw the approach of a new era. "For the kingdom of God is at hand" was the logic of his mission. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight," was the burden of his office. If he broke from the past it was only because he joined himself to a greater future. He did not belong to that order of destructionists who mistake commotion for progress, and agitation for leadership. It it is no small matter to lay aside the traditions of centuries, and this should never be done until better things are within reach. Only at the threshold of a new and open kingdom of truth should any man discard his former faiths. But once at such a door the duty to do it is supreme, and with reverent fidelity the step should be taken, not in secret but with a clear voice that echoes down the valleys and along the hills, till the assembled multitudes shall know of the higher order.

The power to interpret the movements of history, or to use a biblical expression, "to read the signs of the times," is the highest order of knowledge. There was a long history of large variety lying behind Israel. From Abraham to Moses, from Moses to David, from David to Malachi, from Malachi to John, there were progress and decay. Egypt, Assyria, Maccedonia, Rome had all risen and fallen except the last. Caesar ruled from Gibraltar to the

Euphrates, but out of all this rapid rush of falling and surviving empires John read the approach of the kingdom of God. Events had borne the world to the threshold of the finest and fullest empire.

Many men hurry to tell us the meaning of the desperate rush of the events going on to-day in the earth. They read them all into the past. They cannot interpret them. Their own trembling is mistaken for the quivering of the world. However, men may find it to their personal interest to distort any kind of meaning from them, it is but the coming of God's kingdom in the earth.

The divinest service that a man can render in the earth is to prepare the way for a larger man to come after him. This John did. He said, "I must decrease, but He will increase." He laid himself out in a work that would overshadow and consume him. It is for this end that all true men labor. The father toils and the mother suffers that their son may be greater than they, the shoes on whose feet they will not be worthy to loose. How dare a man to bring into the world a son without preparing before him a broader and higher way of life? The teacher who fails to make a man who will some day overshadow him, fails at his task. The college that does not produce men who will care for it, yea, who will be the surer guardians of its progress, has entered the last chapter of its history. Men are not to be measured in themselves, but by the size of the race they make possible to follow them.

There was a roughness in the outward appearance and manners of John. "This same John had his raiment of Camel's hair, and the leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey." Reared in the wilderness far removed from the culture and delicate refinements of high life in Jerusalem, he had in him those elements of roughness that gave force and directness to his work. It is that element that fits a man to undertake the heartless tasks of progress.

The prophet of the Bible is a man of strong and rugged sprit. This is true of the prophet wherever he appears, and at whatever period he works. Being in the greatest sense a history making man, who introduces a new order of things, he is the point from which progress takes its start. There is always something brutal in progress. It cuts its way through everything that stands opposed to its movements. The products of centuries of thought and toil, about which the loyalty of many generations stand guard, are torne away that better things may take theit places. The coming of Joshua into Canaan led to the overthrow of its cities and people from the Amorites to the Canaanites. Altars, worships, traditions customs and cities fell before the tread of his conquering hosts. With sword and axe the way of progress was opened. The doctrine of Socrates gave birth to a scepticism that robbed the Greeks of their gods and changed their temples into things of art rather than places of sacred worship. Did not Bruce and Wallace hew the way to Scotland's freedom through the hearts of England's legions? The blood that flowed at Naseby and Marston Moor and the unrelenting heart of Cromwell saved England from the tyranny and degradation of imperial superstitions. Go where you may the truth of the brutality of progress meets you.

The lack of a well trained ruggedness has been the death of all civilizations. They have fallen from the heights of culture and refinement. There is a softness of hand and tongue that marks high culture, but worse than these is a softness of conscience, a paleness of character—a moral anæmia. Sickly sentimentalisms grow up, and a boast of the beautiful instead of the strong becomes the pretence of an ideal. Men must become lovely, instead of brave; tender, instead of strong; pale, instead of brown; players, instead of toilers. Women must be sweet, instead of true; fictitious, instead of real; and weak instead of strong mothers. This is sensuality of the basest

sort, and the richness of its apparel and the wealth of its abode will not prevent the surety and infamy of its ruin. When education culminates in high culture it becomes the mother of a nation's ruin. Mr Arnold, as the apostle of this latter day morality, is the forerunner of a shameful death. The world must have an order of men with a lion heart throbbing in their bosoms. Men who turn pale and faint at the idea of Santiago's slaughter, Manila's fall, and China's ruin have degenerated into maudlin cowardice. Such men are the obstructionists of growth, and the destroyers of civilizations.

I talk to-day to young men, some of them just entering on their college course, and some who are beginning their last year. To all I wish to emphasize the virtue of strong manhood, and to decry the shame of moral softness in men. God made you to be men, strong men, hard men, tall men, brave men, powerful men, whose grasp on right, truth, and justice will not relent at any task or price. There are stern duties to be performed in the life of this nation, and only men of daring and moral tenacity can undertake them. Evils there are that will not yield to the soft words of a refined and historical priesthood who seek to conciliate what they fear to attack. In every noble profession there is need of strong and brave men. The world has a right to look for these men to come from the colleges of the land. I offer an earnest prayer that Trinity men will meet all these just expectations. My opening message I leave with you. Deal with it as honest and sincere men.

A VISION.

BY D. R. EAMER.

It was in the summer of 1895, that I decided to visit at the home of my uncle in the town of Northville, about seventy-five miles by rail from the town in which I lived.

On the evening of the sixth day of August, after due preparation, I boarded the train. In order that the reader may understand what is to follow, I will state that I have ever had a feeling of awe, for the great iron monsters that convey their burdens of human life over so many miles of narrow steel rails. On this particular evening as I looked at the locomotive, snorting like some wild animal, as I heard that peculiar hissing sound made by the escaping steam, and saw the great headlight casting its beams far down the track, I almost felt that I was entrusting my life to some hydra-headed, single-eyed monster, instead of to men trained by many years of hard experience.

Once in the car, I seated myself by an open window as the night promised to be a very warm one. "All aboard!" was soon sounded by the conductor and the train began to move. After my native town had faded from view I took a newspaper from my pocket in order to while away the time as best I could. The first thing that caught my eye on the opening of the paper was the following head-line:

"A HORRIBLE COLLISION ON THE GRAND CENTRAL."

OVER FIFTY LIVES LOST.

I became interested at once and read the entire article which covered over half a page. The collision it seems, had been caused by the carelessness of an engineer in not paying strict attention to signals. I threw the paper down and began to ruminate about wrecks in general, about the uncertainty of life on the rail and finally I began to seriously consider whether all would be well with the train I was on until I could reach my destination, or not. Try as

best I might, I could not turn my mind from this line of thought. I looked at the moon that was just beginning to rise in all her glory in the eastern sky. Beautiful it was, as ever, but its pale glimmer seemed more to increase than to change the current of my thoughts.

Ere long the gentle swaying of the car to and fro, the monotonous music of the wheels beneath me, lulled me to sleep. But my mind by no means lost its activity. I began to dream.

It seemed to me that the train was now going at a most rapid rate. I thought to count the mile posts but on looking out, I could not distinguish a thing for the darkness. The moon had disappeared behind a black and threatening cloud, around the border of which the lightning was playing in fitful streaks. A cold draught of air struck my face and I perceived that a storm was approaching. I closed the window, resumed my original position on the seat and tried as best I could to compose myself. The storm was not long coming. I heard a drop or two strike the window pane and then it seemed as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened. The rain came in torrents. The lurid lightning, the deep-toned thunder, the howling wind as it twisted the great monarchs of the forest from the roots, made the occasion one of wild grandeur.

The rain soon ceased to fall, and the winds became hushed. A calm prevailed. With the exception of a distant peal of thunder now and then and the never ceasing roar of the train, no sound seemed to break the stillness of nature. I again raised the window and looked out; the moon was just emerging from a dark cloud, casting a pale, ghostly looking light over the face of the earth.

I turned my eyes in the direction the train was traveling, and to my horror I noticed that a bridge that spanned a river, not more than a mile away, had been washed away. It seemed incredible to me that the storm could have worked such devastation in so short a time, but such

was the case. There was no time to argue now. Action must be taken and that immediately, or else the train would plunge headlong into that boiling, sweeping flood with its precious burden. I jumped from my seat ran to the conductor and tried to tell him to stop the train but to my utter astonishment I could not make an audible sound. I pointed my finger in the direction of the wrecked bridge but in no way could I explain what was the trouble. I gesticulated wildly while the conductor, with a satirical grin on his face, looked at me as if he thought I was one gone mad. I ran to the car steps and would have jumped off but for the rude hand of a brakeman which pulled me back. Perceiving that it was beyond my power to stop the train, and that to jump meant certain death, I became resigned to my fate and resumed my seat.

Oh the awfulness of those few moments which seemed like ages! I felt that my days on earth were numbered, so taking out a memorandum I hastily recorded my name and native town in order that my body might be identified if found. Then the noise of whirring wheels reached my ears. The locomotive had left the track—and then came darkness. The entire train had gone down into the angry, raging waters. Sudden was the leap, but more sudden was the force of that mighty current in bearing us downward. I was soon battling with all my strength to gain the land. But in vain. On, on, I went. Faster, yet faster, was I being borne toward the great ocean. My strength began to fail me. Three times the current overwhelmed me, but as often did I rise to struggle on.

Happily the moon was shining brightly now and by its light I caught sight of a plank from one of the wrecked cars, floating by. This I eagerly grasped and by using it as a support I soon swam to the shore. Thankful that I had once more reached *terra firma*, but completely exhausted, I threw myself on the green grass; then followed blissful unconsciousness. The dying appeals from my less

fortunate fellow passengers reached my ears but produced no impression.

How long I lay thus, I do not know, but when I regained consciousness some rough, but kindly faces, were standing above me.

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At this stage of my dream the shrill voice of the porter yelling "Northville! Northville!" awoke me from my slumbers, and I was at my journey's end.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE CONVOY.

BY F. D. SWINDELL, JR.

"Say!" said Fred, "how about taking a cruise down the sound for a week or two?" "Can't get a boat," said Cleveland. "I'll fix that" replied Fred, "come lets go down on the wharf and talk about it, for I have a capital plan to propose." Soon the two boys were sitting on a large coil of rope on the end of the wharf and talking earnestly. "Proceed" drawled Cleveland as he took out a cigar and lighted it. Fred arranged himself more comfortaby on the coil of rope and began: "In the first place we want to get about three more boys in the push, and I think James Audrey and Frank Daniels would be the very ones to go with us," "Yes, but don't leave out Matt Proctor," added Cleveland, "Then," continued Fred, "the next thing to be thought of is the boat, and I am pretty sure that uncle Charlie will let us have the Convoy. Now as for the grub for the trip, that will be an easy matter, for we can cook aboard the boat, and all we need to do is to buy a sack of flour and some canned goods."

On the following day all the boys made their preparations for the trip. Fred Dey and Cleveland Willis easily obtained the permission of Fred's uncle to use the Convoy for a couple of weeks. (A few words about the Convoy and I will proceed with my story.)

The Convoy was a schooner of about thirty tons. She was a well built and speedy boat. True, she was not exactly suited for a pleasure boat, but the boys didn't care about that. Her cabin was small, it contained four bunks, a stove, a shelf with a few dishes on it, and one small mirror. She was a freighter and consequently she had a great deal of hole room, and, as these holes were empty, the boys fastened the hatches down never thinking they would have any use for them.

On Wednesday morning just as a bright red began to show in the eastern sky, five pleased looking boys climbed

aboard the Convoy, and, after hoisting the anchor and making sail they got underway. Fred assumed command while Cleveland acted as mate. Frank volunteered to be cook, and Matt and James constituted the crew before the mast.

Now while the Convoy is speeding away with a ten knot breeze toward the east, we will go back a little and learn more about our heroes. Cleveland lived in Lenoxville a little seaport town of Eastern North Carolina. Fred, Matt, and James were college boys spending the summer at Lenoxville. These five had chummed together all summer and had managed to have a good time when everybody else said it was dull.

"Hardlee" yelled Fred to Matt who was steering "there is a shoal there on the starboard bow" "ay! ay! sir" said Matt, and the Convoy swung around on another tack.

"Fred," said James, "where are we bound?" "I thought that we would go over to Lecklee's Island this evening and lay over there to-night, in the morning we will go over to see the lighthouse and spend the day, the remainder of our trip we can plan later on.

"Yonder is Lecklie's Island now," shouted Matt, who was up on the mast-head. The boys looked and about two miles away saw a very pretty island. It was covered with large pine trees, but about the centre of the island was a clearing and in this clearing could be seen the beautiful home of Mr. Lecklie, a millionare who owned the island and used it for his summer resort. In about half an hour the Convoy sailed gracefully in the little cove in the island and dropped anchor. Then all of the boys got in the yawl and went ashore.

Mr. Lecklie was lonesome that day and he welcomed the crowd with pleasure. He showed them all over the island, and when the shadows of evening gathered and Frank proposed returning to the boat, Mr. Lecklie would not hear of it but made the boys spend the evening with him.

Now but for what occurrred that night our story would not have been worth writing.

About eleven o'clock the boys thanked Mr. Lecklie for his hospitality and started toward their boat. James walked along whistling "Eli Green's Cake Walk," and thinking of some distant maiden. Behind him came the other boys, but they were all tired and not in the mood for whistling. They had just emerged from the trees and had caught a glimpse of the water when suddenly James stopped. "Great Scott! boys, where is the boat?" All the boys came up quickly and looked in every direction, but no where could they see the Convoy. "Where can she have gone?" each of them asked. "Look!" said Fred, and as the other boys peered in the direction of his pointing finger they saw a white speck in the distance by the light of the young moon. "It is she," whispered Frank, "I will run to Mr. Lecklie's and get permission to use his launch for we can easily overhaul her in this light wind!" "Well hurry," said Fred, and Frank sprinted toward the home of Mr. Lecklie. In about five minutes he returned with the required permission, and away they went toward the wharf where the launch was tied. Fred reached there first and sprang to the engine, which he soon started. Frank jumped to the wheel and gave one bell just as Matt cast loose the bow line and James the stern.

The launch sped away with a good speed in the direction of the sail. Soon the boat could be plainly seen and she was no derelect either, for at her wheel was the figure of a man. When the launch came in hailing distance of the Convoy, Matt yelled for the man to bring her in the wind, but as he paid no attention to the call, Frank shot the launch up to the side of the boat and Matt, James and Cleveland sprang aboard. Frank jumped from the wheel and fastened the bow line to the rigging of the Convoy. Fred stopped the engine and followed the other boys aboard. "What are you doing with this boat?" asked

Frank of the man at the wheel. He had hardly spoken when he was seized from behind and hurled overboard. Fred who was near him saw this and cried, "Bring her to, Matt," he then drew his revolver and rushing to the man who did the deed, aimed it at him, but, before he could fire, a shot was heard and he fell. James was not idle, for when Fred fell another shot rang out on the night air and the unknown assassin tumbled over on the deck, just as Matt overpowered the helmsman and brought the boat up in the wind. Frank soon got aboard and with his help the boys bound the two men together and put them in the boat. Then they turned their attention to Fred, but it was of no use, the shot had done its work and their comrade was a corpse. "My God," sobbed James, "he is dead." The boys crowded around and gazed on the face of their dead friend, as they remained thus transfixed with horror, they were startled by seeing flames burst forth from the cabin and quickly spread to the masts and sails. "Open the hatches," shrieked Matt, "and bring the men out." Fred was forgotten for a moment as the now frantic boys tore at the hatches. The sweat poured from their brows and they strained with all their might but in vain, for the hatches had become jammed and they couldn't move them. "Quick! get an axe," yelled James, and Matt rushed toward the cabin, but already the flames had that in their possession, and he had to turn back.

The wind rose and the flames quickly spread. The boys heard the cries of the imprisoned men, but they could not help them. The flames were almost upon them. "Jump for the launch or she will be afire and our only chance for escape will be cut off," cried James, and they sprang aboard, cut the bow line and steamed off from the Convoy just as the flames covered her deck.

"Oh God! we have left Fred on there," mourned James, "No use to try to get him for we cannot," said Matt chokingly.

By this time the moon had risen high over the trees and shed its calm peaceful light on this awful scene. A little distance from the burning vessel the boys stopped the launch and watched the sight. The awfulness of it held them with a kind of fascination. The shrieks of the dying wretches could be heard, the form of Fred with his pale face upturned was plainly seen by the light of the burning vessel. Suddenly a mast fell, the flames reached the body of Fred, the boys shut their eyes, a moan was heard and James dropped insensible. Crash! the other mast had fallen, the flames had reached every part of the boat, the sight was grand but awful.

Soon the vessel listed to one side, there was a great hissing as the cool green sea-water swept over the burning decks and closed over the entire vessel. The boys looked again but they saw only a few burned spars and timbers floating about. The Convoy had ended her last cruise.

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The men who had seized the boat and who had come to such a horrible end were men who had committed a murder and who had come over to Lecklie's Island in a canoe. There they saw the Convoy and as she offered them a means of escape they boarded her and fled. The flames were started in the cabin, but how, the boys never found out.

SAMUEL JOHNSTON IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

BY T. MURRAY ALLEN.

During the period just preceeding the Revolution, North Carolina more than any other time in her history felt the need of conservative leaders. The development of the State from a colony, thoroughly dependent upon the kingdom of England to a self-supporting commonwealth, was an epoch of greatest importance, and had it been left to a too radical leadership would probably have failed. The leading party of the State at time was the Whig party and this was divided into two parts, conservative and radical.

To the conservative element of this party belonged Samuel Johnston, a statesman whose every work was for the advancement of his people, and whose influence was felt in every public meeting and in every public act of the most turbulent time in the history of his State.

Samuel Johnston was born in 1732, in Dundee, Scotland, and was the son of John Jonston and Helen Scrymour. His father, who was Gabriel Johnston, came to this country in 1736, settled in Chowan county, and was appointed Surveyor General of the Province.

Samuel's advantages of education were the best the country afforded, and at an early age he took up the study of law in Edenton under Thomas Barker. He married Penelope, the only child of Governor Eden, and resided at Hayes, a country place near Edenton.

Samuel Johnston's ability, early asserted itself, and at the age of nineteen he was appointed one of the clerks of the District Superior Court and a little later was made one of the deputy naval officers of the port of Edenton.

Even at this time, and while holding these positions under the Royal Governor; he showed plainly his ardent and unflinching advocacy of the rights of the people.

In 1765, he was a member of the General Assembly from Chowan and soon developed into a leader of that

body and showed plainly that he was destined to become a leader in the political affairs of the future.

Even at this time the colony was in a blaze of excitement and public meetings were held in all sections of the country to discuss questions of the public welfare, and a foreshadow of the inevitable revolution was beginning to cast itself over the Colony.

The people in the crisis which was soon to come must have leaders and it was to the call for these that such men as Samuel Johnston, Willie Jones, and John Harvey responded.

Samuel Johnston was ever conservative, almost to a fault in his early career and in consideration of the times he was ever mindful of the welfare of his people. However, at the outbreak of the Regulators and in their suppression, he showed plainly his sympathy for Governor Tryon, and his condemnation of the action of the people, but was soon afterwards in the opposition, promoting the movement for resistance to Governor Martin with such activity and intelligence that he was, at the death of Harvey, chosen to take his place as leader of the people.

In the Assembly of 1771, Samuel Johnston was again member from Chowan and shows as before his steady development into a wise and conservative statesman, and here shows beyond a doubt his love for and advocacy of the rights of the people. It was at a meeting of this Assembly that it was brought forth that the people had been abused in the collection of a poll and liquor tax for the redemption of a lot of "paper" that had previously been issued. Samuel Johnston introduced a bill to discontinue these illegal taxes, and it was immediately and unanimously passed, but was later vetoed by the Governor. This seeming inattention to the distresses of the people was noticed by the House and as a result a resolution was drawn up which strongly condemned the House, and declared that they ought to be discontinued. The Gov-

ernor dissolved the Assembly on the day this resolution was passed, and issued a proclamation charging the officers to disobey the instructions of the House and to continue the collection of the aforesaid taxes, until they should be repealed formally and according to law.

The patriotic feeling developed by the agitation of this question, says Mr. Jones in his Defense of North Carolina, lasted during the continuance of the royal government, and under the guidance of Johnston, Caswell and Person it soon acquired strength and boldness sufficient to assail the existence of the royal government. It was at this time and for several years following that the Governor was at continual quarrel with the popular assembly and on many occasions showed his fear of the power of that body by extending the time of its meeting from date to date and frequently adjourning it just at the point of the passage of an important act.

For several years Samuel Johnston was the representative of his county in the Assembly and during that entire period of antagonism by the Governor he always showed his opposition to the Royal Government.

In January 1773, the Assembly after much opposition by the Governor, met in New Bern, and the House at once gave note of its temper by the selection of Col. Harvey, as Speaker. It was at a meeting of this Assembly that communications ever read from the provinces of Massachusetts, Virginia, Rhode Island, Connecticut and the counties on the Delaware, proposing to establish in each province a committee of correspondence. On January 8th such a committee was appointed including among others Samuel Johnston, which shows plainly his attitude in regard to the opposition of the people to the Royal Government, and the position that he would take in the revolution fast approaching.

The outcome of these frequent clashes between the Governor and people could lead to but one end and that was

revolution. The people were restless and every effort to break up an assembly of their representatives only made them worse and brought on more rapidly the end. Colonel Harvey knew that every effort to call a meeting of the Assembly would meet with opposition from the Governor, and he realized that other steps must be taken in order that North Carolina should be represented at the Continental Congress to meet at Philadelphia.

In 1774 Col. Harvey met Willie Jones at Halifax, and it was decided that should the meeting of the Assembly at New Bern be defeated by any action of Governor Martin, a Provincial Congress should meet in place thereof, and should take steps in regard to North Carolina's representation at the National Convention. The next day Colonel Harvey met Samuel Johnston and Colonel Edward Buncombe at the latter's house and they also heartily endorsed the action advocated by Jones and the Speaker. It was now that the fear of the effects of the much popular power began to appear in Johnston's public acts and his conservatism prevailed at this meeting with Buncombe and Harvey. In the course of a letter to William Hooper, Johnston says, "He (speaking of Harvey,) seemed in a very violent mood and declared he was for assembling a Convention independent of the Governor and urged upon us to cooperate with him. He says he will lead the way and will issue handbills under his own name, and that the Committee of Correspondence ought to go to work at once, as for my part I don't know what better can be done." With the accession of these two men to his proposition Harvey felt sure of success and the ball of the revolution was set rolling in North Carolina.

The people received the proposition of Provincial and Continental Congress with enthusiasm, and this showed most plainly the state of the public mind.

About the first of July 1774, the handbills were issued, and by the first of August many of the counties had held

their elections, and on August 25th, 1774, the Provincial Assembly met at New Bern and elected John Harvey as moderator. Samuel Johnston was a member from Chowan, and, says Mr. Jones, "was eminently distinguished for his amiable virtues of private life as well as his zeal in the cause of American freedom." Mr. Johnston was placed at the head of the Chowan delegation. He was later elected moderator of the Provincial Congress to succeed John Harvey. The latter was a trying and hazardous duty, but Johnston manfully fulfilled all obligations which ascended to him from his predecessor. Johnston called his first meeting of the Assembly at Hillsboro, for the 20th day of August, 1775, and in accordance with his summons, they met promptly on that day. At this Assembly every effort was made by the members to carry with them the unanimous voice of the people and the most violent of Whig leaders showed their prudence as politicians. At this time we find Samuel Johnston and other conservative Whig leaders professing allegiance to the King but denying his authority to impose taxes and swearing to support the Whig authorities of the Continental and Provincial Congress. The mildness of this test simply tended to postpone the final outcome. On the 24th of August, this Congress declared unanimously that they would assist in the support of a Continental army, and connected with this was a resolution appointing a committee to prepare a plan for the regulation of the internal peace and safety of the Province. Samuel Johnston, president of the Congress, was appointed president of this committee. This officer was practically the Governor in the interregnum between the abdication of Governor Martin, the last of the Royal Governors, and the accession of Governor Caswell under the Constitution. This committee was the most important ever yet appointed by popular authority and achieved one of the most difficult ends of the Revolution. It substituted a regular government, resting entirely on popular

authority, for that of the Royal Government, and it annihilated every vestige of the power of Governor Martin.

The Provincial Council, consisting of thirteen members elected by the Congress became the supreme executive power of the State government and Samuel Johnston was placed at its head.

This brings us up almost to the point of the Declaration of Independence and it has been my endeavor to show Samuel Johnston's undoubted position in regard to the people and their rights. He realized more than any one else, the necessity of conservatism, and to his influence can be traced many of the good results which everywhere followed North Carolina's actions in regard to the Revolution.

On April 4th, 1776, Samuel Johnston summoned the Provincial Congress to assemble at Hillsboro, and at this meeting the important question of independence was moved, discussed and unanimously approved, a committee was appointed to draw up a report in regard to the usurpations and violences committed by the King and Parliament of Great Britain. Also some mention was made in regard to a Constitution but no deliberate action taken. However, as a result of the deliberations of this meeting, the question of a Constitution was brought boldly forward on April 13th, 1776, and Samuel Johnston, among others was appointed on a committee to prepare a civil Constitution. Within this committee was fought a most desperate battle, produced by the project of a total abandonment of the conservative principles of the British Constitution. The most important characters of the Provincial Congress were divided in opinions as to the principles of the new government, and each steadfastly concieved the safety, welfare and honor of the State to depend upon the success of his favorite schemes. From the members of the committee to draw up a Constitution the names of Samuel Johnston and Allen Jones are selected as leaders of the Conservative

party. They had made great sacrifices in the cause of the revolution. Samuel Johnston had succeeded John Harvey as the leader of the Whig party. He had published over his own name an order for the election of the Congress of August, 1775, and had been thrown forward in every crisis as civil head of the State. He had shrunk from no responsibility however heavy, from the performance of no duty however perilous, in the cause of the American revolution. His every ability, his body, his purse were at the services of his country, and he lavished these resources upon the people with all the profusion of a spendthrift. It is impossible to doubt the patriotism of such a man. But when the rckless proposition to abolish even the very elements of the British Constitution and to substitute in their stead the incoherent principle of democcracy was strongly urged by a majority of the committee, he shrunk from it, fearing the unrestrained rule of the people as much as he feared the rule of a reckless monarchy. He was a lover of freedom and of the national independence of Amrica, but he was no believer in the infallibility of the popular voice.

He had seen the rights of the colonies violated, not so much the rights of persons, but the rights of property, and it was against this that he fought most zealously. The principle of universal suffrage, the popular election of judges, and the dependence upon authority upon the will of the people at large are never heard of in the relation of North Carolina until the demagogues in the Whig party started on their career of popularity.

But Samuel Johnston was not a man of that changeable, irresolute character that leans to every gale. The whims of an ever-changing public never altered his honest conviction, he was unaffected by the clamors of the unrestrained mob led by the less conservative politicians, whose object seemed popularity and public favor rather than the welfare of the people.

His every thought was for the good of his fellow-citizens, he was an advocate of the people's honest rights, and the champion of a sound government, built upon the most solid foundations. But for the efforts of Samuel Johnston the old Whig party, would have fallen under the leadership of its more radical members, some of whom were designing and ambitious men. With Samuel Johnston the national independence of his country was the very element of his political enthusiasm and beyond this he believed in a strong government representing the property of the people and giving a character and dignity to the State. But all schemes and forms of government were as nothing to him when compared with the national independence, and with the achievement of this great object he was prepared for either a monarchy, aristocracy, or any other form of government except a rash and uncontrolled democracy. All of the Whigs of the State were for indpendence and there was no split in the leading party until the question of form of government came up. On either side of the debate were arranged many of the most enlightened and politic men of the State and the rivaly was always strong.

At a meeting in Halifax the question of independence was settled with a decision to impower delegates to Philadelphia to vote for a declaration against Great Britain, and with this out of the way the question of the constitution bebecame more prominent. Mr. Johnston in his correspondence often speaks of the proceedings of the committee on the constitution. After the committee had been in session four days, he writes: "I confess our prospects are at this time very gloomy, our people are about forming a Constitution, and from what I can at present collect of their plan, it will be impossible for me to take any part in the execution of it. Members have started on the race of popularity and condescend to the usual means of success."

The Radicals soon found themselves in a majority on the

committee and it was resolved to establish a purely democratic form of government.

The dissatisfaction of Samuel Johnston at such a course was well known and all feared to alienate the support of so important a personage from the new government, so they prudently consented to make terms with their defeated rival, and a compromise was effected and peace made through the efforts of Thomas Jones of the conservative party. From this date the tone of Johnston's letters to Mr. Iredell changes, and he seems to take courage in his work.

It is very evident that many concessions were made by the Radicals in order to gain the important service of his co-operation.

This committee however failed in its endeavor to form a Constitution and only a committee was appointed to draw up a form of government for use until the next meeting of the Congress. The Radicals continued to keep the name of Samuel Johnston off this committee and to exclude him from a seat in the Council of Safety which was to meet on the 11th of May.

Their inveterate opposition continued even after the adjournment of the Congress, and many of the most respectable Whigs professed to doubt the sincerity of Johnston's attachment to the American cause, and the private letters of that day show an undoubted intrigue to ruin his character as patriot and statesman.

This opposition to Samuel Johnston is best shown in the next election of members of the Congress, when every effort was put forth by the Radical party to defeat him as member from Chowan.

This object they gained and when the Congress assembled in Halifax on the 12th of November, Samuel Johnston, although present, was not there as the representative of Chowan county, but on business connected with the treasury. He took a deep interest in the questions before the

Congress, and here as elsewhere, he contributed by his genius, talents and influence to preserve the conservative character of the assembly. By means of his friends he was able to exert a large influence on the Constitution finally adopted and it is wonderful that that Constitution was so free from objection and should remain for nearly sixty years untouched and unaltered.

In 1780, Johnston was elected a member of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia and served until 1782. In 1787 he was elected Governor of North Carolina to succeed Caswell who was ineligible for re-election and in connection with this Moore says in his History of North Carolina, "For many years the serene wisdom and integrity of this distinguished man had been known and appreciated in every portion of the State. His high conservative and aristocratic views had made him unpopular at times, but no one ever distrusted his honor or judgment. As an orator he was crippled by hesitancy in his speech, but at times he could be highly persuasive and was even luminous, learned and exhaustive in his discourse. No statesman in America ever bore a more spotless reputation, and no man was more straightforward and sincere in all his words and deeds. He did not possess the versatility and genius of Caswell, but he was a profound lawyer and a long trusted leader of the most intelligent portion of North Carolina's people. He possessed great wealth and a pedigree that reached back through ages of titled ancestors in Scotland. He had out-lived the prejudices against him and the State was again lavishing as of yore her honors thickly upon him."

Mr. Johnston was an unqualified admirer of the Federal Constitution and was President of the Convention, while Governor of the State, which met at Hillsboro, on July 21st, 1788, to consider the Constitution and by which body it was rejected. He was also President of the Convention at Fayetteville in November 1789 which ratified that instrument.

Johnston was the first United States Senator from North Carolina and served from 1789 until 1793.

In February 1800, he was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court, which office he resigned in November 1803.

Mr. Wheeler, in his History of North Carolina says of him, "After enjoying every honor that the State could heap upon him, he voluntarily resigned all public employment, deeming true what the wise soldier of Charles V, when he resigned his commission, declared so necessary "*aliquid tempus interesse debet vitam nortemque*," and peacefully departed this life in the year 1816."

THE REWARD DOUBLED.

BY E. S. YARBROUGH.

A few autumns ago I had the opportunity of spending several weeks in Asheville, N. C. Indeed this was a very enjoyable occasion, for aside from all the pleasures that nature alone could afford, there were places in which nature and the art of man had combined and beauty alternated with grandeur.

Truly all these were enjoyed, but the source of my greatest pleasure was the companion who pointed out these places of interest. She was a resident of Asheville, and her name was Louise H——n. After visiting the most places of note, Louise suggested that we go to the Montford grape vine, which was about two miles down the French Broad River. It was the afternoon before I left that we were to visit this vine.

On this particular afternoon the weather was bright and pleasant. Such as follows frost. The autumn had changed the foliage of the surrounding valley to a thousand different colors. The French Broad hurried on to the Tennessee line, and upon its bosom we placed our light boat and followed its course for two miles. While going down the stream we passed a dangerous rapid. Louise told me that just one year before, Mr. Mason and his little daughter were drowned at this place, that the body of Mr. Mason had been found, but no trace of the child's could be seen. Mrs. Mason had offered a liberal reward for the recovery of it.

By the time she had finished her narrative we had reached a small stream. Rowing up this about a quarter of a mile we fastened our boat, climbed the banks, and there a large vine covering fully an acre of land hung over our heads from the branches of the trees. Near the centre of the ground covered, was the large trunk of the vine, twisting and curling until it reached fully eight feet from the ground. We soon ate a sufficient quantity of grapes

and at Louise's suggestion we seated ourselves upon the trunk.

In this quiet solitude I decided to put the question that had so long troubled me. I found that she was in the right mood and I proceeded. "Louise, will you have er-er some more grapes?" She gave one of those pleasing smiles and my boldness left me. We had not gone far in our conversation when I tried again, "Louise won't you have er-er-er, Louise won't you have some grapes?" I could start but not finish the sentence. In the midst of this state of joy, excitement and fear, some boys came up and asked us to have some grapes that they had gathered. They lingered around us a good while after we had accepted.

Finally they left and I resumed my most difficult task. This time I went through without a blunder. But she seemed to be in worse predicament about answering than I did in asking. I sat there blushing and trembling waiting for her to speak. She commenced and I still trembled, and my heart was almost in my mouth. While thus wrought up I heard a rustling noise behind me. Of course I jumped to see what it was and as I did the rusty form of a huge rattle-snake met my eyes. This greatly increased our excitement and we both fled for our boat, closely pursued by the snake. We reached the stream but the boat had floated across and now our only visible escape was a slippery path leading up the mountain. We ran up this path at a high speed, and yet the snake was in close pursuit. I looked back and Louise was growing tired and the reptile was gaining on her at ever step. One thousand things flew through my mind. "Could I risk myself to save her?" "Could I leave a poor, helpless, tired woman to battle with such a poisonous snake!" "Could I forsake one now in time of danger, who cared so for my pleasure?" I could not leave her. I turned quickly around and seizing her, again quickened my pace up the mountain, calling for help at every step. I saw a little girl just ahead of us, who

was running too. The next instant an old negro man appeared in our path. I fell at his feet broken down by exhaustion and at the same time he dealing a death blow to the snake. I was greatly enraged when I found that it was not a snake but simply a skin that had been stuffed and tied to my coat by those boys at the vine.

Nevertheless I paid the negro for his service and asked him to go back and get our boat across the stream. On the way he told us this story: "Boss, you see I am old. I have lived on that mountain ten years. I have never harmed any one and no one has ever harmed me. I do all my work and cooking and live alone."

He emphasized living alone and this caused me to wonder why that girl was there, and too she was a white girl. So claiming that I had lost my purse I went back to look for it, and sent the negro on for the boat. He wanted to go with me, but I objected. He watched me closely. I turned in where I had seen the girl and found a rude hut. On the inside was some dry wood stacked in one corner. Behind this wood I found the girl, very small, delicate, dark and expressive, she looked like a spirit. A cloud of hair fell on each side of her face in curls partly veiling her features, but out of the veil looked sweet sad eyes, musing and weird. Her fairy fingers looked too airy to hold, and yet their pressure was very firm and strong. Her pure white face, sunburned and haggered.

At this figure I gazed for a moment and then with a heart full of love and sympathy took her hand. She flinched and began to cry, saying, "He told me if ever I let any one see me he would kill me, now I must die." Taking her in my arms I assured her safety if she would tell me why she was there. She was very reticent but finally told me this simple story: "A long time ago father and I came to that grape-vine and that negro killed father and threw him in the river. He then took me here and makes me cook for him. He gives me very little to eat.

"Oh! please take me to mamma? She lives in Asheville. My name is Mary Mason."

At this point she dropped her head upon my shoulder and wept bitterly. I carried her to the boat. The negro had gone. Louise was in the boat ready to go. She knew Mary and also knew where her mother lived. In a very short while we were all three standing at the door of Mrs. Mason's. The girl's mother met us. I can't describe the rejoicing. I did not wait to see it all, but went back with Louise to her home.

Next morning there was a letter at my door bearing these words:

My Dear Sir:

Please accept this check as a reward for my child. I had only offered half this for the body, but since she is alive I give you double the reward. I can never thank you enough. Always remember that my home and friendship are open to you.

Most sincerely,

MRS. JANIE MASON.

Next morning when I left for home, Mary was at the station to bid me farewell. Far different did she appear from what she did the preceeding day, for greater happiness existed in that family than ever before.

The names of great warriors may be forgotten by the humble tailor; the name of the discoverer cannot always live. But the name and face of Mary Mason shall ever hold their places in my mind and heart.

WATCH YOUR EYE.

[Conversation between an old resident and a new-comer.]

I know a palace fair to see,
Watch your eye,
Where some fair inmates there be,
Watch your eye, watch your eye,
These are beauties not for thee,
So just go by.

'Tis a dangerous pretty place,
Watch your eye.
There so many fall from grace,
Watch your eye, watch your eye.
Do not stop but speed your pace
As you go by.

Think of Freshmen there bereft, and
Watch your eye;
And of Seniors, (o'er your left),—
Watch you eye, watch your eye,—
And of Post-grads, O my friends,
Let's go on by.

They say that many arrows fly,
Watch your eye,
Shot by one Dan C., so sly.
Watch your eye, watch your eye,
Ne'er let them pierce your tegument
As you go by.

Oh! vain 'twill be for one like you
To watch your eye
If once you try a look or too
As you go by
For all who look get in a stew
And then soon die.
Oh! ! ! !
Good bye! (*dismay*)

—*Argus.*

KARL ERMON.

BY E. C. PERRON.

It was recess at Lost Creek Academy and it seemed that the entire school, from little curly-headed Mabel Jones to her big brother Charles, had gathered on the play-ground and were enjoying the bright sunshine of the returning spring.

Lost Creek Academy, a large three-story structure, was the pride of the neighborhood. It had been built some years before by Jack Johnson, a wealthy old farmer, who lived near the village of Lost Creek. Jack had been quite poor when a boy, but, for some unaccountable reason, Judieth Henderson, the heiress of the Henderson estate, had taken a fancy to him and married him in face of the opposition of her family who desired for her a more brilliant alliance. Jack had been blinded by her beauty and the prospect of so rich an inheritance, but he soon saw what a mistake he had made. Mrs. Green, who always kept her eyes open, a few months after the marriage, came back from church one Sunday and told a few of her friends, confidentially, "that she had seen Jack Johnson nod his head vigorously when the preacher said something Solomon said about a man dwelling in a wilderness rather than with a contentious woman." Whether or not Jack gave way to his feelings to such an extent is not known for nobody claimed to have seen it but Mrs. Green, but certain it is that Jack had reason for nodding. From the very first, his wife ruled him with a rod of iron. Jack was naturally hardworking and saving, but she took care to spend every thing he made. and in a few years so extravagant had she been that the estate was now heavily mortgaged. Just twenty years after her marriage, Judieth died, leaving one child, Dorothy, a little girl then five years old. Her father lavished on her all the love which he would have bestowed upon his wife had she been less unamiable. He went to work at once and in less than five years he had lifted the mortgage, and, as he told one of his neighbors "had laid up a little for his

girl." It was a year or two after this that he built the Academy.

At the time our story opens, Dorothy had attended school at the Academy two sessions and would finish her course this year. "Next year," she had confided to her school mate, "Papa is going to send me to Vassar." She was now a tall graceful girl of fifteen and, by many, considered pretty, though the expression of aristocratic pride that hovered about her features somewhat lessened the effect of her otherwise perfect face.

Although the world seemed full of the gladness of springtime, there was one student, sitting apart from the rest, who enjoyed neither the bright sunshine nor the mountain breezes. It was Karl Ermon, a freckled-faced, red-haired boy of sixteen. Unfortunately he had a deeply sensitive nature and the other boys took delight in wounding his feelings. His parents were poor and he had to work hard to keep himself at school, but in spite of his disadvantages he maintained his place at the head of his class and, it was said, Andy Horton, who had twice won the Dovley scholarship was regarding him with a jealous eye.

The cause of Karl's trouble to-day was that Dorothy Johnson who had won his love by a show of kindness during the past three months, had now turned him adrift for Arthur Thompson, a young architect of Mooresburg, who had just entered the Academy. At this moment he saw Dorothy and Thomson crossing the campus side by side. He arose to take her a letter that had come for her on the morning train. He reached her just as she and Thompson had seated themselves upon a small bench that stood in a secluded part of the campus.

"Dorothy," he said approaching.

"Why do you come over here Karl Ermon, don't you see I'm engaged?" then turning to her companion she said loud enough for Karl to hear, "It's just like the son of a shoemaker to intrude his presence where it is not wanted."

Karl blushed deeply; but simply replied, "I came to bring you a letter." Then placing it upon her lap, he turned and walked away.

The school bell rang and the pupils filed in and were soon busy engaged at their desks. Suddenly however, there was a cry of "Fire! Fire!" and the old janitor ran in and announced that the basement was in flames. All made a rush for the door carrying their books and whatever else could be taken. As the last pupil reached the yard the fire burst through the floor and the building was soon wrapped in flames.

"Are all out?" asked the teacher as she glanced from one anxious face to another. Then some missed Dorothy Johnson, "Where can she be?" was asked on all sides.

"Please ma'a'm" said little Mabel Jones, "she told me she was going to the library in the third story." "She is lost then," they murmured simultaneously, and at the same time they drew near the building.

Just at that moment the wind cleared away the smoke, and they caught a glimpse of a figure clinging to the lightning rod that ran up the side of the building. It was Karl. He, too, had missed Dorothy. Hand over head he fought his way up amid the smoke and flames. At last he reached a portion of the main roof just in front of the tower. With one blow of his hand he smashed the window of the tower, then entered; descended to the library; picked up the unconscious girl; and bore her to the roof. He then retraced his steps, climbed to the belfry and, taking his pocket knife, cut the bell rope, wrapped it about his waist, and made his way back to the roof, tied the rope around the yet unconscious girl, and lowered her from the edge of the roof. She had almost reached the ground, when a blaze not ten feet below where Karl stood came in contact with the rope: its strands parted and the girl fell into the arms of her father who had now arrived on the scene.

The side of the building which Karl had ascended was now a sheet of flame. His retreat was entirely cut off. The watch-

ers saw him kneel for a moment in prayer. Then with a firm step he crossed the roof and seated himself at the foot of the tower. Here he sat with folded arms, awaiting the death his bravery had invited. A moment later they saw the tower reel and totter to its fall. A breath of air cleared for an instant the smoke that enveloped the boy, and revealed a smile upon his features; then a crash, and all was buried in a mass of smoking ruins.

D. D. PEELE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE ARCHIVE had hoped to present to its readers in this issue a portrait of Hon. W. D. Turner, an honored Alumnus of Trinity College, but has been unfortunate in not being able to do so. Trinity always takes great pride in the success of her sons, and it is to them she points as testimonials of her worth and work. At the last annual meeting of the Alumni Association Mr. Turner was elected President, and since that time he has been honored with the election to the Lieutenant-Governorship of North Carolina. Mr. Turner was born in Iredell County, Jan. 30, 1855. His father was Wilfred Turner a prominent manufacturer.

The subject of this sketch entered Trinity College in 1872 and was graduated in 1876, receiving the degree of A. B. In 1879 the degree of A. M. was conferred on him by his Alma Mater. He was licensed to practice law in 1877, and in 1885 formed a partnership at Statesville, N. C., with Judge R. F. Armfield, who was also an Alumnus of Trinity College. This partnership continued until Judge Armfield received his appointment to the Superior Court bench. Since that time Mr. Turner has been associated with Mr. Chas. H. Armfield, also an Alumnus of Trinity, under the firm name of Armfield & Turner, Statesville, N. C., one of the most prominent law firms in the western part of the State.

Mr. Turner has been an important factor in the political life of the State, having always been an earnest adherent of

the Democratic party. He was a member of the State Senate in 1887, 1889, 1891. In 1891, he was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and served on almost all the important committees of that body.

In 1896 he was a delegate from the Seventh Congressional District to the National Democratic Convention. In 1898, he was endorsed by several counties for Congress and in the Convention received the second highest number of votes for the nomination.

Mr. Turner is also President of the Monbo Manufacturing Company, and is engaged in other industrial enterprises.

He has filled with signal ability all the many positions with which he has been entrusted.

He has always been a loyal Alumnus of his Alma Mater, and THE ARCHIVE rejoices at his success in life and the honors which have been conferred on him.—X.

If there is one event in the scholastic year that all students look forward to with more interest than any other, that event is the annual debate between Trinity and Wake Forest. It is an occasion of great enthusiasm and one that we would not under any circumstances be deprived of. We hope this sentiment is shared by our Baptist cousins, in spite of the fact that the question came from them, early in the term, whether the two colleges should meet again this year in a friendly forensic contest. It seems to us, considering the fact that precedents have established this debate as an annual occurrence, that the very question implied a doubt—a doubt we must think born of a secret desire or hope to be allowed to meet some other college than Trinity this year. At any rate we are all glad of an opportunity to meet them again and it is not with fear and trembling that we enter the contest. We are proud of our representatives and feel sure they will maintain the noble record formerly made by Trinity men on similar occasions.

But, boys, let us not make the mistake of the depending too much on the work of our representatives. No matter how much confidence we may have in their ability, these men cannot do their best unless they are made to feel that they have the strongest co-operation and support of every man, woman, and child on the Park. This we owe them and must accord it. We cannot all speak at Raleigh (I only wish we could!) but we can help to win that cup by encouraging those who are to speak and by being present at the contest. If we do this, it will give to us all, every Methodist of us, on the evening of next Thanksgiving Day, when the prize shall have been wrested from the hands of the enemy, a right to shout till the welkin rings—but hush! the Baptists are under water!

The recent gift of $100,000 made by Mr. Washington Duke to Trinity College is a further and convincing proof of the great philanthropic spirit by which he is animated. The time when it was given, the simplicity and modesty of the donor, and above all the sincerity of the words addressed to the students that night, "I have done all I can, the balance rests with you," are all evidences of the noble character of the man who, away from any popular gathering or demonstration that might be supposed to influence him, in the quietude of his private office, with a single stroke of the pen, sets apart such a magnificent sum from his own fortune for the education of the young men of his state, and then merely calls in the President of the college to announce what he has done. This is true philanthropy and deserves emulation.

There is no work that deserves commendation more than that arising from voluntary effort. It is easy to understand why a man does the work necessary to make a pass in his classes; no one can fail to see why a student performs duty in a literary society when a failure to do so means a fine; no one

can afford not to contribute to a college magazine when, after having done so, he can give his soul that rest for which it pants without being disturbed in its calm repose by the never ceasing pleadings of an editor's voice; but the man who works voluntarily is not so easily understood. He does what he finds to do because he delights in his work and looks for his reward only in the proficiency which experience always brings. In him the springs of action are finely tempered. The man who is compelled by some external force to do every thing he undertakes can never hope to be anything more than a servant to the will of others or a slave to circumstances, but to those who work of their own accord, the world looks for every inauguration of an enterprise. To one who takes this view of the value of voluntary work it is encouraging to see the increase in quantity of it among the students. As a matter of fact there might be, and really ought to be, more of it in the societies and elsewhere. THE ARCHIVE wishes to encourage this kind of work and is proud of the few contributions that have been offered voluntarily to *its* pages. Let the work go on.

Literary Notes

MAUDE E. MOORE, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The first volume of John Morley's "Life of Gladstone" will be issued in January. It is in two volumes, one consisting of the life and letters, the other of documents and notes. The first volume is illustrated with portraits, as far as possible from original or contemporary sources. Another important biographical book will be published immediately in London, entitled "The Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain: The Man and the Statesman," containing a full and condensed history of much of the political life of England during the last thirty years.

An edition de luxe of the "Memoirs of Count Grammont" by Anthony Hamilton, edited by Sir Walter Scott, will be published November 1, by the H. M. Caldwell Company. The edition which will be limited to 275 copies, will be beautifully illustrated with etchings in tint—*Saturday Review of Books and Art.*

Harper & Brothers have just arranged with Robert W. Chambers, author of "The Conspirators," for the publication of a ramance entitled "Cardigan" dealing with that period of American Colonial life just preceding the Revolution.

"Eccentricities of Genius" by Maj. J. B. Pond is now ready at the G. W. Dillingham's. It is interesting and valuable as it represents the experiences of a man who has spent his life seeking a means by which to entertain the American public. He has much to say concerning the American lyceum of sixty years ago and the eminent scholars who then

occupied its platform, and sketches the history of the lecture and concert platform from those days to the time when he brought over Henry M. Stanley, Sir Edwin Arnold, and others, and presented such well known Americans as Thomas Nelson Page, George William Curtis and M. Seton Thompson to their admiring countrymen.

In his latest word, "Quisante," Anthony Hope has undeniably lost some of his charm as a writer. He leaves his "country of dreams and fairy tales" to move among English political affairs and business enterprises. The new hero is a fawning politician, seeking and obtaining a seat in parliament. There is no trace of light improvisation, no crisp precising of delineation, no piquant situatim, such as we have learned to look for from Anthony Hope.

In "The Maid of Maiden Lane," Amelia E. Barr has attempted nothing startlingly original but the interest of the romance is well kept up to the end. Its chief charm lies in its historic and local color, in the group of well sustained and vital characters it marshals, in its admirable style, and in the true and noble thoughts to be found upon its pages.

The announcement that the advance sale of "The Master Christian" in England and this country has exceeded more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies, arouses renewed interest in a writer who is always more or less in the public mind. Whatever her books may be, they are read, and there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country and in England who await with a great deal of eagerness every new novel that comes from the pen of Marie Corelli.—*Bookman.*

"The right actor being at hand, a dramatization of 'David Harum,' was inevitable in spite of the essentially undramatic character of the story. It may be said too, Mr. W. H. Crane having proved to be exactly the comedian to make David live again on the stage, that the play is quite as logical and worthy as the best of its predecessors of the same humble sort."

Mr. Mabie's "Shakespeare," with its beautiful illustrations, as well as the widely contrasting treatments of Cromwell by Theodore Roosevelt and John Morely, should attract many readers, while the recent discussions about the need of a Professorship of Books suggests the benefits to be derived from a reading of Mr. A. R. Spofford's charming "Book for all Readers." Equally valuable should be found "Counsel upon the Reading of Books" by many competent hands, whose introduction by Dr. Van Dyke guarantees its interest and helpfulness.—*Saturday Review of Books and Art.*

Count Tolstoi's new book, "Slavery in Our Times" will be published in this country by Dodd, Mead & Co.

A veritable "year of romance" will be introduced by the "Century" for 1901. Over thirty of the best known authors have sent in contributions already or have promised to do so. There will be presented the works of such familiar ones as Howells, Bret Harte, Warner, Lew Wallace, Sara Orm Jewett, Henry James, and of the more recent school, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Hamlin Garland, G. W. Cable, Kipling. Winston Churchill, David Gray, Charles Battell Loomis, and John Luther Long.

Mr. Kipling is at his Rotlingdean home, where an American friend recently found him hard at work upon some new animal stories. They are what the author calls his "Just-so Stories," three of which were published in the Ladies' Home Journal this year. The new stories will appear in the same periodical. "I have finished two already," said Mr. Kipling, "and in a month I'll send over a third." The author then explained that one of the stories was in reply to a little boy in the West, who liked his other "Just-so Stories" and told Mr. Kipling he had a pussy of which he was very fond, and "would Mr. Kipling tell him something about pussy." "That rather tickled me," said the author, "and so I'm going to tell the little chap in one of the stories "How Pussy Got Her

Purr." The new stories begin in the Ladies' Home Journal early in the new year and will run through several numbers. —*Saturday Review of Books and Art.*

"Songs From Dixie Land" by Frank L. Stanton; 12 mo, cloth: illustrated; 237 pp. Indianapolis, U. S. A.: The Brown-Merrill Company.

Mr. Stanton's latest collection of verse makes good the author's claim as the poet of youth, love and hope. His songs enter our hearts and remain there long after we have forgotten more pretentious verse. Old loves come back and are sweet again; little children laugh in the sunlight; roses bloom about the cabin door and all the year is May when we listen to his lyre. Songs "From Dixie Land" is a collection of verses all instinct with sweetness and melody, it adds to the happy music of the world. The illustrations by W. H. Galloway are clever and shows the artist's appreciation of the humor and pathos of the poems.

"On the Wings of Occasion" by Joel Chandler Harris; 12 mo, cloth: illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, U. S. A.

All admirers of Joel Chandler Harris will enjoy his latest book, "On the wings of Occasion." This is a collection of four charming stories based on the Secret Service of the Confederacy during the Civil War. The heroes are spies in the service of the authorities at Richmond, Lincoln being the only man holding a civil office who is brought into a scene. While the author writes from a Southern point of view, no one can read this collection without seeing and appreciating the true greatness of Lincoln. The manner in which he is visited and kidnapped by the countryman of Georgia, Mr. Sanders by name, a fine creation of home-spun humors, shows the simplicity and nobleness of this great man.

F. S. CARDEN. - - - - - - MANAGER.

The first numbers of our exchanges are being received in various shapes, sizes and colors. We are glad to note that a few have improved over last year's issue and that almost all have at least maintained their standard. Some college magazines not only do great credit to the institutions which they represent but they occupy an important place in American journalism. Many of the men now writing for college magazines will before long write for our leading American journals and thus become the standard bearers of American literature and thought. Realizing the width and rich opportunities of this field it behoves college men to eliminate all that is petty and trifling, all that is narrow and of local interest only, from their magazines. Try to produce something of real literary value in your college journal and it will be much easier to do so in later life. We are glad to find in some college magazines essays and poetry which possesses real literary merit.

The October *Vanderbilt Observer* is one of the best we have yet read. It contains two good stories. The first, "Disqualified" is remarkable for its unique plot, the time of which is laid twenty years in the dim future. It is imaginative and well written. "Courting in the Smokies" though in overwrought mountain dialect is very readable on account of its humor. The editorial on "Individuality among Students" we commend to all earnest college men.

The November *Observer* is also before us. It is Anniversary number and is mostly historical in its composition.

The *Harvard Monthly*, of October, has reached us. The poem, "Anniversary Ode," read at Cambridge on the one

hundred and twenty-fifth Anniversary of Washington taking command of the American Army,—is very good. It is a thoughtful poem and handles in a sane way the departure of the American Nation from Washington's Standard of government and liberty. The author possesses real poetic genius and by a combination of imagination and thought with a clear insight into the present political conditions has produced a poem of real merit. "Out of the Mouth of Babes," is a short, well written and suggestive story. "An English Disciple of Zola," shows a careful study of the works of Mr. Gissing. "Clinton's Idyll," is the same old tale of "I found out she was engaged therefore I rush off with a broken heart for a Tour in a Yacht." "Emmerson's Style in his Essays," is an article of some research and knowledge.

The Wake Forest Student presents an interesting table of contents. The poem "By the Old Plank Road," has some good passages in it. However Negro life is richer in prose than in poetry. "Jim and his Mother," is an interesting story, though not quite true to human nature.

The *Inlander* comes to us with a happy blending of poetry and fiction. The first poem, "Transformation," expresses what we have all seen and felt during the past summer months. The next article is an interesting account of International Games at Paris. "The Door," (a tragic farce in one act) is amusing andludicrous. It shows a knowledge of human nature and holds the attention of the reader throughout. The drama is a line of literature which should be recognized more and developed better in college journalism. The *Fulfillment* is a story, short, suggestive and sweet. *The Scarlet Sedan* is a meritorious story of Chinese life. The writer evidently possesses a fair knowleege of Chinese customs. We should not finish our review without noticing the rich coloring and felicitous expression of "Autumn Tints." The *Inlander*, in its literary department is the best October issue, before us.

The Davidson College Magazine is well supplied with fiction, description and narration, all of which is good. As a

good piece of description, we recommend the article entitled "Sunrise at Cæsar's Head." However at times, the writer uses some stale expressions which somewhat detract. The article on the "Negro in Virginia, Before 1861," is a splendid narrative, but we fear that the writer is inclined to make those days appear better than our present time. However we hope that he is not one who desires to live in those "good old times," but prefers to be an up-to-date man. A goodly number of short poems are mingled in with the action, which give a variety in the readingm atter and thus makes the magazine very attractive. We are glad to see that this magazine takes space in "A Hygienie Mania" to give some wholesome advice. In this article the writer expresses what he wished to say in a sarcastic yet forcible way. Some very good short poems also appear in this magazine.

The *Amherst Literary Monthly* is to be commended for such a variety of good reading matter. Unlike many college magazines it is not crowded with stories. Every article is well worth reading. The plot of "Dub's Story" is especially good. The article entitled, "Dreams," is one that touches and expresses the thoughts of all intelligent students. Aside from the facinating spirit, the description in it is excellent.

TRANSFORMATION.

Far down the desert of the village street
Nor man nor beast I see, the big clouds keep
On muttering and tumbling, soft and deep
The dust lies printed with the children's feet
From last night's playing, and the pent-up heat
Trembles into the air, no breeze astir
Too cool the brow;—when suddenly the whirr
Of scattering raindrops on the roofs abeat.

And lo the transformation! Once again
The sweet rain falls, the eddying torrents spin
In the rain scented gust so sweet and cool,—
Oh watch the linking circles on the pool,
And hear the water at the eaves begin
And all the well-loved noises of the rain.

—*Thomas Hall Shastid, Inlander.*

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. C. BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Although, at present, there seems to be a lack of the accustomed vigor along missionary lines, yet our Y. M. C. A. still maintains interest in this great work. It has been the custom of the Association for some time to devote the first Sunday of each month to missionary study. We were very fortunate in having Prof. Mims lead the meeting for us on October 7. He made a very thoughtful and impressive talk.

Let us take more interest in this department of our Association work, and give its leaders our zealous support.

* * *

A great deal of interest has been manifested in Y. M. C. A. work this fall. Interesting subjects have been presented to us every Sunday, and we feel sure that all the members of the Association have been benefited by every talk they have heard. But still there is room for greater interest to be taken in this work. All cannot speak, but all can come and listen and encourage those who do speak. Probably you do not realize the good that will come from your attending these meetings, but there are blessings for you if you will only come in the right spirit.

* * *

Sunday afternoon, September 30, was a Bible Study rally day. The meeting was conducted by Mr. W. H. Brown, who brought out some very strong reasons why we should study the Bible, and study it in a systematic way. In addi-

tion to the two courses of study offered last year, another. Studies in Old Testament Characters, is offered this year. This course is intended for those who have finished The Life of Christ and The Records and Letters of the Apostolic Age, and is lead by Mr. D. D. Peele. The courses in The Life of Christ is led by Mr. W. H. Brown, and The Records by J. C. Blanchard.

* * *

The Association was glad to welcome Prof. J. T. Henry, who conducted the meeting Sunday afternoon, October 14, Some of us remember his faithful work in the Y. M. C. A. when he was in college, and it seemed like old times to have him with us again. He made an application of the parable of the Good Samaritan to college life. "Around us are young men who have fallen among thieves and robbed. Who will take the part of the Samaritan !"

* * *

Rev. Mr. Norman favored the Association with a talk Sunday afternoon, October 20.

* * *

"Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good or evil through life."—*Geikie.*

At Home and Abroad

S. G. WINSTEAD, - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. W. G. Coltrane, Class of '00, spent some time on the Park a few weeks ago. Mr. Coltrane was on his way to Ridgeway, Va., where he began teaching October 15. We wish him much success in his new field of work.

Mr. L. C. Nicholson, of '99, who took special work in the Physical department last year, is now attending the University of Missouri.

Messrs. F. S. Carden and W. A. Lambeth, were appointed as a committee on arrangement in regard to the Wake Forest-Trinity Debate. These young men met a like committee in Raleigh, October 1, and arranged the necessary plans for the Thanksgiving Debate. The question to be discussed at this debate: "Resolved, That the Dispensary System of South Carolina is Unwise.

Prof. Jas. T. Henry, Class of '98, who has had charge of the West Durham Graded School, for the past two years, says his roll this year is quite an increase on the two previous ones. He clalms an attendance of about 350.

Mr. S. A. Stewart, Class of '00, is principal of the Stanley Creek Institute, Stanley, N. C.

Mr. B. G. Allen, of '00, is taking a medical course at Columbia University, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Kilgo has been appointed as a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference, which convenes in London next year. This is an honor we think duly conferred.

Pro. Plato Durham delivered an address at Kenly, October 12, on the Twentieth Century Movement.

Dr. Kilgo was absent from college a few days during October, visiting relatives in South Carolina.

Mr. R. P. Reade, of '00, is attending the University of Michigan. Mr. Reade was employed by the American Tobacco Company during the summer months, but intent on being a lawyer, he gave up this work, with the purpose of pursuing a course to that end.

Mr. W. K. Boyd, a former member of the High School Faculty, is now taking history at Columbia University.

Mr. Fred. W. Ayers, of '00, was on the Park, October 23 and 24. Fred said he came over to attend the Fair, but we suppose there were other inducements.

Mr. N. C. Yearby, of '00, spent some time on the Park during the Fair week. Mr. Yearby is stationed at Tarboro, and though a reverend, he still carries a student's appearance.

Dr. Kilgo and Prof. W. A. Bivins attended the marriage of Rev. S. E. Mercer to Miss Rosa Thompson, of Aberdeen. Mr. Mercer is a former student of Trinity and is now a member of the North Carolina Conference. We extend our best wishes to this couple.

At a meeting of the Science Club, October 1, papers were read by the following men: Mr. E. L. Hines, subject: Automobile; Mr. E. S. Yarbrough, The Electric Light and its Manufacture; Mr. F. S. Williams, Corundum and its Occurrence in North Carolina.

THE ARCHIVE staff is indebted to Dr. W. P. Few and Prof. R. L. Flowers, for a most enjoyable evening, September 29. When it was announced to its members that we were invited to their house to tea, we were expecting a treat and we were not disappointed. THE ARCHIVE force showed up well,

every member being present, intent on a contribution for his department. THE ARCHIVE is always glad to consult our professors on matters concerning its interest.

Drs. Few and Mims represented Trinity at the celebration of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of Vanderbilt University.

The two societies having the privilege each to elect a speaker for the Thanksgiving Debate, the third man was chosen from a preliminary held Saturday evening, October 20. Mr. J. G. Liles proved the successful one. He with Messrs. W. H. Wannamaker, and F. S. Carden we are expecting the cup.

According to custom college duties were suspended, Thursday October 25, in order that all the students who desired might take advantage of the Fair. Quite a number of the students attended the Fair.

It is no doubt known to every reader of THE ARCHIVE of the recent gift of Mr. Washington Duke to Trinity. This gift amounting to $100,000.00 places Trinity among the wealthiest of the Southern colleges, and while such facts have been published through the papers, we only wish to express the gratitude of the student body to Trinity's greatest Benefactor. We all have a great reverence for him, and only trust that our efforts in taking advantage of the opportunities made possible to us through these gifts—may be as sincere as we believe are the intention of the giver. At a mass meeting of the students and faculty held Friday, October 5, the trustees were petitioned to establish the 3d of October as Benefactor's Day, in honor of Mr. Duke's gifts. This is the first holiday in the college calendar, and shall hereafter be reserved as Trinity's Day.

It is not the purpose of this department to neglect any one and when done it is merely an oversight. Any news pertaining to the college, students or alumni will be gratefully received.

Resolutions of Respect to Charles E. Turner.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to take from our midst Charles E. Turner, be it resolved,

1. That by his death, Trinity College has sustained the loss of a faithful and loyal son, and the Hesperian Society, that of a true and loyal member.

2 That we take this means of showing to his relatives that we too are deeply touched by his early death, and share with them their sorrows; and sincerely hope that in this hour of affliction they may see the presence of a loving Heavenly Father.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be put on the record of the Hesperian Society, and published in THE ARCHIVE.

D. D. PEEL,
H. B. ASBURY,
G. H. FLOWERS,
Committee.

Resolutions of Respect to H. F. Pitman.

WHEREAS, Death has entered our ranks and taken from us Mr. H. F. Pitman, be it resolved,

1. That in his death the Columbian Society loses one of its most faithful and loyal members.

2. That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we are pained to think that so youthful a life is thus cut off, and that we can no more have his presence among us.

3. That we extend our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family and pray that God in His all-wise Providence may sanctify this affliction to their good.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, a a copy given to the Recording Secretary of our society for preservation, and also that a copy be sent to THE TRINITY ARCHIVE with the request to publish.

W. A. BIVINS,
E. O. SMITHDEAL,
W. E. BROWN,
Committee.

W. D. TURNER,

President of the Alumni Association and Lieutenant Governor-Elect of North Carolina.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, DECEMBER, 1900.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

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CLUBS AND COFFEE-HOUSES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY J. R. COWAN.

It was a peculiar phase of English literary life which finally secured the establishment of a permanent prose literature. It was a movement which proceeded from a revolution of the milder sort in English thought. Call it a revolution if we will, still we cannot point out any one event or set of events in any one year from which a revolution in the thoughts or ideas of the English people could be dated. It was rather a great reaction which occcurred with intermittent tendencies throughout a period of forty years. Only through the last ten years of this period was the movement final in its effects on literature and public thought. All through the seventeenth century the battles

had been fought for English prose, and now at the beginning of the eighteenth century, everything was in readiness for a reconstruction, which was in some measure based on all former attempts. A multitude of favorable tendencies were at hand, and all that was necessary was that material awakening which grew out of the influence of Coffee-houses and Clubs and the renewed interests of the public. The public mind became very practical, and there were, it is true, many superficial tendencies; but the great wits of the age steered clear of all its shallowness. It became popular for men to base thier reasoning on that which was practical. It was to be a kind of thought to which all classes might be elevated to the appreciation of. With all this, the new thought had had its leaders, men who knew their age and succeeded in giving a healthy turn to some of the tendencies of society, tendencies which were trifling until directed into the proper channels.

There are certain superficial or material tendencies which sometimes contribute to the growth of healthy literature. It was the literary gossip of the Age of Queene Anne which really achieved the final development of English prose. For the first time literary men realized that a prose style ought to be nothing more than that of intelligent conversation. In the early seventeenth century, prose was weighed down with worthless pedantry, euphuism; there was no depth of thought. The great Puritan movement in literature followed, which gave English prose that depth, that high seriousness which it yet retains; but prose needed a style, it was weighty, involved, and unreadable, partaking of the nature of political tracts and sermons. By the time of the Commonwealh, public life had reached a low ebb as compared with the age of Elizabeth, since society had become selfish under the Puritan influence. The various national customs, the old social festivities, such as that of the Maypole, had received their bitterest invective. At the time of the Restoration, there was none of that

joyousness and pride of national life which society felt in the days of Elizabeth. England turned to imitate France. This imitation of everything French began with the Court party, the Cavaliers. But under the patronage of Charles II, literature was beginning to attain a national consciousness. James II, however, was sullen in his encouragement of literature, and the growth of literary life was checked for a time. Again, in the days of William and Mary, there followed a mild reaction to the temper of Charles II. The Sir Foplings and Sir Courtlys appear again witht heir long fair wigs and scarlet hose. The frivolous society of London, which revolved about the Court and haunted the park and playhouse, now began to frequent more than ever the Coffee-houses. Charles II had kept open house, he had made Whitehall the chief staple of the news, it was, as Macaulay says the "fountain head of intelligence." Every sort of rumor spread to all the Coffee houses in the city and from thence to the people at large.

It was about 1690, when Congreve first came to London that the life in the Coffee-houses began to assert itself. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. So the Coffee-house alone could represent public opinion. Here men of all sorts met in the forenoon, and again in the early evening to discuss politics and get the latest news. Here they might drop in at any hour, they were free to spend the whole evening socially, and since the charge was insignificant, the institution became more popular. Instead of residing on a certain street, the Londoner frequented such and such a Coffee-house. It was a trade centre as well as a political centre, here auctions were held, and so likewise it became an advertising medium. No one was excluded who laid his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, every political opinion had its headquarters.

The houses around St. James Park were frequented by the fops with their Parisian wigs, their perfumery and richly-scented snuffs. Congreve's polished and artificial

characters came from his contact with these delicious and debonair creatures. He reproduces the fop as he saw him and shows how the fop was the ideal of the frivolous female society of his age, in the coversation between Mrs. Foresight and Miss Prue in the comedy called "*Love for Love.*"

Miss P. Mother, mother, mother, look you here.
Mrs. Foresight. Fy, fy, Miss, how you bawl!—
Besides, I have told you, you must not call me mother.
Miss P. What must I call you then? are you not my father's wife?
Mrs. For. Madam; you must say Madam.—By my soul, I shall fancy myself old indeed, to have this great girl call me mother,—Well, but, Miss, what are you so overjoyed at?
Miss P. Look you hear, Madam, then, what Mr. Tattle has given me.—Look you here cousin; here's a snuff box; nay, there's snuff in't—here, will you have any?—Oh, good! how sweet it is!—Mr. Tattle is all over sweet; his peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet—and his handkerchief is sweet, pure sweet—Smell him, Mother, Madam, I mean.—He gave me this ring for a kiss.

This was not an age of domestic ease and home comforts, especially in London. The foreign habit of living in the *cafe* and the *restaurant* had become popular as a result of the reaction against the Puritan idea of a home. Usually the Coffee-houses reeked with tobacco smoke, and it was surprising to a foreigner how the Londoner could leave his fireside to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. The Coffee-house presented the ideal of good company, without any of the snobishness of a modern Club, all who could pay the charges and behave decently were admitted. Every Coffee-house had its orators, and the crowd listened with admiration when one of these took the pulpit or stand. Their opinions gained the same reverence as those of the editor of the modern newspaper. Besides the political and literary and the fashionable Coffee-houses, there were houses for the Puritans where no oath was heard, Jew coffee-houses with their money changers, Popish coffee-houses, and so on. Even the highwayman of the age was a man of all exterior accomplishments and frequented the fashionable gaming houses.

An anonymous poem, published in 1690, give a humorous account of a coffee-house gathering:

"The murmuring buzz which through the room was sent
Did bee-hives noise exactly represent,
And like a bee-hives, too, 'twas filled and thick,
All tasting of the Honey Politick
Called "news," which they all greedily sucked in,
More various scenes of humor I might tell
Which in my little stay befell;
Such as grave wits, who, spending farthings four
Sit, smoke, and warm themselves an hour;
Or modish town-sparks, drinking chocolate,
With beaver cocked, and laughter loud,
To be thought wits among the crowd,
Or sipping tea, while they relate
The evenings frolic at the Rose."

Compare with this the later accounts given in No. 625, of the *Spectator* where the writer says: In order to make myself useful, I am early in the antichamber, where I thrust my head into the thick of the press, and catch the news at the opening of the door, while it is warm. Sometimes I stand by the beef-eaters and take the buzz as it passes by me. At other times I lay my ears close to the wall, and suck in many a valuable whisper, as it runs in a straight line from corner to corner. When I am weary of standing, I repair to one of the neighboring coffee-houses and forestall the evening post by two hours." This describes the zeal of a newsmonger who wrote news letters for the benefit of out of town people.

Dryden made Wills Coffee-house the most famous in English literature, for several years this house was sacred to polite letters. There the smoking was constant, like the Spectator's "Everlasting Club" they must have kept the fire going year in and out, solely for the convenience of lighting their pipes. There could always be seen a motley gathering. There was a great jam amongst those of literary ambition to squeeze themselves near the chair of John Dryden which, in winter, was in the warmest nook by the fire, and, in summer, in the coolest part of the

balcony. To bow to him and hear his literary opinions was esteemed a great privilege and a "pinch from his snuff box," says Macaulay, "was an honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast."

The language of Congreve's comedies, says Voltaire, "is everywhere that of men of fashion, but their actions are those of knaves, a proof that he was perfectly well acquainted with human nature, and frequented what we call polite company." Thackeray says, "the comedies are full of wit. Such manners as he observes, he observes with great humor; but ah! it's a weary feast, that banquet of wit where no love is. It palls very soon; sad indigestion follows it and lonely blank headaches in the morning." Congreve was as popular in the drawing-room as he was at the coffee-house, he wrote everything as he saw it, and he never moralized. Ever writers of the age testifies to Congreves' wit in conversation, he succeeded Dryden at Will's and "it was," says Edmund Gosse, "at the chimney corner that he showed off to the most advantage, commonly in the evening, and after a repast washed down by profuse and genial wines."

As a literary force Congreve had been merely a writer of the comedy of manners. He saw the frivolousness of of society in the age of William III, and he sought to reproduce, not to reform. The court in the old sense had ceased to be a paramount influence in literature. William was a foreigner, and such literature as existed either flattered the king, or as the opposition proceeded from the Jacobites in the cellars and garrets of Grub Street. During his reign the coffee-house orators gained more and more political influence, these years mark a great epoch in the evolution of modern politics, and by the beginning of Queen Anne's reign we notice political organizations of no small strength. In this age politics as well as literature was to become a matter of popular gossip.

As for the personal affections of all sorts and conditions of the people, Anne was one of the most popular of

female sovereigns. In the first place she was, as she said, "entirely English," the daughter of an Englishman and English woman, and her limited education confined her language, tastes, and prejudices entirely to everything English. And this was exactly the mission of the writers of Queen Anne, to be entirely English, that was what Sir Richard Steele and Joseph Addison did when they culled out of coffee-house gossip all of its frivolty and artificiality. Steele tried in the first place to reform the stage. We find this sentiment in the epelogue to one of the comedies:

> "Let Anna's soil be known for all her charms;
> As famed for liberal science as arms:
> Let those derision mock, who would advance
> Manners, or speech, from Italy or France,
> Let them learn you, who would their favor find,
> And English be the language of mankind."

With this same ideal, Steele, in 1709, brought out his first Tatler and for the first time gave the public a genuine English prose. The clubs and coffee-houses constituted the reading public as well as material for what appeared in print. "What Steele with his veined humanity and ready sympathy derived from conversation," says Austin Dobson, "he flung upon his paper then and there without much labor of selection. "The Tatler attained great popularity, the coffee-houses gained more customers than ever. John Gay wrote in a tract: "Bickerstaff ventured to tell the Town that they were a parcel of fools, fops and coquettes; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke the truth. He has indeed rescued learning out of the hands of pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the dress he gives it, it is a most welcome guest at tea tables and assemblies, and is relished and caressed by the merchant on the change." Addison with his Spectator was to achieve in some measure a finer success since his characters are, as a

rule, "men of strongly marked opinions and prejudices," which furnish "inexhaustible matter of comment" to the Spectator himself, who delivers the judgment of reason and common sense. He was the great influence for culture at the head of his Senate at Button's Coffee-House and ambitious to have it said of himself that he "brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell at clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and coffee-houses."

To take up more in detail the discussion of clubs and coffee-houses and their influence, I shall consider the life and writings of Swift, Addison and Steele. Swift's eccentricity was amusing to the crowd at St. James Coffee-house and from his first appearance there he won by his queer antics the title of the "mad parson." The first time he opened his mouth he made himself famous with the crowd. On this occasion a countryman had just entered the tavern and was addressed in a very abrupt manner by Swift who asked him if he ever remembered any good weather. When the countryman had recovered himself sufficiently he answered, "yes, sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time,"—"That is more." said Swift, "than I can say: I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold; too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it at the end of the year 'tis all very well." He then left the crowd as usual.

Addison frequented all the coffee-houses, but he distinguished himself by the same "profound silence" for which he was famous at the university. Swift seems to have grown weary of coffee-house society. He probably found it unfavorable to health. Congreve's health failed him in early life because he had frequented coffee-houses to excess. But no one seems to have been more fond of coffee-house, tavern or club life than Addison. Pope wrote of this: "Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's; dined there, and stayed five or six

hours; and sometimes far in the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me; it hurt my health so I quitted it." Addison made Button's coffeee-house as famous a resort as Dryden had made of Will's. The Spectator says, "There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance." Sometimes he thrust his head into the round of politicians at Will's; sometimes he smokes a pipe at Child's, and though seeming attentive to nothing but the postman he hears the conversation of every table in the room. His face is very well known at the other houses and at the Haymarket and Drury Lane theaters as well. He lives in the world as a Spectator of mankind and not one of the species and since he has neither "time nor inclination to communicate the fullness of his heart in speech," he is resolved to do it in writing. Addison knew the defects of conversation, he thought there ought to be "method in conversation as well as writing, provided a man would make himself understood." He took notes in the clubs and coffee-houses, carried them home and carved them into refined expressions. He says in Spectater No. 476: "I who hear a thousand coffee-house debates every day, am sensible of this want of method in the thoughts of my fellow-countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten which is managed in these schools of politics, where after the first three sentences the question is not entirely lost." Steele speaks of this tendency to trifle in conversation when he insists upon the importance of avoiding the garrulousness and frivolity of old age. "I have often observed," says Steele, "that a story of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five and twenty, gathers circumstances ever time he tells it until it grows into a long Canterbury Tale of two hours by the time he is three score."

It is unnecessary to mention the different coffee-houses which in the design of these papers were to be headquarters for particular subjects. Tatler No. 268, is worth

considering in connection with this discussion, since it gives the projects of the customers of Loyd's Coffee-house for the reform of coffee.house proceedings and the Tatler's comments thereon. It was designed that there should be a pulpit in every coffee-house and that after the news of the day had been published from this pulpit, that "some politician of good note do ascend into the said pulpit; and after haven chosen for his text any article of the said news that he do establish the authority of such article, clear the doubts that may arise thereupon, compare it with parallel texts in other papers, advance upon it wholesome points of doctrine, and draw from it salutary conclusions for the benefit and edification of all that may hear him." After this any other orator with the same public spirit might advance or overthrow the conclusions of the other. Furthermore, if any person of whatever age or rank raised a dispute on the floor, he must take the pulpit and defend himself. Likewise it was proposed that if any one "played the orator in the ordinary coffee-house conversation, whether it be on peace or war, on plays or sermons, business or poetry, that he be forthwith desired to take his place in the pulpit." Commenting on these proposals the Tatler agrees in every particular and adds his scheme for the suppression of "story tellers, and fine talkers in all ordinary conversation." He insists that in "every private club, company, or meeting over a bottle, that there be always placed an elbow chair at the table, and that, as soon as any one begins a long story, or extends his discourse beyond the space of one minute, that he be forthwith thrust into the said elbow chair." Two species of men are excluded from the elbow chair; first, those who have the "talent of mimicking the speech and behavior" of other persons, and in the second place any person who treats the company and thereby pays for his audience. "A guest cannot take it ill," says the Tatler, "if he be not allowed to talk in his turn by a person who puts his mouth to a

better employment, and stops it with good beef and mutton." This gives us some estimate of the amount of influence Steele and Addison had on coffee-house society. Instead of being attractive because of a fop society such as Congreve mingled with when he frequented coffee-houses, they were popular now because of the different groups of influential men who spent their spare time at these different haunts. Steele says: "There a man of my temper is in his element, for if he cannot talk he can be as well pleased in himself, in being only a hearer. The coffee-house is the place to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life."

The Whigs having lost favor with their sovereign sought to strengthen their credit with the people, their policy was to mingle with men of letters on an equal footing. As a result of this union of forces there was a great increase in the number of literary-political clubs. "The club," says Courthope, "was the natural product of enlarged political freedom." Spectator No. 9, gives us the principles of the club as Addison saw it. "When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity and meet once or twice a week, upon account of such a fantastic resemblance." These clubs were founded upon eating and drinking, a point upon which most men agree. They sought not to form themselves into bitter political factions, they were for building up not tearing down. Addison insists upon their usefulness when they are properly conducted. "When men are thus knit together, by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another, when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves for the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

The Kit-Cat Club consisted of thirty-nine men of the Whig party. Steele was one of the earliest members, Jacob Tonson published Steele's two plays and Tonson the bookseller was likewise the founder of the club. Tonson treated the great writers of the city to mutton pies at Christopher Catt's. The crowd assembled one night in every seven at the pie man's shop. His pies were so famous that the club was named in honor of Christopher Catt, hence Kit-Cat. At first the members were not men of title, but men of "sense and wit." But as the Whig leaders began to patronize letters to a greater extent, men of title intruded into the ranks. Among these were men like Halifax and Somerset. Addison was elected a member of the society soon after he had ended his foreign tour. Among these men of genius and quality who met in Shire Lane to eat Kit-Cat's pies none were more famous than Congreve. Throughout its existence Congreve was the life of this brilliant gathering. The rules of the club obliged each member to select a lady as his toast, and the verses which he composed in her honor were engraved on the wine glasses belonging to the club. One of the most famous things in the annals of the club was the episode of Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu. She is said to have been only eight years old when the whim seized her father to nominate her. She was brought into the tavern finely dressed and received with shouts of admiration, her health was drunk by every one present, and her name engraved after the usual manner on the glass. She went from the lap of poets to that of statesmen, she received a multitude of gifts and caresses. She heard her wit and beauty praised, the experience was a memorable one in her career. Pleasure, she afterwards said, was too poor a word to express her sensations, they amounted to ecstacy.

Swift's *Journal to Stella*, gives some ideas with regard to those clubs with which he came in contact. They were in the main of a political nature, the members were lords,

men of title, members of Parliament. Swift writes to Stella: "We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a hundred members of Parliament, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening in a tavern near the Parliament, to consult affairs and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs. They are violent Tories and think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the Whigs. . . . Near eighty of them were going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room." Swift makes frequent reference to a Saturday Club, all lords with whom he dined often. Swift hoped to make his reign memorable by splendid patronage of literature. He was one of the twelve original members of a famous society known as the Brothers Club. It was founded in 1711, and Swift was from the first the animating spirit. He writes to Steele the purpose of the club. "The end of our club is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving people with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other club in this town will be worth talking of." Swift soon complained of the extravagance of the dinners and he objected to the late hours that were observed. He writes of the influence of the society in literary affairs. "To-day I publish the *Fable* of *Midas*, a poem printed in a loose half sheet of paper. I know not how it will sell; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night. . . . You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do." Finally the meetings became irregular and Swift attended less frequently. He writes of this to Stella, "Our Society hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall continue to do some good this winter; and Lord Treasurer promises the academy for reforming our language shall

soon go forward. I must now go hunt these dry letters for materials."

In the latter part of the period herein discussed, the Scribulus Club was formed. It seems to have been conscious from the first of its mission for reform in literary matters. There if some doubt about any definite organization. Whatever may have been its principles it is evident that the final cause of the club was a joint stock satire. "Amid those years of hot political strife," says Craik, "Swift's most congenial interests lay in the planning of new literary schemes, and in drawing more close the ties that bound him to Pope, Arbuthnot and Gay." Swift, Gay, Pope, and Arbuthnot formed the club; they were soon joined by Parnell, while Oxford and Bolingbrooke shared in their designs. They planned a joint treatise which was to hold up to ridicule the absurdities of pedantic learning in all its forms. Such a partnership of wit aviled in naught, but it somehow inspired two great literary efforts which are represented by Gulliver's Travels and the Dunciad.

But these clubs exerted none of the finer sort of influence, such as that which had come from Addison's Senate at Button's Coffee-house. "This paper," said Steele to Pope, refering to Spectator No. 253, "was written by one with whom I will make you acquainted—which is the best return I can make to you for your favor." Such was Steele's warmth of affection for Addison and we must believe it expressed no less the general esteem of the men of his time. Addison had established his man Button in a coffee-house in Convent Garden. Here, surrounded by his little senate, Budgell, Tickell, Carey, and Phillips, "he ruled," says Courthope, "supreme over the world of taste and letters." Addison was the most famous figure in in all coffee-house and club society. He was the literary dictator for Eighteenth Century English prose. I know of no better way of leaving him than by closing with Thack-

eray's picture. "He likes to go and sit in the smoking room at the 'Grecian,' or the 'Devil,' to pace the 'change and the mall—to mingle in that great club of the world—sitting alone in it somehow; having good-will and kindness for every single man and woman in it—having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few; never doing any man a wrong; and so he looks on the world and plays with the ceaseless humors of all of us—laughs the kindest laugh—points our neighbor's foible or eccentricity out to us with the most good natured smiling canfidence; and then, turning over his shoulder, whispers our foibles to our neighbor."

EDGEWOOD HALL.

BY E. O. SMITHDEAL.

The gentle Indian summer, with the hum of drowsy bees, had gradually blended with the sombre days of October into a quiet, mellow Autumn. The forest was clad in coloring of the most fastidious taste and many of the golden-plumed leaflets had begun already, slowly to migrate to the moss-carpeted earth below. The meadows were sweet with the aroma of new-cut hay, and through the deep dangled sedge leapt the rabbit in sport with his wanton paramours. It was a time when many of the old farmers were busy gathering in their corn crop, and storing up a supply of wood sufficient to last during the long, dreary winter.

Life at Edgewood Hall at this season was in a bustle. Corn was being carefully heaped in the over-laden store-houses, and the huge rafters of the great barn groaned under the mighty weight of gathered provender. Men were busily at work around the potato mounds, while other hands were caring for the cattle, which had just returned from the rich meadows below. It was now six o'clock in the evening and the sun's rays fell slantingly on the stately Hall with an emblazoning and beautifying effect. Amid a cluster of spreading elms, situated on a small eminence overlooking a placid stream, it stood with its ivy-clad walls, majestic and beautiful. The house itself, possessing no distinct architectural qualities, save that of its jetty, irregular structure, was rather to be admired for its oddity and grotesqueness than for its delicate lines, and symmetrical proportions. Its small latticed windows were facetiously entrailed with eglantine, and on account of its deep-pointed parapets and broad arches presented rather the appearance of an old English castle than a North Carolina manor-house. The railing was dark and old-fashioned and was intercepted at a point immedi-

ately in front of the building by a graceful archway. The stream which passed between the Hall and barn was soft, and save a gentle ripple against its reedy shores, caused by the sleeping swans on its bosom, was apparently motionless. The trees glittering in the evening darkness were wrapt in a tender wildness, and a range of long blue hills rolled slopingly toward the horizon.

My natural taste for books, cultivated through long periods of seclusion, on account of delicacy of health, had gradually induced me, by reason of the superb library, to visit Edgewood Hall frequently. It was on this mission that I came this evening. I generally was given right of way in the library and did pretty much as I pleased. Mr. Chester, who was, however, more of a reader than a grammarian, spent a considerable amount of pains in directing my rather desultory habit of reading, and rendering instruction altogether very valuable. Thus when I was not engaged in some trifle at home, I came over and spent the day with the old gentleman. Since Olivia and Albert had made their home in the city with their uncle, it would be rather lonesome, but for the bright, cheerful face of his younger daughter, Ruth, who was just now entering her eighteenth year.

Rupert Walters, also, was a frequenter of Edgewood Hall this summer during his vacation from college. But now he is away and I sometimes tease Ruth, telling her that Rupert will fall to loving some city lady with a silk parasol before he returns at the next vacation. Ruth only gives me a sharp glance and blushes, as much as to say "You don't know all."

It was only yesterday evening I was sitting in the Hall conversing with Mr. Chester on his family traditions and geneological history. All this I listened to with great interest, for his peculiar cast of mind, so congenial and obliging, renders his conversation highly agreeable. Mr. Chester was one of those characters in whom were happily

blended a generous disposition and a rugged, unselfish nature. He was now in his sixty-third year, cheerful, sober and venerable, possessing a stately bearing and a goodly demeanor. Being a survival of the old Southern aristocrat, he was a great lover of humanity, on which account he was rather loved than esteemed. I sometimes thought he was the Sir Roger de Coverley of Addison's time transferred with seeming unalteration to fit the time even of this late day. The portraits of his early forefathers had been carefully handed down, from generation to generation, until they now found lodgement in his own spacious halls. It was not the first time I had seen these sturdy champions of the tourney, but I looked on them now with a reverence which before I did not have. One very oddly dressed personage, peering from a curiously scalloped collar of ample dimensions, Mr. Chester pointed out to me as Sir Edward Chester, a Knight of the Garter, whose distinguished privilege it had been to attend in person her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, at the entertainments at Kenelworth Hall, and numerous others, who occupied no mean position in those "spacious times," but a grace altogether artistic to this scene.

On the same evening I found Ruth in the library reading the "Mysterious Rhymer." I had not seen her for several days, but at my entrance, she greeted me tenderly and pointed me to a chair by her side.

"Whither has your muse directed you to-day, Mr. Poet?" Ruth began in a playful manner.

"To her who is the inspiration of poems," I answered. "For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?"

"O, you rude boy, how dare you be so impertinent in my presence!" responded she with an attempt at earnestness.

"Pardon me, please, Ruth," I entreated, "I only answered your question, and in doing so told the truth."

It must not be interpreted from Ruth's freeness and familiarity that she was cast in the mould of the petulant, for she was not. It was only her tender nature and broad faculty for social friendship. She was not a coquette, as was her sister, Olivia; and was as far removed from her fickle sister in this respect as intervening frivolity on the one hand and true sincerity on the other could separate them. Yet it seemed to me I had never seen Ruth half so lovely, although we had been schoolmates together in childhood and grown up side by side "on the self same hills." One might have observed from the tender glow of her soft hazel eyes, and the sincerity of her warm nature, a type of perfect womanhood, which was unmistakable.

We were turning through Dante's "Inferno," noting an occasional illustration, when I asked: "Do you feel lonesome since Rupert left for college, Ruth?"

"Not very much," she said, slightly turning her twinkling eyes to meet mine. "Why, do I seem so?"

"Slightly," I repeated, "though one could never tell, you are so lively even in adversity."

"Hal, you are such a great flatterer," she replied with a faint flush of countenance. "Do you make love in such glowing terms to Rose?"

"Glowing terms or whatever you call it," I answered, "there is only one way to let a girl know you love her, and that is—to tell her."

"Does she pour her affections on you in such profuse manner?" Ruth asked.

"No," I answered, "she doesn't seem to care whether I love her or not; she is the most independent girl I ever knew. Sometimes she seems loving and affectionate, and at other times distant and estranging. I don't understand her."

"O, my boy," said Ruth tenderly, "you don't understand her truly. Rose is an affectionate creature, and has a warm heart. You will see it some day; it is her nature."

"You surely have Rupert's heart," I broke in; "he told me at the station when he left that he would never be able through the years to forget your love, but that it dwelt in his heart as a consuming flame."

"Rupert and myself are only good friends, Hal, that's all," said Ruth, brightening.

Nothing more was needed to tell me of her deep-seated devotion for Rupert, my friend. The girlish fondness in which she spoke, "Good friends, that's all," told only too well of the intense love of Ruth for Rupert. Her heart was as large and refined as that of her distinguished parent, and I felt awed in her presence.

And as I admired her delicate shape—a model of perfect form—her deep innocent eyes gazing listlessly out at the open window, her ivory neck, over which hung in flowing folds her luxuriant blonde hair, it seemed suddenly as if some nymph from fairy-land had become my cynosure. A Greek goddess could not have been more lovely and imposing. Methought I had never seen on this orb a vision more delightful, a creature more tender and exalted. She loved Rupert almost passionately, as only the noble Ruth Chester could love. I, too, came under the broad sweep of her love, but mine was of that species which is engendered at contact with a more exalted being.

I became more and more a frequenter of Edgewood Hall. Into the family I was received with uncommon hospitality. Perhaps it was because I filled, in some sense, the vacancy in the home caused by Albert, who had taken up the practice of law in the city. In the home I enjoyed an air of refinement and broad sympathy, the like of which I have scarcely ever seen equalled either in city or in country. In the large library, also, I found an atmosphere thoroughly tempered to my liking, and never shall I forget the many occasions on which Ruth any myself spent the long winter evenings in reading Shakespere and the later English dramatists.

Her sprightly presence was a source of continual strength and comfort to my rather pessimistic views of life. Many a time while in her companionship did I recall the lovely lines of Cowper:

> Graceful and useful all she does,
> Blessing and blest wher'er she goes;
> Pure bosom'd as that watery glass,
> And heaven reflected in her face.

Not long since we were walking together in the library, when I observed, wedged between a large folio of Jeremy Taylor and a ponderous volume of Sir Isaac Newton, "Le Fert's Instructions for Country Dances." In the same corner, carelessly heaped together, were the "Ladies' Calling," "An Original Belle," "The Lady of the Lake," a French Grammar, and a copy of Tennyson, with one back torn off. Ruth, glancing at me, smiled and turned away. This was Olivia's corner.

"Olivia doesn't like country life much, does she?" I asked Ruth, half regrettingly. For I had never heard Ruth say much about her sister, and especially since she had gone to live in the city. I thought, perhaps, I might be encroaching upon a subject in which I had no right to enter. Finally, with some reluctance, Ruth said: "No, she has too many fancies which the country cannot satisfy. She says that the country is so lonesome and the country people so dull and homely that it is a burden to live here." Ruth mentioned many peculiarities of her sister, for which she accounted the roving disposition and unsatisfied air of her nature. She recounted to me how insatiate was Olivia's desire for family and social life, and how she preferred rather the brilliancy and bluster of city life to that of the country. She described, somewhat blushingly, how intently her sister paid her devotions to Jasper Newman, and how exactly opposite he was to her own ideal. She said that Olivia and Jasper had used every conceivable means, in trying to bring a match between her and Stephen Col-

lins, who was nothing short of a rare dude and that in the last stage.

She had spoken sympathetically of her sister's course, until toward the last the feeling of sensibility in her had been stirred, and she mentioned the name of Stephen Collins with an air of defiance which I know, if Rupert could have heard, would have set his thoughts rolling Ruth-wards when his professor was patiently conducting him on a personal tour through the ancient Chaldees or bidding him follow, with unwavering tread, the hypotemuse of a right angle triangle. But in this respect Ruth was dauntless and inexorable.

It was several days before I again visited Edgewood Hall. I found Ruth sitting in the little arbor down near the brook, reading from a volume of Lambe. It was a beautiful evening, too beautiful to spend in reading, so at my suggestion, Ruth laid aside her volume while we started for a short stroll through the grove. The Chester plantation was thickly wooded, by towering oaks and branching rivulets which formed under the roots of the spreading trees, lovely grottoes fit only for the sportive festival of sylvan deities. The ground was carpeted by a soft grass, which gave it rather the appearance of a meadow than of an elevated wood. Our conversation was tempered by the beautiful scenes of nature which lay spread out before us as a book. I was reminded somewhat of the happy days of school life, when, at this season, we were all off to the forests to gather in the nuts and chestnuts, which hung so temptingly on the over-laden boughs. That was a time when I had large plans mapped out for manhood. How that I should become a gentleman and marry some beautiful maiden in a far distant clime. But these have fled as mist before the morning sun, and I have returned, as did Ethan Brand, from a long quest only to find at my seemingly insignificant home the very greatest service, and the gentlest and kindest of all beings, the companion of my thoughtless youth.

Ruth talked to me in her simple, earnest manner about Rose, and in her tender words I seemed to comprehend a meaning in her former occult disposition, and her apparently distant nature stood in a new light altogether. Her nature had been suddenly unveiled to me as in revelation, and I saw Rose in her true relation, the warm, sympathetic, noble-hearted girl.

Mr. Chester was in the library when we returned. He had been rummaging over a small volume of Pope, his favorite author, but when I entered, he quietly placed it aside and greeted me with his usual warm welcome.

The old library performed the double function of being a library and private museum. It contained such a miscellaneous and extensive collection of volumes as had been assembled together during several generations, and by a family which had been always wealthy and intended, of course, to furnish the library with the current literature of the day without much discrimination as to selection or cost. In here were treasured up, also, relics, the memories of which were sacred as once belonging to the Chester ancestry. A very artistically decorated tea-pot sat on a rustic reed table in the center of the room, attached to which was this inscription: "The heritage of my great-great-grandmother." Hanging over the chimney, immediately under the picture of its owner and his horse, was an exquisitely wrought sword, which, as Ruth informed me, was Excaliber, the property of her ancestor, Sir Edward Chester. From the wall projected, also, heads of various animals, trophies of the chase, which, on account of their singularity, gave the room a very grotesque appearance. To a mind of a romantic cast, in which a retreat to the dim past was a pleasure, it seems to me the old library presented quite a tempting spectacle.

It was now almost dark, and I hurriedly passed the umbrageous isle of elms leading to the lonely gate, and was soon out of sight in the dim twilight. Turning into

the narrow lane, I met the cattle returning from the sweet-scented meadows below. Thence down the narrow margin of the hedge-row, across the creek and into the orchard I plodded my solitary way in the gathering darkness.

Now and then as I passed a lonely cottage on the clearing I was attracted by the brilliant light falling through the uncurtained window, revealing, it may be, a supper-table, comfortably though scantily provided, around which were gathered the members of that lowly household; or, perhaps, they were seated before the blazing fire, discussing, doubtless, the coming fair at the village, or hearing sister read from the new almanac, while Tom was shelling corn, and the mother sat in her favorite corner with snuff-box, busy at her knitting. The cattle were comfortably housed in the stable and all was quiet. These were simple people whose narrow vision marked the boundary of their small world, and in whose limited conceptions further knowledge seemed unnecessary. Yet they were happy, perhaps better contented than thousands of larger fortunes.

Occasionally I met a belated toiler of the fields, honest, kind-hearted, who, after a gentle greeting, passed on his way.

The moon was up by this time, and the stars had risen one by one. I heard the plaintiff cry of the whip-poor-will and the solitary hoot of the adventurous owl. The crickets chirped merrily; and I was half lonesome. The shadows of the tall oaks fell glimmeringly across the grass-grown road, and the great forest itself seemed half dozing in the hazy dream-light. I crossed the meadow into the grove, where stood the little nut-brown school house so dear to childhood memories. And as I neared my own home, the familiar shouts of the merry corn-huskers floated gently over the evening stillness.

Three weeks passed before I again saw Ruth. I had been on a visit to my aunt's, who lives twelve miles down on the river. During these weeks I had spent a most

enjoyable time, hunting along the cane-break on the river, exploring some wooded valley, or delighting in some old moth-eaten, dilapidated volume as my mind directed. But more often seated

"In a sequestered nook
Hard by a lone enchanted brook,
Where willow, fern and fairest flow'r
Were dream lost in the noon-day hour."

I spent the time in thinking of Rose, and many were the foolish rhymes I composed in honor of this enchanting creature.

In the meantime the "big meeting" at the little white-gabled church in the village had brought thither Albert and Olivia from the city, and with them Stephen Collins and Jasper Newman. They were attended with airs so unaccustomed to the sturdy country folk, that they were objects of much conversation and harsh criticism on the part of the more conservative dames of the community.

Jasper Newman had brought a tandem from the city, and in this sport Jasper and Olivia spent much time riding over the level country roads to the village. Many of the old women were so incensed that they personally declared that such sights on the public highway should be strictly forbidden by the law.

Stephen lurked around Edgewood Hall in the gay companionship of Albert, seeking, whenever opportunity was offered, a moment to spend in the presence of the peerless Ruth. This coveted privilege of Jasper was, however, a seldom occurrence. For Ruth was anything but a flirt and could not, like her sister, make love where love was not. Though occasionly Jasper managed to spend a few moments with Ruth, and always, to his misfortune. directed his conversation in slandering Rupert Walters. He would recite such falsehoods to Ruth that his presence to her became loathsome and even intolerant

Stephen had besought Ruth time after time, with the purpose of accompanying her to church, but his interces-

sions and the pleadings of Albert and Olivia were of no avail. She was resolute and firm.

Meanwhile Olivia and Jasper were having their own amusement, going to church occasionally, but more often rambling around over the farm. Sometimes they were accompanied to church by Albert and Stephen, who left off hunting long enough to go and hear the "little old home-spun preacher read his lesson to the congregation."

Good old sister Griggs, who is known far and near as the "Walking Encyclopedia," confidently whispered in my ear, in the midst of Parson Jones' discourse, "That it's a down right shame for folks to set and giggle so in the meetin' house as them critturs is been doin'," and added, "Hal, they've carried on undecent things right here under this roof. That Olivia should ax a young man to tie her slipper, O, it's awful! No such carin' on was allowed in my rasin'. Women now-a-days ain't what they was in my girlhood, no they hain't," etc.

Uncle Caleb Undergrass, whose religious stock was usually sufficient to last from one "big meetin'" to the next, was very much mortified at such gorgeous display of finery. He once or twice, smoothing with unusual pains his white cloth suspenders, took occasion to whisper something to Jeremy Cabb, thus causing his pious "amen" to come so far in Parson Jones' next sentence, that caused that individual to look up from his square spectables in sheer wonder and amazement.

Aunt Samartha Green, who had not been to church since the new organ was bought and placed in the choir, left, some said weeping, and saying that she 'spose she'd never git out to church agin, since that they'd got so many new fangled fashions, that she felt outen her place even in her own church.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JEFFREY'S OBJECTIONS TO WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

BY D. D. PEELE.

In general there might be said to be three kinds of criticism of literature. The first, because easiest to practice, is destructive criticism. It is that kind which seeks to find all there is uncommendable in an author's production, proclaim it to the world and leave unnoticed that which would recommend it to the best taste of the reading public. Such criticism was very common in the eighteenth century and it was this fact that led Charles Lamb to say in his essay on Hogarth, "It is a secret well known to the professors of the art and mystery of criticism to insist upon what they do not find in a man's work and pass over in silence what they do." The second class of critics are those who make just the opposite mistake of insisting on what they do find and passing over in silence what is not there, but should be. This school is very small and consists chiefly of over enthusiastic admirers of the authors criticised. But the true critic is the man who can attain the happy mean between the two, who, seeing the good qualities of a piece of literature, can likewise find the poor ones, and proclaims both with equal zeal; the man who has the ability to select from the great quantity of literary production that floods his age those pieces which have permanent qualities and reject those which are doomed to an early death. This is the only true critic and "few there be."

But the class of destructive critics is a large one, among whom Jeffrey has stood supreme for a long while. And truly he lived in an age to develop his art and used it to the discouragement of many an aspiring young poet. In the early part of the present century, when deep interest in politics, literature, nature and philosophy was arousing most intense feeling and giving rise to that mighty school of poets of which Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelly,

Keats and Byron are representatives, Jeffrey sat as chief justice in the literary world and pronounced his sentences in the Edinburgh Review. He had little sympathy with this school; especially did he dislike Wordsworth, who was considered at that time the leader of his flock. Jeffrey was naturally unfitted to criticise, in an appreciative manner, the poetry of this new school. He was under the influence of the classical tendency of his age. The ideas of Pope and Dr. Johnson concerning true poetry were of great moment to him, and by the rules of these men, the poetry of the new school could not be criticised. It was against these very rules that Wordsworth led the revolt. Town life had been idealized by the classical school, while the Lake Poets idealized country life. The charms of the lowly shepherds in the highlands of Northern England were sung instead of the fate of a curl plucked from the head of a society belle. The literature of the eighteenth century had not busied itself with philosophies and political reforms, but took its rest in the idea that "whatever is, is right," but now the poets sang of that mighty reform movement which shook kingdoms to their foundations and took a leading part in solving the problems of philosophy that demand the time and thought of the world's greatest thinkers. This is the kind of a tendency that Jeffrey had to face, and upon the product of this school he attempted to set a true estimate. I think Jeffrey was an honest critic, one who would express his ideas in a straightforward manner, but, with a natural bent for destructive criticism and facing a movement that was in every respect directly opposed to all the ideas of poetry that he had learned to reverence, he had ample opportunity to wield his pen with great results and did not let it pass unimproved. He was an enemy to Wordsworth and his followers and saw only their poor qualities, but it must be admitted that what he condemned as poor was indeed poor.

The early poetry of Wordsworth in which the spirit of revolt was first seen was considered as merely the fruits of an adventurous youth. But when the Excursion appeared with an announcement from its author that it was only the vestibule to a mighty cathedral which he was planning to construct, it was evident that the adventure was no momentary one, but the manuscript was the serious product of a determined mind. With these facts suddenly flashing before him, Jeffrey cries out in dismay, "This will never do," and calls Wordsworth to a famous arraignment in which he makes what Mr. Gates has summed up in four sweeping, but well founded, charges.

One of these accusations, and the one that must have impressed itself most deeply on the mind of the great critic, is that he is nonsensically mystical. It would be foolish to attempt to deny the statement that Wordsworth was a mystic, when any one can see through his entire work examples of the most glaring mysticism. He had felt the influence of that philosophy which sees the divine among men, and, not only among men, and that of the lowest classes, but in all nature. There was seen a common bond that went through all the universe and bound everything in a close union. It was this new philosophy, mystic yet rational, that brought the divine Being from His exalted throne on the confines of space and declared Him to exist in every flower, brook, or wind, in everything with which man comes in contact, yea, in the very heart of man himself—it was this system that Wordsworth espoused, and in the declaration of which he won the reputation of being mystical. At times he may appear nonsensically mystical, but surely not so much so to a modern student as he did to Jeffrey in the early part of the century. The world was not in a condition to appreciate the highest thoughts of its great English poet. The old philosophies were ardently believed in and supported by all, and the critics were naturally predisposed to be

against the great message of Wordsworth. What could such a sentiment as is expressed in

> "To her fair works did Nature link
> The human soul that through me ran,"

mean to a man who saw no relation between humanity and nature except a material one? The poet was surely ahead of his age. While he may still be regarded as mystical at times, the world has grown in thought to such an extent that Jeffrey's criticism, while it yet applies, does not apply with the force it did at the time it was penned. Wordsworth himself said on one occasion "that it was the province of a great poet to raise people up to his own level, not to descend to theirs," and this he, working in concert with other forces, has succeeded in doing. Much of the very verse that his contemporaries condemned as being nonsensically mystical, to-day is used to justify his claim to a place among our greatest poets. A case in point is the line—

> "The light that never was, on sea or land"—

an expression that has won a permanent place in the language and is in the mouth of every one, or this selection from *Tintern Abbey*—

> "And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

To a man who knew nothing of that mysticism, of which the last quotation is one of the finest expressions in literature, and which was destined to be adopted into the philosophies of the world, the above must have been nonsensically mystical, indeed. And yet these very pas-

sages are those which give Wordsworth his place in English literature to-day.

A second accusation brought by Jeffrey against Wordsworth as a poet is that he falsifies life by showing it through a distorting medium of personal emotions, or, in other words, that he is guilty of a misleading subjectiveness. No doubt, of all poets, he is the most subjective. He is seen too plainly behind nearly all his characters. He could not, like Shakspere, get out of himself and express the feelings and ideas of some one else. In the *Borderers* he attempted this, but only revealed his own emotions aroused by the French Revolution. The poet himself does not deny this charge, it does not seem to appear to him to be a very great crime to make creations of fancy speak his own mind. An instance cited to support this charge is the Pedler in the *Excursion*, who is made to give expression to great ideas about God, man and nature, which could be had by no one of so poor appreciation of life as to spend it rambling over the country carrying a pack on his back. Here the poet undoubtedly makes the Pedler express his ideas, and consequently is subjective and misleadingly so. To make bad matters worse he deliberately states to the world in his preface to that poem that the Pedler is such a man as he thinks he himself might have been if he had not received a university education. Is it necessary for a critic to inform this man that he is subjective? Might not the phraseology of the accusation be changed to "deliberately subjective?"

He did not have the power of narration, to him the narrative was only a tool for the accomplishment of an ulterior end—the expression of his great system of ethics. The very nature of his message almost necessarily demanded subjectiveness. His philosophy could not be studied except by introspection; and having studied man in his own personality and nature as seen and felt by himself, and human life in his *own* life, he could in no way express to the world the results of his studies except by referring to

his own personal experience. To illustrate by a specific example, let us take a selection from his *Ode on Immortality*. The fifth stanza will serve our purpose. How can a poet tell anything about the growth of a boy's mind, unless he has recollections of that growth in his own experience—has seen the gathering shades of the prison-house—has been by the vision splendid on his way attended—and has seen it fade away into the light of common day? No one could write

"O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !"

who does not recognize in his own nature those lingering embers of the estatic feelings of childhood, who does not himself stand far inland and view that Immortal Sea and hear its mighty waters rolling evermore. From what has been said, it is easy to understand how a poet, spending his whole life in self-study, having as his message to the world mainly the ideas developed by this study, and thinking subjectiveness no crime, would naturally express his sentiments in a subjective manner.

Wordsworth is further accused of grotesque bad taste in his realism. No one would undertake to deny this accusation. In some places it does not only display bad taste, but it is ludicrous as well as disappointing. In many occasions he unmistakably writes with his eye on the object, and this realism is against him. Imagine the disappointment (if you have never experienced it) of a reader who sees in the dedication of a poem the expectation expressed of having it fill "*permanently* a station in the literature of our country," and finds in it such stanzas as the following:

"'Twas but one mild reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe;
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned his eyeball in his head
Towards the smooth river deep and clear,"

Who could accuse this quotation of being romantic? No scientist could complain at the inexactness of the fourth line. This tendency to realism, worse at some times than at others, is seen throughout the entire works of Wordsworth, especially is it noticeable in the descriptions of persons in humble life, with which his poems abound. There are many reasons for this. Wordsworth himself was simple in his habits and disliked all ornamentation and consequently failed to see the necessity of adorning his characters to catch the public eye. He was leading a movement against that tendency in the eighteenth century to use city life in all its affectations and gaities as the subject of verse. In his revolt he went to the humble life of the lower classes in Cumberland and Westmoreland and showed how these shepherds, in their simplicity, without any romantic element to enhance their interest, could be taken as characters around which to cluster the most noble verse. And furthermore, Wordsworth was intensely poetic. He saw poetry everywhere about him. The subject of his poetry was, he tells us, man, nature and human life—a subject which covers everything "in heaven above or in the earth beneath." He could study mankind better in the simple dalesman than in the haughty nobleman, and in him he sees those great qualities common to all humanity. From the perseverance of the poor leech-gatherer he learns a lesson applicable to the great literary men of his day. Thus it is seen, to him a man is a man and the one he chooses to take as the subject of his studies is the one least encumbered by the artificialities of this life. And should he add to them what might be called literary artificialities, or throw around them the romantic element, he would defeat his object in making these characters the subject of his studies and prevent the reader's following him in them by putting in his way those very encumbrances which the poet has sought to avoid in his own reflections.

A fourth grievance brought by Jeffrey against Wordsworth as a poet is that he is inexcusably pretentious in his proclamation of a new gospel of life. This everyone agrees to. No modern critic could deny the fact that his poetry, as mere poetry, has suffered much because of this very defect. Often he leads the reader up to a point with all the deliberation of a man who is about to give fourth some mighty truth that would revolutionize every system of philosophy since Thales, only to announce some ordinary truism never doubted since the foundation of the world. This tendency is chiefly seen in his narrative poems, where he tries to make the most ordinary things of life seem wonderful. It is amusing to read in the preface to the Excursion those wordy sentences persuading the public that all the characters in the poem are drawn from life and the events there recorded really happened, if not to the originals of the characters themselves, to some one in the neighborhood, thus arousing in the reader the expectation of something wonderful in the men represented as well as of some startling event in their lives, then to turn to the poem itself only to find the most ordinary men drawn as characters in it and the events the most ordinary in the lives of such men. It is this pretentiousness so common in Wordsworth that Jeffrey finds fault with. The most classical example of it is the following from the *Excursion:*

"List! I heard
From yon huge breast of rock *a solemn bleat,*
Sent forth as if it were the mountain's voice."

Why all this excitement and exclamation in simply saying a sheep bleated on the mountain side?

This pretentiousness was caused, no doubt, by the serious side of Wordsworth's nature. He never was the gay youth he might have been. He was early impressed with the beauty, awfulness and immensity of nature. He felt deeply, and from his boyhood regarded himself as a "dedicated spirit;" he thought he had a message for the world and must deliver it so as to command attention.

After he had studied the three great subjects toward which his mind was inclined, he felt he had made some wonderful discoveries, and he had. But a truth always seems more important for the world to its discoverer than to anyone else. So Wordsworth, naturally addicted to solitude, when he had worked out a problem, doubtless set too great a value on it and hence fell into the habit of disclosing the most ordinary truths with great ceremony, and his poetry, without a doubt, suffered for it.

But whether we approve of Wordsworth's method of proclaiming his message or not is of little moment; the main question for us is whether or not he succeeded. Did the means employed bring about the end desired? Most emphatically it did. It is this very fact which, in the mind of Matthew Arnold, gives Wordsworth a place in English literature above every other poet except Milton and Shakspere, from the age of Elizabeth downwards. Wordsworth's message to the world was a moral one. His poetry is a criticism of life; the ideas of beauty and grandeur are applied to the question, how to live. It matters little to one, who gets into the true spirit of the poet himself, whether his ideas were proclaimed pretentiously or not. I do not think he cared much. He simply wanted to get his message before the world. It mattered not to him if there was much prose in his verse, it mattered not to him if he did sing of the simple highlander, little cared he if his poetry was mystical, or his truths declared in a pretentious style, if it was necessary to rid his verse of every sign of romanticism he would not hesitate to do it, if he could only proclaim his gospel, that message that had weighed him down from youth, in such a way that the people to whom it was addressed would receive it. Did he succeed? Let the popularity of the poet himself, steadily increasing since his first appearance in the literary world, the nature element in all modern literature for which he stood, and the almost universal adoption of his philosophy of life and rational mysticism make answer to this question.

IN THE HEART OF THE CHEROKEE NATION.

BY OCOEE.

Probably as early as 1700, the Cherokee country was being penetrated by adventurous hunters and traders. The Cherokee towns were situated far beyond the border. Men who wished to acquire wealth or partake of the excitement which such ventures afforded were soon attracted thither by the glowing descriptions of this wonderful country. The peltry traffic with the Indians gradually claimed its share of importance in the commercial life of the Southern colonies, especially of South Carolina. The Indian enlarged his hunting grounds in order to meet the renewed demands for the furs and hides of deer, beaver, and otter. White men smoked the pipe of peace with the Indians, and deliberated the trade relations which existed between the English and the people of the great Nation. Not unfrequently ambitious traders, men of superior breeding, contracted marriages with Cherokee beauties and spent a good part of their lives out of the reach of civilization.

In the heart of the Cherokee nation were the Overhill Towns of Tennessee, the greater number of which were near the mouths of the Little Tennessee and Tellico rivers. From these towns trading paths radiated in two directions, either northeast to Virginia through the valley of the Holston or southeast across the Great Smoky mountains to Charleston, the main terminating point of the peltry traffic. The old war and hunting trails were widened into the well beaten paths of the pack-horse, and thus became primitive highways of commerce. In this matter of trade with the Cherokees, South Carolina assumed authority, and the trader's rights were limited by legislation. In spite of all this, independent or individual enterprise existed. Virginia was a chief source of such disturbance. Instead of disposing of their peltries at Charleston, they carried them elsewhere. They were respected by the Indians because they sold at prices lower than

those fixed by the board at Charleston. The Virginians reached the Overhill Towns by an ancient war-path known to northern tribes for ages. It passed through the country about the mouth of the Little Tennessee, farther south it crossed the Hiwassee and extended on to the Chickamauga Towns.

Among these early Virginia pack-horsemen was one Alexander McKnight, a Scotch-Irish gentlemen of considerable culture. Having abandoned his original intention of becoming a clergyman, and finding himself at the age of thirty still disposed to be indolent and shiftless, he accompanied the traders purely from a love of adventure and excitement. Thrilled from the very first with the primeval simplicity of life as it existed among the inhabitants of the interior Indian villages, he becomes himself a pack-horse trader. With a more frequent contact with these people, who were as yet uncontaminated in their rude simplicity, he was filled with a lofty conception of what might be his mission. That they were threatened by the impending evils attendant upon the coming civilization, was plain enough to the far-seeing observer. At first, McKnight was a trader like the rest. He visited the Carolina borders and studied the affairs of the Nation with that colony. He studied the Cherokee language, he saw what might be the commercial possibilities of the keen-witted tribes who exchanged their hides for lead, powder, coarse cloth, and red paint. The ordinary trader settled among the Indians, and made himself the more congenial by marrying out of their number, adopting their habits and modes of dress, and, after constant exposure to the sun and frequent application of bear's oil, he was scarcely distinguishable from the native Indian. But McKnight retained as much as possible all pretensions to culture, and his varied experience and hardships had given him a larger grasp and a deeper penetration. Ten years passed and he constructed himself a permanent lodge within reach of one of the Tellico villages of the Overhills. He made his last visit to the border and brought back

upon a pack-horse an English boy who survived from an Indian massacre. James Wiggins found an only friend in this old bachelor who had made his fortune, and preferred to spend the rest of his life as a dignified recluse among a primitive people. McKnight would lavish all his ideas toward making of this youth a perfect young nobleman after nature's pattern. The petty tendencies to corruption such as existed among the savage Cherokees could have no charms for a youth of good old English blood. So James Wiggins mingled freely with the Indian boys of the villages, he joined them in their ball plays, he wrestled with the future Tellico warriors, and laughed in the council-houses. Old Alexander McKnight was loved by this federation of Indian villages, he often gave advice on matters which concerned the welfare of the Nation, and was reverenced as a superior sort of being. He practiced none of the craft and deceit of the ordinary trader. He was as a prophet among his people.

The old prophet saw that the Englishman's rum, and worse than that, the intrusion of the French might some time bring ruin to this people. As early as 1730, the French Jesuit emissaries were beginning to reach the Cherokee border from the south-west. About this time or a little later a party came up the Tennessee River and landed among the Overhill peoples. They failed to alienate the Indians from the English and were, it seems, all massacred with the exception of a girl child who was saved through the entreaties of Indian women. Of what rank of society this maiden came, it matters not. From the very first she seems to have realized that a higher plane of existence was to her lot than to that of the Cherokee maidens, with whom she was associated. She became known among the Indians by the name of Niota. Alexander McKnight saw her often. Niota learned to visit the lodge of the recluse every time she had an opportunity. From him as she grew older she began to acquire the English language. This process was hastened when the boy James Wiggins was brought into the community. They were of

about the same age and naturally became fast companions. Thus she visited the lodge ten times now to where she had once before and reverenced McKnight as a father. Together the boy and the girl along with Cherokee boys and girls participated in all the festive rites of the village. Wiggins with his Indian companions went on forest excursions, stumbled through the rank crops of wild pea-vine, rambled the hills and mountains over and penetrated the cane brakes and the laurel thickets. He grew as hardy, as vigorous, as fleet of foot as any Cherokee warrior. Niota, too, was reared in all the simplicity of a Cherokee maiden, but the fatherly guidance of the kindly old recluse embodied that determining influence in the moulding of her character. For though McKnight might occasionally dispense useful advice as the prophet of his people, still the great responsibility was the education and training of young Wiggins. And in so far as Niota might absent herself from the Tellico village he was doing the same thing for her. His lodge was as full of learning as a monastary. It was a great reaction against the crude knowledge of the Cherokees which was grounded in superstition and tradition.

In view of all this who can say that that James Wiggins and Niota, the French outcast maiden, were not to love each other; seeing each other perhaps not as often as they wished, still they were ever conscious of each other's existence. The youthful lover lay wakeful in his lodge, as the lonely owl hooted mournfully from the valley; but soon there came the barking of the dogs guarding the peace of the village where reposed Niota, and there would come over him an untroubled slumber. And to Niota there were no cares as to whither she had come from to dwell in this Arcadia; nor did either of of them dream of the civilized world that lay beyond the border.

They had been frequent companions for some years. A company of Indian youths and maidens are picking wild strawberries. Niota and James have filled their baskets and

and retire to the shade alongside a brook where they sit down and converse in English.

"He whom we love as a father tells what the great states and kingdoms have done and are doing now. He tells us of the people who are struggling for existence beyond the border and whom we shall see some day when we shall follow the great trail to its end. But, in the meantime, are we not happy now," said the young love-maker of the wilderness.

"Yes, why should we not be happy," said Niota. "We are told that we are of two great nations which are struggling against each other. But what is England and France to us. Our hearts are filled with the beauty which dwells in this country and we yearn for the people who in their simplicity and sobriety live in the heart of this great Nation."

"This same race of people," said Wiggins, "who murdered my father and mother, saved your life and kept you in this Indian village for me. There, see those innocent girls and boys; is not their welfare ours as well? We have breathed the same air and played with them ever since we have known each other."

"And we shall be contented with this existence," said Niota, "until the wide, wide world calls us beyond the border."

Between the English and the Cherokees affairs were not always to run thus smoothly. The French were destined to assert some of their influence. The English had not rightly estimated the condition of affairs in the Cherokee Nation and they seem to have been ignorant of its real extent. "They were almost unaware," says an old chronicler of the times, "that the French were building forts and villages, planting the grape, and playing the violin upon the borders of the Mississippi."

About this time a Jesuit agent of the French interest began to reside in one of the towns on the Tellico River. The worst fears of the old prophet were about to be realized. In

less than five years some of the Tellico towns were decidedly hostile to the English. McKnight found himself unpopular in the old community in which he had resided for so long. The great majority of the Over-hill towns were still loyal to the English, and he decided to move to the proximity of more friendly villages.

The great problem for McKnight and Wiggins to solve was how that Niota might be removed from the town in which she had passed the greater part of her life and from among the people with whom she was still identified. She herself had urged the men to provide some means for her flight. Citico, the most handsome warrior of the Tellicoes, wished to gain Niota for his bride. As she gave him no encouragement, she incurred his hostility. Her continued expression of loyalty to the English caused her to be regarded with suspicion. Citico had for ten years been one of the most congenial companions of James Wiggins, but now he became his greatest rival and his worst enemy. Repeated attempts on the part of James to escape with Niota, fired his anger all the more. By this time the towns which had been won over by the French were becoming very hostile. All outbreaks at this time were prevented by a most untimely occurrence. Such a fearful disease as smallpox had been altogether unknown among the Cherokees. It was first brought thither by the pack horse train. The goods were infected with the disease. When it reached the Tellico towns it struck terror into the heart of the poor Indian. Medical science among the Cherokees was founded upon superstition. All the craft of the medicine-man prescribed not for this strange disease. He abandoned his herbs and decoctions, the sweat bath availed not. Being proud as a race they despaired of everything when they saw their faces marred by the marks of the then deadly disease.

Upon first warning McKnight and Wiggins prepared for flight. Niota left the village unmolested and joyfully joined the other refugees. They were arrested in their progress just

as they reached the Little Tennessee. The troublesome Citico had left the panic-stricken Tellicoes to follow the three refugees. He was the only Indian who took any note of their flight.

"You shall not follow us, Citico. You must return to your village, or go elsewhere," said James Wiggins.

"Wherever pretty squaw Niota go, there Citico must follow. Squaw belong to his village, so belong to Citico, too," said the Indian.

"Citico, we have played together since we were little boys," answered Wiggins, "we have wrestled many a time in the council house or on the green. This was the kind of contest which decided all our boyish disputes. If Niota belongs to you, prove your right by the old method. I am willing to settle my claim by a hand-to-hand contest. If your war paint is not for mere display, then prove your pretensions as a warrior."

"Be not over-rash, James," said old Alexander McKnight, "the Indian may do thee some great injury."

The angry Indian needed no further persuasion, the challenge was accepted, and the contest was soon on. Citico was tall, lank, and supple of limb, but no more than a match for James Wiggins. They wrestled and fought long and hard. The contest was becoming furious. Wiggins being the stouter of the two, was getting short of breath, but he would never give up. They were dragging and pushing each other through the tall, rank grass by the river side. Citico drew to near the bank of the river, lost his balance and fell into the river, pulling James with him. The scene for the battle was changed. The Indian clutched at the overhanging willows, but neck deep in the water and with a tiger grasp, Wiggins tugged him loose and carried him toward the middle of the river. Thus the battle was shifted from land to the midst of the river. They were both thoroughly at home in the water and the contest was waged as furiously as if between two sea-monsters. They clutched and pounded each other

above water, now one, now another disappearing in the depths of the river, again they were both invisible for the space of a minute. They coughed, spurted water and panted for breath. McKnight and Niota stood at the river side dumbfounded at the spectacle. The contestants had gone swimming together in their youth, but never before had they played in water with such serious vehemence as they did now. The young warrior's paint was being washed from his face, the deep red, the green, and the lavender. Wiggins partially freed himself, and seizing the Indian by his hair, thrust him far beneath the surface.

"Take that, you Indian dog. I'll drown by your side before I give up."

It was his last great effort. McKnight regained his presence of mind and a few minutes later managed to tow the contestants to the bank of the river. When he separated them they were still clutching each other in a strangled, half-drowned condition. After some energy on the part of the old man and Niota, Wiggins was brought to consciousness. McKnight then turned to the poor Indian, who seemed almost beyond recovery. He turned over his body and chafed it briskly and redoubled his efforts to save him. Finally he showed signs of life and turned on his side. Wiggins had by this time assumed a sitting posture and dazed, shivering and bleeding, he gazed feebly about himself. Niota stood beside him and administered to his sufferings. At last the Indian opened his eyes vacantly, again there came a half intelligible expression and he spoke in an audible tone.

"White man has won the Indian's squaw. Citico will give her up. He no want her any more."

He closed his eyes again and suffered a great deal more. It was three hours before he was able to speak again. After he recovered he never realized how near Wiggins himself had come to being drowned. When he saw James Wiggins so much more fully restored to strength than himself, he imagined that the victory had been an easy one for the white man.

Citico proffered to old McKnight the most tender gratitude for saving his life.

"McKnight has dwelt among my people these many years. He has shown my people many favors, and they are thankful for them. But how can Citico repay McKnight for saving his life?"

"When the great plague subsides," said the old prophet, "let Citico go back to his native village. Let him persuade the Tellicoes to heed the advice I gave them of yore. Dwell at peace with your neighbors and the English. Pay no attention to what the French say and all shall go well."

"When Citico's people," said the Indian, "kept McKnight's advice everything went well with them, and they were a happy people. But soon they forgot McKnight's advice and followed the French. Then the great plague come and spoil my people's face and they are left alone to die. Citico will return to his people and counsel them to be at peace with all the nation and never war against the English."

It shall not be described how the old man conducted the young man and his future bride out of the heart of the great nation. They followed the great pack-horse trail to the southeast. Months were occupied in the journey. James Wiggins and Niota bade farewell forever to the Over-hill country. They looked forward for a different experience in the future. They were married in Charleston with all the pomp and dignity which attends civilization. The government of South Carolina encouraged families to settle near the border. James and Niota found a home somewhere near the other inhabitants of the border. The old prophet, Alexander McKnight, still identified his life with the Cherokee cause. He offered his services to Carolina to work for the interest of the colony in the great Over-hill country. The great majority of these settlements favored the English. But those who wished it were not always thus to abide in peace; for witness five or six years later the affair of unfortunate Fort Loudon,

"I shall go back to the Cherokees," said McKnight, "since they are my people. I shall do all I can to keep them at peace with the English and prevent internal hostility. If we succeed in doing this, I see no reason why they may not become an important people who shall take up some of the better tendencies of civilization."

James and Niota bade farewell to their beloved old guardian and teacher. He joined the pack-horse train for the upper country. The horses were ranged in regular file, the chief driver cracked his whip and they all started at once. The poor jades, pestered and bleeding from the swarms of flies or sting of the cow-hide, are urged forward until they can move no farther. That primitive highway had its own peculiar noise and din; the incessant ring and clatter of the pack-horse bells, the whoops, shouts and loud curses of the drivers all took the place of the shriek of the locomotive and the roar of its long train of cars. As the noise of this particular pack-horse train faded away in the distance, two young lives turned away and for the first time in their existence there came a feeling of loneliness. Thus they were left to face the silent future.

UNCLE ASHBY GOES TO CHURCH.

BY E. C. PERROW.

I went to church the other day, way down on Sugar Run,
I wish you could 'a been ther, Jane, to seen the way they done;
It wuz an ole-time sermon, an' the ole-time hymns wuz sung,
It tuk me back to Black Ridge church, when me an' you wuz young.
The buildin' wuz not made o' brick, jest simple logs o' pine,
They didn't have no quishon seats, nor any cyarpets fine;
The winders wan't all painted up in green an' red an' blue,
But they wuz simple winder glass, to let God's sunshine thru.
An' when it got along to'ards fer preachin' to begin,
I heered a step, an' turnin', saw the preacher comin' in;
He didn't have no long-tailed coat, nor any beaver hat,
But simple clo'es wuz all he had, yet spite o' all o' that
I knew it wuz the preacher by his face so kind an' sweet—
A welcome hand, a gentle smile fer every one he'd meet.
He went up in the pulpit then an' took the Bible down,
An' read 'bout how the righteous would all receive a crown.
An' lookin' fer a moment about the list'nin' throng,
He called on Brother Brown to sing some old familiar song.
It want no city anthem in voices sharp and thin,
But all the congregation sung, "Ye must be born agin."
Then afterward the preacher said fer everybody there
To kneel while Brother Jimmie Jones would lead us all in prayer.
He didn't pray 'bout stars an' flow'rs an' bees an' hummin' birds;
His prayer wan't full of Rhet'ric, nor long an' pond'rous words.
He prayed fer God to give us fer our ev'ry-day affairs,
An ev'ry-day religion, with its blessin's an' its cares.
The people all wuz list'nin', fer they all with one accord,
Cried out in yearnestness of heart, "Amen!" an' "Praise the Lord!"
The preacher risin' with a look uv Heaven upon his face,

Began to tell the sinners uv God's wond'rous love and grace.
He tole how God had given his Son to show his boun'less love,
That all the world might see his face an' learn to rise above
Its selfishness, its foolish pride, its hatred an' its strife,
An' learn in all its boun'less depth the beauty uv His life.
"Come, sinners, to the mercy-seat," he said in accents sweet,
"Come bow before the altar; lay your burdens at His feet."
I heered the sobs an' saw the tears a-streamin' down the face,
As, crowdin' round the altar-rail, they sought God's saving grace.
I know there wuz rejoicin' in the courts uv Heaven above,
Fer ere the close full many a soul had learned the Saviour's love.
At last the preacher risin' sung, in accents soft an' low,
"Praise God," an' all the people joined, "from whom all blessin's flow."
Then we each one turned us homewards, talkin' uv God's wond'rous grace,
We had heered the Father's voice—we had seen Him face to face.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE ARCHIVE TO HISTORY.

BY J. S. BASSETT.

THE TRINITY COLLEGE ARCHIVE was established in the beginning of the college year of 1887-8. Before that time there had been a college periodical published by the students but it had been found impossible to sustain it. The misfortune which overtook this venture had made its supporters rather too conservative about understanding a new one. When I entered college in 1886 there was a general notion about the place that the college ought to have a magazine, and in the spring of 1887 this feeling somehow had taken the shape of a definite purpose. I do not remember that any official action had been taken by either of the Societies, yet so much had been said about it that when we left college in June it was with the expectation that when we returned the two societies would unite in the publication of a magazine.

On our return there was a new President, Dr. Crowell, and a new Professor of English, Professor Armstrong. Each gave hearty encouragement to the proposed magazine. Professor Armstrong, whose department was vitally concerned, gave the matter much of his time. He suggested the name ARCHIVE and it was his idea that we make it a sixteen page quarto, bound in white, somewhat after the fashion of the New York *Nation*. This dress was never very popular with the students, but it was complimented by some of the State papers. It was abandoned in 1891, after it had been used for four volumes.

The contents of the first volumes embraced few contributed articles, and of these almost none dealt with historical subjects. In 1891 Dr. Weeks became Professor of History at Trinity and there appeared a number of articles from him and from his students which are original investigations and contributions to our State history. In 1892, the Trinity College Historcal Society was formed, and it created much of the spirit of research which has borne fruit in many ways in recent years. The greatest step forward in the history of

THE ARCHIVE was taken when it fell into the hands of the class of 1896. The preceding year there had been certain serious discouragements and this class came to the task with a determination to make a success out of it. They planned to double the number of the pages hitherto printed and to use a better quality of paper. They set themselves, however, above all things to improve the character of the contributions. The majority of college publications in the South have been filled with colorless college compositions or orations, and from this fault THE ARCHIVE had not been free. The Class of 1896 took the position that when a student wrote for his magazine he should write something worth reading, or should at least attempt it. With a view to this end work was planned and subjects were assigned. It was then that the Historical articles in THE ARCHIVE took on a character higher than ever before. The standard then set has been held by succeeding editors, and it has thus come about that no other publication now published contains so many original articles on North Carolina history. In 1896 arrangements were made to reprint certain of these articles in a series known as The Annual Publication of Historical Papers of Trinity College, four series of which have appeared.

In view of this activity the following bibliographical summary has been made. It embraces all the articles of an original nature which have appeared in THE ARCHIVE. Not all of these were prepared under the direction of the department of History. Many of them were published also in the Historical Papers; and in such cases they have been marked with the letters H. P. with a Roman numeral to indicate the series.

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Daves, Edward Graham:—"Raleigh's 'New Fort in Virginia,' "—IX., 193 and 257, (H. P. I.).

Dent, Sanders S.:—"Origin and Development of the Ku Klux Klan,"—IX., 207, (H. P. I.); "Francis Lister Hawks,"—IX., 343, (H. P., I.); "Removal of the Tuscarora Indians from North Carolina,"—X., 142.

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D. D. PEELE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All matter for publication in the January number of THE ARCHIVE *must* be submitted by December 20.

It is surprising to see how much worthless fiction finds its way into our college magazines. Occasionally we see a piece that reflects credit on both the author and the magazine in which it appears, but they are so few that they fail to raise the average quality of college fiction to any considerable degree. There is no reasonable excuse for this. It is not because men will not contribute, for they do contribute. The great volume of silly stories that are poured out upon the world through the medium of college journals is ample evidence of this. It may happen that an editor here and there has trouble in soliciting contributions, in fact, the writer has found himself in that condition more than once, but the great mass of college students do support their magazines as far as mere contributions can do so. This poor quality of fiction is not due to a lack of skill in the use of English; more than once have we seen a story written in the best phraseology and most admirable style to be found among amateur writers, but, because of the poor plot or entire lack of plot, or of the very common-place sentiment expressed in it, the space it occupied would have been left blank with more credit to the journal. While such articles are appearing

there are, in all probability, hundreds of similar ones in the waste baskets of the various editors over the country. If this state of affairs shows anything it is a lack of a proper appreciation, on the part of college students, of the true qualities of good fiction. Few attempt any originality whatever in plot or sentiment. There are certain types that go the rounds. Each man in his turn must pay his respects to the old ancestral story that doubtless his grandfather worked over from one of *his* predecessors. These types are so numerous that it would doubtless require a small amount of genius to break away from their bondage, but a man, who has no ability whatever to do so, would do better to engage in a different phase of literary work, or renounce it altogether. There are two types just now that hold strong sway in the fall and spring terms respectively. The first is employed by the ardent youth who has just quitted the presence of his lady love. He remembers and, remembering, commemorates in prose how they two walked together along a country road on that final afternoon, bathed in the sunbeams from the golden hills of the west, while the gentle zephyrs kissed their ruddy cheeks; how they sat down upon an old pine log, the sun went down, the curtain fell, their heads rushed together like two of the pearly dew-drops that were now forming on the green grass at their feet. The plot of springtime is that one where the hero, a baseball player, is hurt, his lady love showers kisses on him while his rival skulks off the scene with drooping head. These are in their simplicity repugnant.

Whatever THE ARCHIVE says upon this subject, is not said in a fault-finding spirit, but in a sympathetic one. It has not been able to steer clear of this poor type of fiction itself, and only calls attention to it in the hope that a reform may be instituted along this line. If contributors would pay more attention to the quality and less to the quantity of their productions, there is no reason why, with the same amount of work, they could not fill the pages of our journals with the very best of short stories. Among our young writers is the

only place where this change can be made. Older ones are slaves to the same tendency and as a result we find this type of fiction filling the pages of our standard magazines. If those who are now in college can be brought to see the true condition of affairs in the world of fiction, in a few years, when they shall have entered upon their profession, we shall see a type of literature vastly superior to our modern fiction.

Through the work of our exchange editors, and them alone, this can be brought about. If they have high ideals of a college magazine and its mission, in a short time a complete revolution can be wrought along this line. But perhaps reform is not desired. Recently one of these editors (not a fair representative of them I must say) in response to a few remarks made by THE ARCHIVE concerning the puck-and-judge department of a magazine, informed us that it was the journal's mission to represent the comical side of student life, which was interesting news to us, and as a clinching argument stated that the very existence of this department is sufficient evidence of its worth. A man with such low ideals of college journalism and of such a negative character as these words reveal surely got into the wrong place when he assumed the duties of an exchange editor. However that may be, THE ARCHIVE sincerely hopes that through the influence of those who do not believe with Pope and our friend that "whatever is, is right," and hence that any reform is an absurdity, a very great change may be brought about in the quality and nature of college fiction.

The excitement of a hard-fought political campaign is at last over and it is remarkable to see how quickly the victorious as well as the defeated party (we refer to the individuals of the party) settle quietly down to peaceful industry. More than once has attention been called to that characteristic quality of the American citizen which enables him, without riot or bloodshed, to discuss political views with his neighbor

of opposite party, quietly cast his ballot for his own choice, and return to his professional life humbly submitting to the will of the majority in case of defeat or entirely freeing himself from any *hauteur* towards his neighbor if victorious. It is in a people filled with this spirit that our government finds its peaceful existence. Compare the quietude of our Presidential election here with the riots, panics and great military display that always accompany the election of a President in France, and we are better able to appreciate the worth of American freedom of thought and expression. Now and then, 'tis true, we find an instance in our midst where some one fails to accord to every one the right to speak what he thinks, and the fact is to be lamented, but on the whole our people are liberal in their opinions. And after a conflict in which every citizen of the United States is involved, they are able to return to serious life, realizing that, not in the central government after all, but in the individual worth of each man, does the greatness of our country lie.

The recent Democratic primaries in this State resulted in the nomination of Hon. F. M. Simmons for the Senate to succeed Senator Butler. This is virtually the election of Mr. Simmons for the Senate, and it is with pride and hearty congratulations that Trinity points to him, one of her alumni as well as one of her most trusted friends, as her first Senator. Not only is she proud to have a son in the Senate, but it is also a source of pleasure to her to know that that son, having shown his matchless ability in the services rendered his own State while residing within her borders, can now be depended on to discharge his new duties in such a manner as to reflect honor on his alma mater, his native State, as well as the entire country in whose legislative body he sits. THE ARCHIVE hopes to be able early in the future to give a cut and biographical sketch of Senator Simmons.

As we go to press our cup returns home, but it does so as a result of a hard-fought battle. We are sincerely glad the fight was a close one and that we have met successfully such a noble representation as the Wake Forest debaters proved themselves to be. We cannot claim that we have conquered those men; we have won the cup and have done it honorably, but there is an unconquerable spirit in the Southern man that makes submission impossible. It is that which makes us, though overcome in one contest, always ready and eager for another. This spirit the Wake Forest men undoubtedly have as all who talked with them after the debate know. It was this same spirit that caused us one year ago to prefer our defeat to the enemy's victory, and it is understood that they claim to be in a like predicament now. As long as this is the sentiment of the losing party, these contests will be greatly enjoyed for surely the college to whom the cup is awarded is very well satisfied.

It is said that a drowning man is brought face to face with the most hideous monsters and phantastic scenes his fancy can produce. We remember the ugly visions we had when a twelve month ago our friends slightly strangled us while administering the harmless Methodist "sprinkle;" what sights they must have seen when the cups were turned and when they, receiving the whole-souled Baptist "dip," viewed that mighty wave coming down upon them, can only be imagined. The soberer element conducted themselves nobly, but the more excitable were heard to say something about not being able to compete with Trinity's faculty. Now it seems to us that a charge of foul dealing in a debate between two institutions like these should be made only after the most serious consideration. For the sake of those who would like to know more about those men who did such excellent work for Trinity, we state that Mr. Liles carries a full course leading to a literary degree, and also has charge of the college dining-hall; Mr. Carden is doing full work looking towards his literary degree, also occupying a position on the editorial staff of THE AR-

CHIVE; Mr. Wannamaker is carrying fourteen hours' work leading to Master of Arts, also holding a fellowship which occupies him one hour per week. We see no reason why Mr. Carden's journalistic or Mr. Liles' culinary tendencies should exclude either of them from this debate; neither do we see why Mr. Wannamaker's extra work should exclude him from a contest which is open to all taking a literary degree. If there is lingering doubt in the mind of any one as to this point, a reference to the precedent established by both colleges in the past will clear matters up.

We should like to suggest to our contributors that stories should be as short as possible not to interfere seriously with the subject matter—as a usual thing, the shorter, the better. A story of 2,000 words is sufficiently long and 3,000 words should be the limit.

MAUDE E. MOORE, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The Macmillan Company is publishing a new edition of "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath" in one volume, with illustrations by Hugh Thompson. They will also issue a special large-paper autograph edition of one hundred copies, each of which will be signed by the author.—*Saturday Review of Books and Art.*

The first chapters of Hamlin Garland's new novel, "Her Mountain Lover," appears in the November "Century." The hero, a young ranchman from Colorado, is sent to London to place shares in a Western mine. One of the most striking incidents is the setting up of a Western camp in English fields, the whole affair being carried through in true cow-boy style.

Frank R. Stockton is now very busy at his home in Charleston, West Virginia, on a story to appear in three parts in the London "Punch." The story is American and entitled "The Gilded Idol and the King Couch Shell."

Paul Liecester Ford's novel of New York political life, "The Honorable Peter Sterling," has gone to the press for the fortieth time. This novel is always good reading, but particularly interesting at election time.—*New York Times.*

Professor Dowden's proposal that the opening of the twentieth century should be celebrated by an "adequate" history of English literature has received the approval of Sir Walter Bessant, who suggests that a company might be formed to

produce the work, which should at least be included in as many volumes as is the Dictionary of National Biography just completed. Sir Walter also goes into figures. He believes that the whole expense would amount to less than £2,000 a volume of the size of the National Biography. There is no doubt there is need for just such a monumental work.

In spite of the fact that some one gave "Deacon Bradberry," the novel of English village life, an unfortunate tag by calling it a second "David Harum," it seems destined to be one of the big sellers of the season, having gone through seven editions.

John Kendrick Bangs' "The Olympian Nights" will be published in "Harper's Weekly" after the completion of "The Cardinal's Rose." The story is one of the humorous adventures of an American newspaper correspondent stranded on Mount Olympus, where he meets all the old Greek gods and goddesses.

Dr. Van Dyke, in a "Preface on Reading and Books," says: "Do not read vulgar books, silly books, morbid books. Do not read books that are written in bad English. Do not read books simply because other people are reading them. Do not read more than five new books to one old one." Dr. Van Dyke's advice thus offered is intended for what he calls the "simple reader," the man who reads to pass away the time, with no purpose or end in view. But some of the advice would apply equally well to all classes of readers.

The illustrated edition of "David Harum" is now going through a second edition, the demand having been so large that it was impossible to supply books to fill all the orders received by the time of publication.

Probably the most important book among the biographical works issued next spring will be "The Life of Richard Cobden," by John Morley. No thoroughly popular life of

the "apostle of free trade" has ever been published. He was a man of prodigious activities, and in the second quarter of the present century created an enthusiasm for the popular study of practical political economy, the influence of which has been permanent. During the civil war Cobden spoke strongly in favor of the North. Morley wrote an elaborate biography of Cobden, which was published in two volumes in 1881; these also have been presented, "Alderman Cobden," by Sir E. Watkin, and Mrs. Salis Schwabe's "Reminiscences of Cobden."—*Saturday Review of Books and Art.*

Mr. Bacheller's book, "Eben Holden," seems to have been suggested by "David Harum" and is an excellent fish story, a droll horse story and Eben Holden is a genial philosopher with a quaint philosophy of his own, and an overwhelming fund of high spirits and good nature. It is a charming story —simple and natural. For the benefit of those who are "tired" of "David Harum," it should be said, that everything in the book that has to do with "Eben Holden" can be left out and yet the book would be entertaining.

F. S. CARDEN, - - - - - - MANAGER.

The November numbers of our exchanges are as good as might be expected. In the poems we hear the sad sighing of the autumn winds and the gentle rustle of the falling leaves. Many of the stories are very suggestive of cranberry sauce and turkey. We also find the usual alotment of articles on Poe.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* is about the best November exchange on our table. It contains several short poems which are very good indeed. "A False Confession" is a skilfully written story, the plot keeping you confused as to its true trend until the very last. "The Reporter's Story," although interesting, is not quite so meritorious as the former. All the departments of this magazine are worked up completely and interestingly.

The *Emory and Henry Era* is very neat and attractive in appearance, and contains some good reading matter. "The Battle" shows a poetic touch. The fiction is fairly good. "Over the Gate" starts out interestingly, but it is continued. Right here we wish to enter a protest against long and continued stories in college magazines. "A Thousand Dollar Experience" lacks minuteness of detail and reality. "In Memoriam" is a well written and appreciative review; the style is especially smooth and attractive.

The *Tennessee University Magazine* is an innovator among college magazines. It is extensively illustrated by student artists. While this makes a magazine very attractive, it may also make the outside more brilliant than the inside;

the illustration more interesting than the illustrated. The best article in the November number is the poem, "Evening at Roslyn."

We note with interest the appearance of *The Oaklandite*, published by Oakland High School. The two copies we have received are good. Judging by such a creditable start we prophesy success to this new enterprise.

The November issue of the *Columbia Literary Monthly* comes to us in a very attractive form. Two of the stories deserve especial mention: "A Knight of the Hills" and "Overreached." The writer of the former possesses a certain charm in his style which, to say the least, is not unpleasant to his readers. References to the Fairy Queen are made in a very happy way. "Overreached" is a unique way of presenting a church fair and is, in all respects, a creditable production.

We cannot agree with a writer in the *William and Mary College Monthly* when he says, with Matthew Arnold, that the central idea of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" is the pre-existence of the soul. He evidently fails in interpreting properly the ninth stanza, in which the full height of the poem is attained. It may not be that

> "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

But there do come times when we have become *as* little children, that

> "Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

The presence of several "Views from Mountain Lake" in the November *Gray Jacket* adds greatly to its appearance, and also to the interest of a school-boy "Trip" to this lake. The plea for "More Light; More Light" in the South is well written and instructive.

The night is fallen the mountains be
Dim distant shadows across the sky
Like purple visions in a dream
Below my feet the tree-tops seem
A surging ocean dark and vast,
With dim mysterious shadows cast.
By the rising moon the sweet night air
Crept softly up, and free from care,
The world appeareth to sleep and dream,
Asleep the clear pellucid stream,
Asleep the birds and flowers, but low,
Mournful, mournful, sad and slow,
From the deep ravine at the foot of the hill
Soundeth the cry of the whip-poor-will,
Like a wandering spirit that waits and sighs
And lammeth ever as he flies,
Ever he singeth a song of woe,
But what his sorrow, who may know.

Francis Halley Newton, in Univ. of Tenn. Mag.

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. C. BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

We are glad to notice that since our last writing interest in missions has been greatly increased. Under the leadership of Mr. E. S. Yarbrough a class of nine members has been organized, and is doing fine work. The class is paying special attention to a book entitled "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." We are glad to see this revival of interest, and trust that much profit may be derived and much inspiration gained from this course of study.

* * *

Mr. O J. Jones spoke before the Association Sunday afternoon, October 28. He made a very interesting and practical talk, and by which all his hearers should have profited.

* * *

November 4th, being the first Sunday of the month, was Missionary Sunday with us. Mr. W. H. Brown favored us with a very inspiring study of the life of that great missionary, David Livingston. The life of such a hero in the cause of Christ is an inspiration to us, even though we do not feel that we are called to fill the places of missionaries in the foreign field.

* * *

Mr. C. M. Lance had charge of the meeting Sunday afternoon, November 11. He based his talk on some of the most striking characteristics of David's life, pointing out some features which, if imitated, would be of great profit to every college student.

Mr. J. C. Blanchard addressed the Association, on the afternoon of Sunday, November 18, on "The Negatively Pious Man."

* * *

Mr. F. W. Anderson, one of the traveling Secretaries of the International Committee, representing the Student Volunteer Movement, made us a visit on Wednesday, November 21. He addressed the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A. and the High School Y. M. C. A., in a joint meeting, Wednesday evening. In an appropriate and forceful way he spoke of the opportunities which college men and women have, and of the uses they should make of them. We feel that we have been greatly profited by Mr. Anderson's address, and his short stay among us.

At Home and Abroad

S. G. WINSTEAD, - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. D. H. Littlejohn, Class of '98, spent some time on the Park a few weeks ago. Mr. Littlejohn is reporter for the *Charlotte News*.

Mr. T. M. Allen, Class of '00 is emyloyed by the Odell Manufacturing Company, Concord N. C.

Prof. Plato Durham attended the Western Conference which convened at Greensboro, a few weeks ago.

Prof. Jas. T. Henry, of West Durham Graded School, has been absent from his work several weeks on account of sickness. Mr. E. F. Hines a student of Trinity has charge of the school during his absence.

Dr. Few has returned from South Carolina, where he was called home on account the sickness of his mother. We are glad to know she is much better.

At a meeting of the Science Club, November 10th, Dr. J. F. Hamaker delivered a lecture on "Malaria and the Mosquito." Mr. L. A. Rone read a paper on "The New Determination of the Astronomical Unit of Distance."

The second lecture of the faculty series was delivered by Prof. A. H. Meritt, November 24, on Greek Archeology.

Quite a number of the students are contemplating a trip to New York this fall. Prof. Dowd of the Social Science Department, will accompany the party and has arranged very cheap rates provided a sufficient number can be raised.

Mr. J. E. Holden, Class of '00, was the first of his class to assume the responsibility of married life, Miss Mattie Angel, of Martinville, Va., being his choice. This couple is now living at Fairfield, N. C., where Mr. Holden has charge of the Fairfield Pastorage. We extend to this couple our best wishes.

Before our next issue leaves the press the question as to whether the "Dispensary of South Carolina is Unwise" will have been decided so far as the Wake Forest-Trinity Debate is concerned. While it is not in our power to foretell the result of this fast approaching contest, we can only wait with the hope that our expectation may be realized.

Dr. J. S. Bassett read a paper before the State Literary Association, October 23, 1900, on "How to Preserve and Collect Historical Materials." This paper was published in the *Morning Post*, Sunday, November 25.

Prof. J. F. Bivins, Headmaster of Trinity Park High School, delivered a lecture a few weeks ago, before the Epworth League, Roxboro. N. C. Subject: "A Successful Life or the Life and Character of a Great Man."

Rev. T. W. Smith, of Western North Carolina Conference spent a few days on the Park with his son, on his return from Conference.

Dr. J. D. Hammond, Secretary of Board of Education of M. E. Church South, spent November 20th on the Park. Dr. Hammond gave us a very interesting and instructive talk on "The Use of Our Gift." The Doctor said the world of to-day is different from the world of twenty-five years ago. We inherit more, yet this inheritance may become useless by a simple neglect on our part. What shall I do with this gift? Some men have developed their gift in a selfish way, while others have used them for the betterment of humanity, we should serve our brother, and thereby affect a reconciliation which means more than a mere submission on our part, but a

reconciliation which shall rejoice in the welfare of our fellow-being. We should feel our obligation to men and join the grest army of benevolence in their effort to assist those that are in need, and to bring about this reconciliation. Dr. Hammond spoke about three-quarters of an hour. His remarks were suggestive and we all felt repaid for the time spent in hearing him.

Dr. Edwin Mims has a very interesting article in a recent number of *The Outlook* on Vanderbilt University. Dr. Mims is an alumnus of this Universiry, and while present at its Silver Celebration several weeks ago, he delivered a short address, which was highly complimented by the Editor of *The Charlotte Observer*, who devoted a very lengthy editorial to his address.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, God in His wisdom has deemed it wise to remove from this life Dr. S. L. Montgomery, who was formerly an esteemed member of the Columbian Literary Society of Trinity College, and deeply feeling his loss as we do, therefore be it resolved:

1. That we do hereby, in a small measure, express our appreciation of his Christian character and worth; and while we deeply mourn his loss, yet we bow in humble submission to the will of our heavenly Father.

2. That we hereby tender our sympathy to his bereaved loved ones, and would commend them to Him who "doeth all things well."

3. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Columbian Literary Society, and a copy sent to the bereaved family, and to the Raleigh Advocate and The Trinity Archive.

Thos W. Smith,
W. H. Brown,
Jno. K. Wood,
Committee.

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U. S. Senator-Elect from North Carolina.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, JANUARY, 1901.

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THE PASSING OF THE BACON-SHAKSPERE CONTROVERSY.

BY E. W. WEBB.

Judge Charles Allen, of Massachusetts, has recently written an able book on the Bacon-Shakspere controversy that would seem to have laid to rest forever the theory that Bacon wrote Shakspere's plays—the craziest theory ever advanced in the whole history of literary criticism. It may be worth while to go over again the main arguments in this discussion.

In 1856 the authorship of Shakspere's plays was first attributed to Bacon. Up to this date Shakspere was accepted as the author by everybody who knew anything about the plays. From 1856 until now certain claims have

been set forth showing why Bacon was the writer of the dramas. It is claimed that the author of the plays must necessarily have been a well educated man, particularly as respects law, history, foreign languages, and poetry; and that all these things were to be found in Bacon, whereas from what we know of Shakspere it was inconceivable that he could have written them. Baconians go so far as to say that Shakspere was illiterate, and if he had been the author he would certainly have taken more pains in preserving his writings. On the other hand they say that Francis Bacon had reasons for not letting people know he was writing dramas.

We know for certain that William Shakspere did not obtain all his knowledge out of school, but on the contrary we know that he was a pupil in a Grammar School in Stratford until he was fourteen years old, and I am almost positive that while there, he learned some Latin at least, as the curriculum demanded a study of Latin. The fact that he left school at fourteen does not mean that he then threw away his books and bade farewell to all studies. The advocates of Bacon cannot produce any known facts respecting Shakspere's want of education which is inconsistent with a belief in his authorship of the plays, nor can they disprove that he went to London between 1585–7 and became connected with the theatre and very shortly acquired a position as an actor and improver of plays. He in all probability studied French and Italian with John Floric, a well known teacher, during his early years in London. It's with the Sir's backers to prove, and as yet it has been impossible to prove that Shakspere did not have acquaintance with the different languages. Whereas we do know that Ben Jonson said, "Shakspere had some knowledge of Latin, and some also, though less, of Greek." But as some one has said, "So far as the actual use of Latin and Greek words is concerned, the plays disclose small knowledge of either language."

Shakspere got most of his history from Holinshed's Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland, which was published in 1577, and a second edition came out in 1586.

The Baconians confront us with the idea that Shakspere could not spell his name. It was not unusual then for names to be spelt in different ways. Some men of the highest rank spelled their names in several ways. For example, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his name in five different ways, Sir Richard Grenvil's was spelled in seven different ways, and Spenser's signature was as illegible as Shakspere's. In reference to this, Ben Jonson said, "I remember it as an honor to Shakspere that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line."

Until well into the eighteenth century biography was a department of literature very much neglected in England, and the fact that we have little information about Shakspere's life is by no means an inference against his being the author of the plays. He was only one writer among many and I cannot see how the supporters of Bacon can use this point as evidence against Shakspere's authorship, because there was no reason at that time to expect a history of his life to be written.

We come now to a fact that the Baconians rely upon most strongly as proof that their man wrote the plays, and this is the great number of law terms that are scattered all through the dramas. Because Bacon was a lawyer and Shakspere was not, is not proof that the former was and the latter was not the author of the plays. Some contend that Shakspere attended a law school for at least a year, or that Stratford gave opportunity for a citizen to familiarize himself with the law terms such as are used in the plays. There is, however, no need to try to prove the first theory. It is generally conceded that law terms, especially concerning property, were more familiar then to the classes that did not study law than in our time. Nevertheless, with this as a fact upon which we can rely, for Shakspere's

using so many law terms, yet we know further that he had business transactions which brought him in contact with the law. He was interested in leases, and legal proceedings concerning the theatre. He also had occasion to learn much about law in his own family. It was nothing out of the ordinary for him to employ legal terms, as other writers of his time also used similar terms, and they were not lawyers. Middleton has been cited as using even a larger proportion of law terms than did Shakspere, and yet nobody claims that Middleton was a lawyer. Many examples can be cited. Ben Jonson used a large number of law terms and no one argues from this that Jonson was a lawyer. Judge Allen says, "Chapman in All Fools, published in 1605, surpasses them all as to law terms." If a man in this day were to write a book and use many technical words from the sciences of physics, chemistry and medicine we should not brand him as a chemist, physicist or a physician. So it was in Shakspere's case, because he wrote dramas and used terms that pertained to law we are in no way called on to believe that he was a lawyer by profession. If any one of the plays attributed to Shakspere is claimed to have been written by Bacon because numbers of law terms are in such a play, then Chapman's and Middleton's plays must have been written by some other persons than the authors whose names they bear. When supporters of Bacon claim he is the author of the plays on this ground they make a far-fetched claim and draw an absurd conclusion. 'Though Shakspere,' says Allen, 'refers to many technical names, yet the majority of these names are exceedingly familiar to those who do not know law.' Almost every case of Shakspere's use of legal terms can be matched in the writings of other Elizabethan authors who have used exactly the same words. It is a well known fact that most men at that time were quite familiar with many legal terms. "A few other instances may perhaps be found where a legal allusion by

Shakspere can't be paralleled elsewhere. But they cannot be by any means equal in number or importance to the instances of the use of legal terms and allusions by other writers, to which no parallel is found in Shakspere." And furthermore, competent lawyers have pointed out that many of the legal terms and doctrines used by Shakspere are not correct. So we do not see how the Baconian theory gets any support here.

Not being thoroughly satisfied with this the Baconians say that if Shakspere had written the plays he would have taken more care to preserve them, that Bacon had a reason for not preserving them. To this it may be answered briefly that there is no dramatist on record that wrote during this period who made provision by his will for the publication of his writings after his death. Shakspere showed indifference in regard to the preservation of his works, though this cannot be said of Bacon. As a rule in the seventeenth century little care was taken by dramatic authors to preserve their plays as literature. Very few of the plays then in use in theatres have come down to us, only one out of every fifty. The plays were to people of that time as jokes are to us to-day, people only cared about the play, this was the part that concerned them and not the writer of the play, just as the joke is what we enjoy to hear and we enjoy without inquiring as to who originated it. The plays were written to be acted and not with the purpose of having them printed—as the publication of plays yielded them a small profit.

There are fatal weaknesses in all the arguments yet advanced by the Baconians, and there are positive reasons why Bacon could not have written Shakspere's plays. More is known of the details of Bacon's life than of almost any other man of that time. William Rawley, a man of thirty-eight years of age at Bacon's death, wrote a biography of him in 1657. Rawley was well acquainted with the man, and it certainly seems that if Bacon had written

the plays ascribed to Shakspere, Rawley would have mentioned the fact in his biography, whereas we know as a fact that no mention of the plays whatever has ever been in the least hinted by this biographer, or by any other person who attempted up to 1856 to say anything about Bacon. Certainly some one would have mentioned this fact if there had been any grounds for so doing; some one would have spoken in some place, at some time, about Shakspere not being the real author. The supporters of Bacon accept gladly everything his biographers have said about him, but they say it was through an oversight of theirs that these plays were not placed to his credit.

In all of Bacon's writings which are extant, including his letters, his Promus and his private Note-Book, there not only is no allusion whatever to the plays published as Shakspere's, but he does not even show a familiarity with English poetry, especially dramatic poetry.

If Bacon had written the plays he would have let people know something about it; this fact is demonstrated by the letter he wrote to the Bishop of Lincoln when Bacon was almost at death's door. He said, "I find that the ancients, as Cicero, Demosthenes, Plinius Secundus and others have preserved both their creations and their epistles. In imitation of whom I have done the like to my own, which, nevertheless, I will not publish while I live; but I have been bold to bequeath them to your lordship and Mr. Chancellor of the Duchy. My speeches perhaps you will think fit to publish; however, the letters, many of them, touch too much upon late matters of state to be published, yet I made provisions that they should not be lost." He felt the importance of preserving what he had written—and he took the pains carefully to correct his works in his own handwriting, even to fragments. It seems clear from this fact that if he had written them he would have mentioned the plays somewhere before he died. The following quotation from Drummond, in his notes of Jonson's Con-

versation in 1619, is sufficient proof that Bacon did not write the plays. Drummond's words are, "At his (Jonson's) hither coming Sir Francis Bacon said to him, he loved not to see Poesy go on other feet than poetical Dactylus and Spondæus." It is admitted on all sides that the early verse of Bacon show no signs of the genius of Shakspere.

Bacon was not in a position thoroughly to understand the stage. His life was away from the theatres. He was a Sir, a man of dignity, and did not associate with the actors and dramatists of his age. Spedding, in his biography of Bacon, said, "I doubt whether there are five lines together in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakspere, or five lines in Shakspere which could be mistaken for Bacon, by one who was familiar with the several styles ..... If there were any reasons for supposing that the real author was somebody else, I think I am in a condition to say that, whoever it was, it was not Francis Bacon." Tennyson said, "The way in which Bacon speaks of love would be enough to prove that he was not Shakspere." These sayings appear to us as evidence enough to prove that Bacon did not write the dramas. However, we believe the following few sentences will, beyond the shadow of a doubt, demonstrate the fact that Bacon did not write the plays.

Bacon's name was not mentioned but once by his contemporaries as being a poet. In the year 1598 Richard Bainfield published "Remembrance of Some English Poets," with a warm tribute to Shakspere, but no mention of Bacon. In 1600 John Bodenham, in naming the English poets of that time, names Shakspere, but does not name Bacon. Drayton mentions over twenty English poets, including Shakspere, but not Bacon. There are numbers of other writers who have written books on the poets of these times without any allusion whatever to Francis Bacon.

After having tried to prove that Bacon did not write the plays attributed to Shakspere, it behooves us to show at least some reasons why we place them to the credit of Shakspere.

The author of the plays was familiar with rural life, the middle classes, and the customs of the middle and lower classes. He understood local peculiarities of pronunciation which can be attributed only to Stratford, where they were used. Though we know but little of Shakspere's life, yet we have every reason to believe that these two conditions could be met by him. From childhood till he was twenty years of age he moved among the middle and lower classes of Stratford, his native town, and there first learned the conditions of the poorer classes of people and came in touch with the local peculiarities of his town. Not only do the plays show peculiarities of pronunciation to be found only in the Warwickshire country, but there are various indications that the author had a local acquaintance with Stratford. Elze says, 'The scenery in Midsummer Night's Dream, The Winter's Tale, and As You Like It, corresponds exactly with the scenery in Warwickshire." Shakspere was in a position to understand every peculiarity of the theatre, because we know that he became connected with a theatre in London and soon became an actor. Shakspere had been living in the very atmosphere of the stage and had by due attention familiarized himself with romances, ballads, songs and plays that had been published. He made effective representation on the boards. Nearly all the dramatists of this time were actors. In the plays of Shakspere allusions are made to the theatre. Some one has said very appropriately, "Is it to be taken as more remarkable that Shakspere should know so much Latin and law, or that Bacon should know so much about actors and acting."

Shakspere's sonnets were first printed in 1609. However, some of them were in circulation among his friends in 1598,

and were accepted by his friends and rivals as the works of his own brain and pen. Those people who were jealous of him acknowledged his plays as the words of his own tact and skill, and to be sure would have made no little to do about it if they had been written with a false signature. If they had had any reason whatever to doubt his authorship of the plays they would gladly have taken advantage of such a thing and proclaimed Shakspere a false writer and deceiver of the public.

In conclusion, no better evidence is needed that Shakspere wrote the plays than the fact that every one of his contemporaries acknowledged him as the author of the plays. He produced the plays as his own, they were acted as his in the theatres with which he was connected, and about one-half were published in his life time with his name. He became a man of some wealth from his receipts as actor, manager, and author. And he was recognized and accepted as the author by everybody. Ben Jonson paid a final tribute to him. Another writer at that time said, "Our fellow Shakspere, our associate, this play actor who belongs to our company, writes better plays than any of the University men."

Having all this to show that Shakspere wrote the plays, and in view of the fact that diligent research has been made in vain for indications that Bacon claimed to be the author, or was supposed to be the author by any person who was in the secret or otherwise, we think Baconians will have to bring to light something radically different from what they have thus far produced to prove that Bacon was the author of the plays.

No critic of any standing has ever believed that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakspere; but since the appearance of Judge Allen's book it may be said with absolute confidence, in the words of Sidney Lee, whose Life of Shakspere is now accepted as the standard work on the subject, "The abundance of contemporary evidence attesting Shakspere's

responsibility for the works published under his name gives the Baconian theory no rational right to a hearing; while such authentic examples of Bacon's effort to write verse as survive prove beyond all possibility of contradiction that, great as he was as a prose writer and a philosopher, he was incapable of penning any of the poetry assigned to Shakspere. Defective knowledge and illogical or casuistical argument alone render any other conclusion possible."

EDGEWOOD HALL.

BY E. O. SMITHDEAL.

[CONCLUDED.]

Two weeks later the meeting closed at the village and the three boys returned to the city. Olivia alone remained with Ruth. Things were going pretty much the same way now as they had gone before. The village which for two weeks had experienced such a religious, to say nothing of the commercial progress, had gradually fallen into its usual hum-drum every-day life. The sturdy farmers had taken again to their ploughshares, and the good wives had turned to their household duties.

The little bald-headed postmaster, whose official duties were at this time not very stringent, might have been seen, sitting in front of his office door, with parson Jones, reading last week's newspaper, or discussing whether by right of legitimacy Uncle Tobe Clodfellow should be appointed for the seventeenth time as village magistrate, or some such issue.

This kind of life did not at all please Olivia; she longed to be back in the city, and in about a month Jasper came for her and they returned together to the city. Olivia carried out, or thought she had carried out, the main purpose for which she remained so long at home. She was to be married to Jasper on New Year's, and it was her highest object to persuade Ruth to reject Rupert and become the lover of Stephen Collins, the companion of Jasper and Albert.

Olivia praised the noble qualities of Stephen, doting on his high social standing and prominence in the city as a young man of brilliant prospect. At the same time she underrated Rupert as a fellow whose father was deeply in debt and could never hope to become prominent in the business world nor anywhere else. Ruth, whose nature

was tender, had been falsely informed, and in a way conformed to her sister's wishes. She consented to allow Stephen visit her shortly, though mainly to please the whim of her sister, and never once thought of rejecting Rupert as her only lover.

The autumn passed quietly and the day for Olivia's wedding was near at hand. She was as gay and lovely as an apple blossom plucked in June. She was pleased with everything and everybody, and New Year's day seemed a universal wedding day.

An incident occurred here which was the occasion for more frequent visits to the Chester home.

It will be remembered, in this connection, that Cyrus Walters, the father of Rupert, eager to get into a more progressive and active life, had mortgaged his farm in the country and moved to the city, where he was now engaged in the manufactory of tobacco. For a short time all things went well, and his enterprise seemed so prosperous that he had undertaken to give Rupert a college education. But this period of prosperity was destined to be short-lived. Mr. Walters foresaw the inevitable clash to which he was tending, and a few weeks before the Christmas holiday, wrote to his son telling him the hopeless condition into which he was falling. Rupert was, of course, re-called from his studies in the very beginning of his college course, and thrown out on his own meagre resources to make the most of life as best he could among the many thousands.

The Walters homestead was barely spared to cover the heavy mortgage. Cyrus Walters was declared insolvent. Rupert, being a young man of integrity in whom all had the utmost confidence, was not long in finding an honorable position and salary sufficient to maintain himself and dejected father, now almost heart-broken in his declining days. He was immediately employed as book-keeper in one of the large cotton factories in West End, and was highly respected by the manager as a faithful and untiring worker.

J. F. LILES,

OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Trinity's First Speaker in Trinity-Wake Forest Debate.

Since this occurrence Olivia had pressed her demands on Ruth with an additional emphasis.

"Ruth," said she one evening when the two girls were alone in the great hall, "it will never do for you to continue your connections with Rupert. Just think how utterly absurd it would be for you to go on and finally marry him, an insignificant book-keeper in a cotton mill. One whom your word-monger, Shakespere, would call 'a hedge-born swain,' while I am to be the wife of a prominent merchant's son. Can you think of degrading your family name in this way?"

Ruth gazed at her sister for an instant in silence, then said, "Sister, you are older and should be my adviser, but in this matter I think I should be left alone to exercise my own will and discretion. You are, doubtless, satisfied in your choice of a husband, but your natural bent has guided you into a sphere where I cannot and do not wish to enter. You have your ideals, I have mine. I respect your choice, and beg that you do only as much for mine."

Olivia heard her impatiently, and with a glance of scorn sped with an air of wounded pride from her sister's presence.

New Year's had come and gone, and with it the fickle-minded Olivia thoughtlessly passed from a beautiful world of romance and fancy into a life of a stern reality.

Shortly after this I visited Rupert, remaining with him several days, during which time numerous occasions were presented of seeing Olivia and her associates as they enjoyed fashionable life at the city. Occasionally she might be seen with Jasper strolling along some lovely avenue, her light fantastic step and the playful affection for her husband attracting everywhere universal attention. She gave evening parties, to which came all the most fashionable of the city folk, and which were scenes of the most brilliant and charming social events of the season.

Since the marriage neither Ruth nor Olivia had visited each other.

Olivia had not entirely given up as hopeless the desire that at some future day she might bring to pass in the life of her sister what she considered a most necessary event, namely, her marriage with Stephen Collins. And to this end, Stephen, incited by the dauntless and over-ambitious will of Olivia, determined, at whatever cost, to press his demands to the utmost.

Meanwhile Rupert remained steadily at work in the mill, and had the assurance that neither Olivia nor the fact of his sudden decline in the social world had in the least affected the love of one who was nearest his heart.

One day I accompanied him to his work at the mill, and was surprised to see the high favor and estimation to which he had attained among the employees of the mill. His nature was warm and sympathetic, and the intense interest and fidelity with which he performed every task entrusted to him, had drawn the admiration and respect of the highest officials.

As we were returning home that evening about eleven o'clock (for it was never until this time that his duties at the mill were over), we were compelled to pass through a portion of the city, an outlying district of a very ill-famed and disreputable character. I noticed only a short distance before us a group of shadowy figures conversing together in a low inauditory tone of voice. As we approached nearer I distinguished through the dim light among the group a face which appeared at first familiar, although I was unable at the time to recall it fully to memory.

Rupert told me later that this person was Albert Chester, and the others were Stephen Collins, Jim Moys and others of their associates. I was horror-stricken, to say the least. I scarce believed my eyes. The once manly face, delicate features, and noble figure of Albert Chester,

which four months ago I had admired, had become pallid and dwarfed by heavy dissipation and untempered habits. The glow of his flashing eye had ceased and with it his brilliant intellect and refined genteelness were in a rapid stage of decadence.

Rupert told me that he might be seen here almost any night with these wild companions, and furthermore, that his law practice was little by little ebbing away. How little did his family know of this, and what heart-rending would it cause could they know it!

When we reached Rupert's room, which was an humble one, on the second floor of a large dilapidated building, I was too excited and thoroughly surprised over the recent event to retire immediately. I did not, however, mention the subject further to Rupert, for I saw that his feelings, though often accustomed to such sights, were deeply affected. He mentioned Ruth in a tender and affectionate manner, and I cheered him till a late hour in the night, repeating some little snatches of playful ditties she would hum about the house, and things she had told me of their love.

On the morrow before the great city was astir, I bade Rupert adieu and left for my own home on a kind farmer's wagon, which I was fortunate to find going that way.

During the latter part of February an incident occurred in the city which was the cause of much excitement and sensation. Rupert Walters had been imprisoned for the murder of Jim Moys, a wealthy banker's son. The deed had been committed in that part of the city where we have already seen Albert Chester, Stephen Collins, James Moys and others on a night previous, and seemed to be shrouded by a mystery of which no one had yet come to a definite solution. It was, therefore, an object of unusual interest and of much speculative theory. If the reader would know the exact truth of the matter, the circumstances which attended the deed of the fatal night must needs be cleared of the mysticism which obscures its essential fact.

Late on a Saturday night when Rupert was returning from the mill through the locality already mentioned, he heard issuing from a near-by house boisterous language and loud, bitter curses. He was in the act of passing when the report of a pistol resounded within, followed by wild, frantic screams and ejaculative threats of a drunken brawl. He ascended the steps, forced open the door, and as he entered a scene most diabolical met his astonished gaze. On the floor in his expiring agonies lay Jim Moys, the victim of the horrible night. His eyes at once scanned the situation. Stooping over the dying man was the drunken figure of Stephen Collins. Facing him with tiger-like eyes stood Albert Chester, the perpetrator of the horrible deed.

"Touch me not, Rupert, I'm a miserable man," howled Albert in his wretchedness, and in another instant discharged the fatal weapon at Rupert, struggling to disarm him. But Rupert's efforts were in vain. The bullet passed through his left arm in its wreckless whiz, with paralyzing effect. A few moments later two policemen, summoned by the pistol's fire, entered and demanded immediate explanation.

Rupert, who had been over-awed, and half stunned by the effect of the shot, gazed wildly on the officers.

Stephen pointed to the corpse, exclaiming, "Rupert Walters has murdered Jim Moys. See, there is his pistol."

Without further preliminary explanations, Rupert was securely bound and rudely tumbled into the patrol wagon which awaited them at the door. One of the officers accompanied Rupert to jail while the other remained to remove the corpse to Mr. Moys' home.

"Such as you should be handled with care," said the person of the uniform as he ruthlessly drug Rupert over the rough pavement to the jail; "if ye wish tanglefoot rye durin' the night, jist ring the porter."

Poor Rupert was too unconscious to hear these savage words.

It was now near two o'clock, and his arm, yet undressed, began to throb with a writhing pain. Gradually he recovered consciousness and at dawn found himself in a dank dungeon, for, alas, he was in the murderer's cell.

At about nine the jailer came up with his breakfast, which he offered Rupert as if he had been a pig, and with a gruff, "Have you got off your drunk yit," bolted the door and was gone.

All day a fierce struggle raged in the breast of Rupert. He was engaged in a deep study, and his mind lingered on the happening of the preceding night. His was a contest in which were brought to play all the forces which his swaying energies could recuperate. On the one side was arrayed the virtuous Ruth, his wife to be, whose character must surely weaken with that of her incestuous brother, in case he makes known the true criminal and his accomplice. If he remains where he is, Albert will make his escape, and the character of the Chester family will remain uninjured. But on the other hand, he, an innocent man, has imperiled his life, his honor, his all to save the character of his love. Friends lost, respect lost, all lost but the love of one, who, too, may prove unfaithful in so trying an hour. But again the battle rages. He is only an insignificant youth, who could never expect much of life, at best, why not sacrifice it to the one whose life he loves better than his own. The victory is won, love is conqueror.

This sudden intelligence was rapidly flashed through the horror-stricken city, and fell like a clap of thunder, with stunning effect on the family and friends of Rupert. Diverse opinions were exchanged in regard to the affair; several of the non-interested, of the more tattling kind, who confidentially told all they knew and frequently more, noised it through the town that Rupert had been seen at different occasions loitering around the afore-mentioned locality, and was suspected of having made certain clandes-

tine visits thither. Certain ones also expressed opinions to the effect that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, whose baseness was all the more contemptible because shielded by a face of piety.

Albert had made good his escape, while Jasper Newman kept himself rather close, for the time being, awaiting the final course of affairs. Finally after having secretly testified to everything necessary in confirming his former statement, he felt himself rather foot loose till after the trial at any rate. His most perplexing question was, how was he, a witness, to clear his skirts of having anything whatsoever to do with the affair. This he settled by stating that he was merely a peace-maker, who happened accidentally passing that way at the time of the affray, and was attracted thither by report of the arms, in the hope of restoring order. This piece of invention, contrived with such a degree of perfection, worked admirably well, and would evidently, unless the whole complot were revealed, confirm his declarations. Indeed it seemed to be in such harmony and perfect accord with other evidence that it was generally accepted by all as the true explanation.

In the meanwhile, Olivia, ignorant of the truth, only reminded her sister of the conversation which had occurred between them in the early fall. Ruth, however, was frank to confess her mistake, and that she had been miserably fooled in her opinion of Rupert Walters. She was, therefore, willing to follow more closely her sister's instruction, and, although contrary to her own wish, accept the choice of Olivia in regard to a future suitor.

Hence all obstacles which formerly seemed impregnable, had suddenly, as if by enchantment, vanished at one stroke. The way was now clear for Stephen; he was entering a sea of smooth sailing; and afar off appeared the lovely isle of the enchanting Siren.

Albert had taken leave for an extended visit among the Rockies, and intended, unless health was restored earlier, to remain there for a year or more.

I did not visit Edgewood Hall as frequently now as had been my custom. I had been most wretchedly thrown out of joint with the times, and might appropriately say, with Aunt Samantha Green, "I feel outen my place" wherever I found myself.

My opinion with regard to the mysterious occurrence was by no means definite; there seemed to be something lying back of it all which I did not quite understand, but, from the nature of things, suspected what was afterwards found to be the real truth. However, I remained silent on the matter.

It was after considerable effort and patience on my part that I succeeded in having any kind of intercourse with the prisoner; and was then attended with such publicity that all attempts to question the matter further, and satisfy myself as to the truth, were futile.

Some inquiries were made by Rupert in regard to Ruth, the answering of which I evaded by professing ignorance. For it was hard to tell Rupert that the girl who was ever utmost in his heart had enthroned in his stead one whom above all else he so much abhored. This, nevertheless, was the case, and if the truth were known, one might have seen Ruth lightly flitting about Edgewood Hall, directing with her womanly care the necessary arrangements to celebrate the forthcoming nuptials. It had been Stephen's purpose to celebrate, if possible, the wedding before the trial of Rupert, but as nothing seemed urgent in the Chester family, and as Stephen could give no satisfactory reasons, the marriage was delayed until all things were entirely ready.

Meanwhile, Rupert's trial was at hand. All excitement and surmises in regard to its mystery had subsided, and that Rupert bore the true guilt was received with universal acceptance.

Mr. Chester, as one of the jurors, had been accompanied to the court room by Ruth, and Olivia also, who had been drawn thither through a matter of mere curiosity.

Stephen, as a witness, had testified as far as he knew about the matter, sufficiently to convict and condemn, as the inevitable murderer, Rupert Walters, the prisoner before the bar. Other evidence had been introduced which seemed bearing in any way, directly or indirectly, on the case in progress. The last witness had just been dismissed, and a general stir ran through the room, listeners erected themselves from their cramped positions, when a man was seen elbowing his way through the crowded aisle toward the front. His person was rather tall and slender. His face looked haggard and care-worn, and showed him to be a man of about thirty. He moved through the throng with an air of defiance and determination, and as he neared the inclosure I recognized the personage of Albert Chester. I could not be mistaken; this was the rugged, pallid face that I had seen in the dim light only a few months ago, and it was this same pale visage, if anything more ghastly. He approached near the bench, and as he halted before the Judge all eyes were turned toward him. Although his physical manhood was shrivelled and palsied, his bearing was free and unfaltering. His face had a determined look and was fixed. His eyes flashed and their fierceness seemed to interpret some deep mystery. The look of tragedy sat upon his forehead. He glanced for an instant at the prisoner, and in a clear, stern voice, said, "Your Honor, may I be allowed a word in behalf of the prisoner?" Having received an answer in the affirmative, he proceeded: "I have banished everything from myself that should constitute a true man. One thing I am unable to forget, the thought of at one time being pure and innocent. The thoughts of my sainted mother, and the unbearable compunctions of a dust-trodden conscience have directed me here to-day. Like a fleeing dog I have roamed the earth

shunning the bar of justice. And to me this life is worse than any could be in hell. Whatever it is I suffer the penalty, for I declare that before you now stands the murderer of James Moys, and yonder," pointing to Stephen, "is my accomplice."

Through the court there rose a murmur from the horror-stricken multitude. The truth was at last known. Ruth embraced her brother, and pressing her tender heart against his bosom, with her arms entwined about his neck, kissed his pale cheeks tenderly and remained long sobbing. The trial was for the time suspended. When the brother and sister were at last torn asunder, Ruth gently moved toward Rupert, and with her hand resting lightly on his arm, said in a trembling voice, "Rupert, will you ever forgive me while I live?"

"My dear girl," responded Rupert, "you have done nothing to be forgiven," and as the evening fell, passed from the court room and out of the city with his face toward the lowly estate of his wretched father.

Three months had now passed and it was October again. The trees were gay in plumage, and the corn lay piled in long wind rows in the field. To-day I visit Edgewood Hall, but this time with the lovely Rose lightly tripping by my side. We are going to spend the day with Rupert and Ruth, in compliance with an invitation from Ruth herself, to which was appended in her dainty hand, "Come, the day is ours, we four and no more." As we entered the library, Ruth and Rupert were seated together in a corner, and methought I observed, as I espied the happy lovers, "the sun of sweet content re-risen" on their blushing faces.

THE ACTS OF THE TRINITITES IN THE DAYS OF KILGOTHEGREAT.

(MS Found Among the Ruins of S. C. Dispensary System.)

¶ 1. Now it came to pass in the fourth year of his reign, that a rumor was brought to the king of the Country of the Tarheelites that great discord had arisen between the tribes of the Trinititites and the Wakeforestites concerning the dispensation of the "fire-water."

2. When the King heard these tidings he was sorely troubled and calling a messenger unto him, he commanded him, saying—"Go ye unto the tribes and bid them each send unto me their three bravest soldiers, so that I and my people may decide which is right. Let them engage in battle and unto the bravest and strongest will I give a a silver cup—

3. And on the day appointed by the King the chosen ones assembled themselves together with a train of their followers—

4. And there were three captains from each tribe—

5. From the tribe of the Trinititites came one captain of the house of the Columbians and two from the house of the Hesperians—And likewise from the tribes of the Wakeforestites came their three mightiest captains—

¶ 6. And it came to pass on the evening of the twenty-ninth day of the month call Nov

7. That they all ascended into the council chamber, and when they were all assembled the King rose up and spake, saying—

8. Behold, the time is at hand that ye shall do battle—Gird up your loins, and fightlikell, and unto the strongest will I give a cup of pure silver—Thus have I said, and verily thus will I do—Selah!

9. But when the Wakeforestites saw the Trinititites, their knees smote together and they were sore afraid and they said—

10. Our chance is like unto a snowball's chance in Pluto's hands. Wehadbettergetamoveonus, which means the Trinitites are hot stuff—

CHAPTER II.

1. And straightway with one accord they fell upon each other and great was the fall thereof—

2. And the children of the Trinitites took with them a band called Roo Ters who lifted up their voices and shouted with a great shout to cheer the hearts of their warriors—

3. And the noises they made were like the rushing of many waters—

4. And the Wakeforestites did likewise, but they were mere sounding brass: a tinkling cymbal—Selah!

¶ 5. And the warriors of both tribes came together about the eighth hour of the afternoon and began to fight—

6. And the Wakeforestites fell before the first charge of the Trinitites—verily they went down like the grass before the mower's sickle—

7. For the wrath of the Trinitites was great—like unto the stored up waters of a mighty river—

8. And it came to pass that when they had made an end of fighting one from the warriors of the Trinitites opened his mouth and said—

9. O, King, live forever—Thou hast seen a fair fight and wilt judge justly concerning the victory.

10. Never, O King was such brass. Did the Wakeforestites think they could rise up against us and not be whitewashed? Verily—all gall is divided into three parts —Behold O King, the three parts in the form of the Wakeforestites prostrate at my feet, and judge accordingly—

11. And he spake thusly—

CHAPTER III.

1. Then with a blast of trumpets and amid the acclamations of the band of Roo Ters, the King rose up spake, saying—

2. Behold, how art the mighty oaks of Wakeforest fallen! But surely they were freshasell in their audacity—

3. The Trinitites have fought a good fight and the Wakeforestites have been scientifically whopped—

4. Therefore unto the Trinitites do I give the Cup—Selah!

¶ 5. Then shrieks of joy rose up from the Roo Ters, and the Wakeforestites cussed a mighty cuss saying—

6. Wedontgiveadarn—which interpreted means—the grapes are sour—

7. And then at the eleventh hour amid weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, they passed into outer darkness.

¶ 8. And the Trinitites returned unto their own land, the warriors and Roo Ters and a band of Trinitite maidens, singing songs of joy and Thanksgiving—

9. And unto a Joounyour was given the task of recording these things and so, it is done—Selah!

"02."

A SONG.

(Tenth Anniversary of 9019.)

Some years ago, one moon-lit night,
While silence reigned supreme,
And e'en the owls had ceased to hoot,
And given up to dream,
Some certain lads in conclave hidden,
With hearts both brave and true,
Contrived the subject of the lines
That I now read to you.

'Twas in the good old Randolphshire,
Where Craven wrought so well,
A hero worthy of more praise
Than human lips can tell,—
'Twas in this shire, those valiant lads
Concocted all the scheme,
That even endures until this day
And constitutes my theme.

Tho' it was night, those selfsame lads
Were not on mischief bent,
No purpose filled their honest hearts
Like evil men invent.
Their young souls throbbed with buoyant hope,
An earnest, strong desire—
A feeling fit to lift men up
And noble deeds inspire.

They loved their State, its worthy fame
Was dear unto them all,
They knew how Carolinians fight
And answer duty's call.
They knew all this, but still they heard
A cry from all the land
For other volunteers to come
And in the fore front stand.

To stand and strive in civic strife
For justice, truth and right,
For all that brings enlightenment,
And routs the hosts of night;
And hearing this those youths did long
To do some noble thing,
That through the years would aid this cause
And helpful influence bring.

They loved their alma mater, too,
Which under Crowell's care
Was pulsing with a newborn hope
And caught new visions rare.
The youths looked forward to a time
When Trinity should stand,
The peer of any of her kind
In all our Southern land.

To lend their strength unto this end
They thought a noble cause—
Nobler than seeking with the crowd
For guerdon or applause.
They thought to strike the hand and pledge
Each faithful honest heart
To give staunch aid unto this work
And bear a manly part.

They loved all men and wished to be
So pure in heart and deed,
That they might be a help to all
Nor any man impede.
One life they longed to learn to live
And follow day by day,
The life we call the Light, the Truth,
The safe and narrow Way.

So on that night while moon was high
And owls had ceased to sing,

Those youths contrived with solemn oath
To do this very thing.
To form a royal brotherhood
Of loyal hearts and strong,
To fight in battle for the good
Against the hosts of wrong.

It bears a most mysterious name,
Tradition claims its part,
Some cherished secrets that I wish
I could to you impart.
But these are ours, you'll not desire
To know them every one,
Enough to know we espouse that cause
By noble youths begun.

You're only glad that we are pledged
To Carolina's weal,
For you've the love that one and all
The patriots true must feel.
And you in heart will rally round
And lend a helping hand,
In lifting Trinity to be
The leader in our land.

Leader in all those virtues fair
That make the rounded man;
Courageous she to stand for truth,
To execute her plan.—
To lift herself above the crowd
That seeks for sordid gain,
And call the tardy hosts to come
Up to her noble plain.

Ah! great old College, well we know
The battle now is on,
That fierce the fight will surely be
Before the crown is won.

But won 'twill be, the truth will rise,
While error dies in pain,
Falsehood can never 'twart thy strength
Nor touch thee with a stain.

Craven's dead and Crowell's gone,
But one now leads the van,
Who falters not, let jealous foes
Try every dart they can.
The tocsin sounds, the slogans roll,
The standard high is raised;
Let scorners scoff, the fight will on
Till light and truth be praised.

I'd finish here did I not know
A thought some would express,
"Your *aim* is *high*, your *lives below*,
The purpose you express."
The charge is true, we know we fall
Too far below our mark,
But listen, now I'll hint the cause
Nor leave you in the dark.

If fault be found in our lives,
If aught untrue there be,
Remember this, no man can claim,
Infallibility.
If fault be found in our lives,
And fault there is, I ween,
'Tis not because we wear the badge
Of 9019.

Just one word more, there is an oath,
Enjoined on every man,
To search him out a princess fair
And *marry*, if he can.

—J. F. BIVINS.

W. H. WANNAMAKER,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Trinity's Second Speaker in Trinity-Wake Forest Debate.

OUR SILVER ANNIVERSARY.*

BY DR. EDWIN MIMS.

There has been but one feeling in my soul during these glad days—a feeling of unbounded joy in the continued growth and prosperity of Vanderbilt University. I doubt if we as alumni have realized the extent to which our Alma Mater has impressed itself on the educational work of the South and has become an influence in the life of the Southern people.

I do not intend at this time to repeat the story so well set forth by Chancellor Kirkland this morning; only to call attention once more to the significant efforts that have been made by this institution to correlate all the parts of our educational system—universities, colleges and schools—and to introduce high standards of work and inculcate the best ideal of education. In the abolition of the preparatory department, in the elevation of the requirements of admission, in the maintenance of modern courses of study, Vanderbilt has made history. Other institutions have since adopted some, or all, of these features, but it must be said, as President Hadley said this morning, that Vanderbilt has led in the educational development of the New South. It has done just these things that needed to be done; it has had a large endowment, a scholarly faculty, large equipment, but it would have failed in its mission if it had not brought the institution in line with the educational tendencies for the past quarter of a century—in a word, if it had not followed the leadership of men like President Eliot, of Harvard, who have almost reconstructed our educational system.

All this may be well known to you, but it is not always realized that just such educational reform is not a technical

*An address delivered at the Banquet given at Vanderbilt University in connection with the 25th anniversary exercises.

matter merely; it has an influence in the life of our people. We wonder frequently why so much is made of the seemingly mechanical side of education, forgetting that the spirit generated in one department of activity is soon felt in others. The students and alumni of this institution have caught the spirit of progress, of a reasonable progress in all spheres of life and thought. When Dr. Charles Foster Smith wrote his article on Honorary Degrees he sounded a note of warning against all shams, whether in politics or religion. When Dr. W. M. Baskervill, whose name we mention with reverence on this occasion, wrote his article on Southern Literature, stating that there was not much valuable literature in the ante-bellum South and giving reasons therefor, he was laying the basis for a criticism of life as well as of literature. When Chancellor Kirkland made his memorable speech in Memphis a year ago he was appealing for a higher standard of thinking and of living. Every department that has been improved, every course of study that has been elevated, every secondary school that has been started as the result of a high educational policy, every attempt to get hold of the best that has been thought and said on every subject, has furnished inspiration for higher and better work. A certain way of doing things, of bringing things to pass, may be detected in those who have fully caught the spirit of our University.

All this is but to say that Vanderbilt University is of the New South, or, as Mr. Page would prefer to say, "the old South with energies in new directions." Several notable movements may be said to date from about the year 1875 and later. There has been a widespread industrial development, that promises much for the future; for, while we look upon the commercial spirit as antagonistic to many of the finer things of life, commercial prosperity is an indispensable ally of all progress in the things that are more excellent. We have had also what may be said

to be a renaissance in letters, when such men as Lanier, Harris, Page and Allen have spoken in terms of art of that which is most interesting in Southern life. And there has been an educational awakening—common schools, high schools, colleges and universities have felt the quickening of a new life.

But all this progress has been, and is being, accomplished in the face of very great obstacles. You will pardon me if I speak somewhat freely, and yet frankly, of some things that have hindered the right kind of progress in the Southern States. Any institution that stands for what is best in modern life and thought, any movement that breaks away from the past, is sure to meet with certain wrong ideas and ways of thinking.

In the first place, the South has suffered from extreme conservatism. As opposed to radical and destructive spirit, one should choose an extreme conservatism every time, but that is not the alternative presented. The conflict is often between a blind following of the past and a progressive spirit that builds upon the past a finer and nobler structure. The friends of true progress are those who reckon with the past, but are also stirred by new and diviner impulses. If there is any one thing true, it is that through the ages one increasing purpose runs and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

This conservative spirit in the South manifests itself in many ways, and especially in religion and politics. When shall we learn to make the distinction between a man like Huxley, who speaks with every authority on science, but with no authority on religion, and a man like Romanes, who speaks with authority on both? To accept the results of modern science and modern criticism one does not have to go to those whom much learning has made mad and dogmatic, but to those who have a genius for seeing all modern progress in the light of the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. We need to do our religious think-

ing in the nineteenth century and not in any preceding century. I was rejoiced to hear the wise words of Bishop Hendrix on Sunday; they seemed to strike a new note, calling for a better appreciation of modern thought, and at the same time for greater spiritual power.

We can never expect to be a free people until we vote as we think. There is no worse tyranny than the tyranny of party. There is an imperative demand that we have independent voters who will dare to think, and having thought, to act. It may be necessary, in view of the perplexing negro problem, to make a distinction between local and national politics, but the independent voter will do this. There is no reason why, when issues are constantly changing, the South should remain solid in national elections. I am speaking not as a Democrat or a Republican, but as a mugwump, and I rejoice that I belong to the party of Curtis and Lowell, Carl Schurz and Seth Low, Hadley and Eliot, and men in all parts of the South to-day—editors, business men, preachers and educators—who are daring to use thought in the high and noble work of voting. The late William L. Wilson should be a lasting inspiration to all Southern men to be thoughtful and free.

Another obstacle in the way of progress is a tendency towards provincialism. We have cultivated too much the habit of thinking more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. A spirit of boastfulness is often a great enemy to progress.

We have had a great history; there are some things in Southern civilization that cannot be equalled by any other section of the world, but we have our defects; we are lamentably behind the world in many things. We need to lay the emphasis at times not on what we are or have been, but what we are not and ought to be. We should see ourselves in the light of the best there is in the world to-day and has been in the past, and then we shall not make such exaggerated statements of many phases of our

development. We shall not in twenty-five years reproduce the magnificent institutions of learing in the North, nor Kopley Square, Boston, within a generation. In public libraries, art galleries, music halls, museums, well-endowed institutions of learning, publishing houses, centers of culture, we are behind the civilized world.

In a word, we need to ask ourselves "uncomfortable questions" sometimes. We are not always able to take criticism as men ought to. The truest friend of the South to-day is the man who is trying to see things as they are and to establish things as they ought to be. Unfortunately we pay too much attention to the criticisms of the Northern press, much of which is unsympathetic and ignorant. We cannot afford to have our vision blurred or our insight impaired by too much attention to the criticism of men who do not represent the sentiment of the Northern people. If lynching is wrong, it is wrong regardless of what the Northern press may say to arouse our anger, and to establish us in our old way of thinking. We must work out our own salvation regardless of the provoking remarks of other people.

We have not paid enongh attention to the criticism of our own thoughtful men. We have said that Southern men who were writing with insight and discrimination on Southern problems were trying to be "smart," to catch the ear of the North, to overthrow the institutions and ideas that time has allowed. We are wise if we listen to the men in all professions who are tryiny to lead us in the paths of truth.

I have spoken somewhat at length on what seems to be not in accord with my subject. I trust that you will see the connection. Vanderbilt University has had to contend with all these obstacles. It has encouraged a new spirit. It has not been radical, but wisely conservative. Its alumni, as a rule, are independent in their thinking, broad in their conception of things, and filled with the spirit of

the future. All the weight of this institution has been thrown against provincialism and narrowness; it has inculcated the spirit of freedom in all things, and in its whole history is revealed the willingness to accept the best and wisest criticism.

I believe that the future of this institution, as of the entire South, is a brilliant one. It will be a privilege to live in this section during the next quarter of a century. Never was there a better opportunity for men of patience and industry, of sane judgment and broad culture, men who have sympathy with their fellow-men, and a vital faith in God. The gratifying growth for the past quarter of a century is but the earnest of progress such as we have little dreamed of.

> Bliss is it in this dawn to be alive,
> To be young is very heaven.

"RECESSIONAL—'NOTHER KIND."

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The speakers and the hosts depart—
Still stands the Commerce Chamber prize,
The Cup—a masterpiece of Art—
That Cup, Wake Forest, 's with us yet,
Now you just bet—now you just bet.

Wake Forest's men are cooling down—
You know those men were roaring hot—
Oh, Lord! they let the swear words come
When they forgot—when they forgot.
'Twas awful when they swore, but yet,
We have the Cup they didn't get.

Good-bye, Wake Forest, here's the fist
We pass to every worthy foe.
The reason why your speakers missed—
We were too quick—they were not slow—
That 'twas so easy—we regret—
But pardon! that's not etiquette.

Take in your colors—pack the Cup—
'Twas all most admirably done—
But, dear Wake Forest, don't give up,
We're always ready for such fun.
The Cup, you know, is right here yet,
Now *don't* forget—*please*—don't forget.

D. D. PEELE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

As one pauses on the brink of the nineteenth century and glances backward at the fruits of the ingenuity of man during the last one hundred years, there comes to him a sense of gratification. The progress along all lines has been phenomenal. It has been a century of thought and action, and wherever these two qualities are combined the results are always great. Literature has made itself felt more than ever before. The author and the citizen have been brought nearer together; books are made to apply to the practical thought and action of the great body of citizens. No longer is the literary man considered a dreamer, nor is the man at his desk and the man going in and out among his fellow men two separate and distinct characters. Literary work has become practical, and practical thinking men are making literature. And the forces that have directed the course of the past century are those set in motion by such men. It is largely through the magazine, which in all its forms is a product of the nineteenth century, that these influences have been able to reach the great masses of people and keep them in touch with the leading ideas of their day.

The influence of books on the past century is so great that one can almost trace any modern development to some book which originated and directed its course. In a recent number of the *Outlook* is given six selections of ten books each made by six different prominent men of letters in America, the

selections being what in the mind of each is the ten books that have influenced the century most. And along whatever lines there has been phenomenal progress there can be seen in these selections the book that has given an impetus to the work. The great broadening tendency in the world of science finds its exponent in Darwin's Origin of the Species, which has a place in each selection. In philosophy we find Hegel the controlling spirit, giving an impetus to a course that has developed into the great philosophical system of to-day. The great democratic movement has been led by men like Bryce and Tocqueville, while Karl Max, Comte and Mills have dealt with political questions, and such men as Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning have saved literature, in its stricter sense, from the narrow ideals of the past. The greatness of the influence this small group of men had on the thought and development of the nineteenth century will never be known.

If we look at the past with some gratification what must be our thoughts as we turn to the future? It is the ideal life that strives to make each day mean more to it than the previous one; it would be an ideal world where one generation or century strives to make greater progress than the preceding. That is what the twentieth century proposes and men are wanted at the front to take the places once occupied by the great moulders of thought in the last hundred years. If the next century can build on the present with results proportional to those of the nineteenth, working with the condition of affairs in 1800 as a basis, it is difficult to conceive of what will be the status of the world at the opening of the twenty-first century.

The man who hopes for development along any line, only expects it as the result of earnest effort, which carries with it the idea of hard struggle. The athlete subjects himself to the most severe taxation of every muscle for years, in order that he may eventually stand before the public as a noble specimen of physical manhood. The man of an intellectual

bent shuts himself up in his library and delves among his books till his mind becomes dizzy with overwork; and after years of toil and weariness he is able to take a position among the leading thinkers of the day. Neither can the business man hope to manipulate great enterprises until he has served his apprenticeship, going in and out among men, having his interests to clash with theirs, learning how to bring things to pass in the real strife that is always on in the business world. And the man who is free from all struggle is likely to remain a weakling no matter what line of business he may follow.

If this is true of the individual it is even more applicable to a corporation or body of men united for a common purpose. If best results are to be obtained here it is a prime necessity that every one interested be bound together in the closest union. This union, as well as the development noticed in the case of the individual, results directly from conflicts with the outside world. It was this idea that caused so many of our statesmen to hail the Spanish war as a force that would strengthen the bonds that bind the North and the South together. These conflicts must come to all progressive corporations. The individual never did attempt anything out of the commonplace that did not meet with obstacles, neither can a corporation or body of men hope to. But when these conflicts come, as long as the individuals are bound closer together by them, the result is always beneficial. And that institution, whether its object be political, commercial or educational, which does not launch far enough into the untried, to bring upon itself some strife, at least, can never hope to attain its highest possibilities; while on the other hand there is no better sign of life and growth than the struggle an institution is forced to engage in.

Trinity is one of the youngest institutions of any prominence in the South, and from her infancy she has been engaged in a severe strife with obstacles that have come in the way of her progressive tendency. In each of these struggles she has fallen back upon the love of her friends and

has found support there. They in turn have been bound closer together and strengthened to push their college to higher stages of progress until to-day, notwithstanding her short period of existence, Trinity stands in the forefront of Southern colleges. And as she looks out on the future, with high ideals set before her, she fully realizes that her success in the past has been due to those who were willing to lay aside their private interests and rally to her support in time of trouble, contributing their time, thought and possessions to her interests, and it is through such men as these and her other warm friends throughout the country that she hopes to attain her present ideals.

It is a source of great pleasure to THE ARCHIVE to present to its readers cuts of Trinity's three speakers who met successfully the representatives of our sister college in an intercollegiate debate held in Raleigh on Thanksgiving evening.

HON. F. M. SIMMONS.

THE ARCHIVE takes pardonable pride in pointing to the Alumni of Trinity who achieve success in life, and it is with peculiar pleasure that we congratulate the Hon. F. M. Simmons on the honor which has come to him in his election to the United States Senate. Mr. Simmons was born in Jones county, and was prepared for college by Prof. Joseph Kinsey, a Trinity man, now Principal of Wilson Female Academy, who was then teaching in Jones county.

Mr. Simmons graduated at Trinity in 1873. While in college he was an excellent student. The records of the college show that his standing as a student was very high. His associates in college say that while a student he exhibited those elements of leadership which have since been a marked factor in his political career. After graduation Mr. Simmons returned to his father's farm in his native county and began

the study of law. Before he was twenty-one years of age he received his license from the Supreme Court to practice law. He remained in Jones county for about two years engaged in the practice of his profession, and then he moved to New Bern, where he formed a co-partnership with the late Judge M. E. Manly and his son Clement Manly, now of Winston. After the death of Judge Manly, Mr. Simmons and Mr. Clement Manly were partners for a number of years. In 1886 Mr. Simmons was nominated by the Democratic party for Congress in the Second district, which had a Republican majority of about sixty-five hundred. There were two opposing candidates, both negroes, and the vote of the Republican party being divided, Mr. Simmons was elected. During his term in Congress he exhibited great ability. He made a number of speeches which showed his powers as a speaker. The most important speech he made was one in support of the Mills Tariff bill. Though serving his first term in Congress he secured special appropriations for his District amounting to over two hundred thousand dollars. It was during his term of office that the appropriation for the Public Building in New Bern was secured. At the close of the first term he was renominated, but was defeated by a small majority. The Alliance had in the meantime become very strong in the State and at the next Congressional convention he refused to sign the demands of that organization, and was in consequence defeated for the nomination.

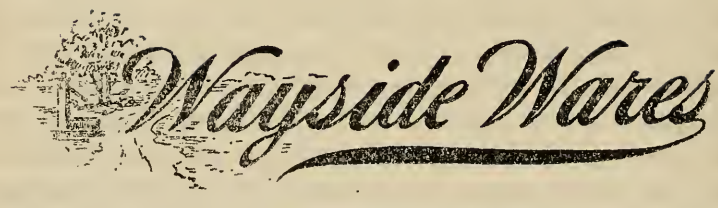
Mr. Simmons was Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of the State during the campaign of 1892, and exhibited wonderful ability as the leader of his party. In 1893 he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Eastern District of North Carolina. He served in this position for four years, and then resumed the practice of law as a member of the firm of Simmons, Pou & Ward.

In the campaign of 1892 the Populist party first began to show its strength in politics in the State, and the ability which Mr. Simmons showed in conducting this memorable

campaign made his party look to him to lead it in the campaign of 1898, and consequently he was re-elected Chairman of the State Executive Committee. He was re-elected in 1900. The history of these campaigns is well known to all who have followed the political life of the State. One thing was clearly demonstrated and that was the fact that Mr. Simmons was one of the greatest political leaders the State had ever known. He possessed all those elements that inspire men to action. He is always calm and apparently undisturbed in the most exciting campaigns. He never "loses his head." He is a man to inspire other men, and those who love and admire him most are those who know him best. In the heat of political campaigns, feeling runs high and reckless charges are made, but THE ARCHIVE is glad to say that no charge reflecting on his private or public character has ever been authenticated. His record is an open book. Because of these things we are glad that the State has honored him.

In all the positions of honor and trust which he has occupied, he has exhibited marked ability and fidelity to duty, and as he represents the interests of the people in the Councils of the Nation we believe that he will be actuated by nothing but the highest motives.

Mr. Simmons is an honored member of the Board of Trustees, having been elected by the Alumni Association. He has always taken a great interest in his Alma Mater, and THE ARCHIVE rejoices in the new honors which have come to him, believing he will wear them worthily.



"W'y, ha'o, Jim, glad ter see you. Wha's you erstayin' now?"

"Wal, jes' now I's erputt'n' up at de collidge up heah. But I reckon I'll ha'ter leab dar purty soon. I's jes' ergwine down town now ter git er bag o' goobers, an' don't wan' ter be boddered as I'm in er sorter hurry.

"But hol'on an' tel me w'at you's erdoin' at de collidge."

"Wal, ef yer mus' be allus ermeddlin' wid udder folks's biziness, set down on dis heah box an' I'll tell yer all erbout it. Heah's a piece er plank you c'n be er cuttin' on, ef you'll jes' gi' me a chaw terbacker now. Wal, "Jim went on putting the quid into his oral aperture," yer see I wuz jes' ergwine ter pass 'roun' ter see how things wuz ergwine on up dar, but whin I got dar I foun' eberything done an' gone ter de smash Not ter wurry you wid too many o' de 'ticklers, dat Arkhive is all out o' shape dis yeah. Dey's got a perkulyer kind o' Edeater dat's got er lot o' perkulyer kind o' idys, dat nobody don't 'gree wid 'cep' 'im. Now, fer inkstans, he don't b'liebe dat nobody cain't write no Wayside Wares wu'f er shuck, an' 'cause he cain't git good uns he won't ha' none. Wal, now yer know dat's a berry, berry sejous mistake. Wal, I jes' wint eround ter 'is orfice, er room, fer dat's all it is, an' gi' 'im er piece o' my min'. He said he'd try 'em fer de next senchury ef I'd kinder look arter it fer 'im, an' ef dey won't no good arter dat he'd shet 'em out foreber. I cain't tell what'll 'appen now as I's ergwine ter leab dis part o' de worl'.

"W'at fer?"

"Wal, it's dis erway. As I said, I spected dey'd need me ter look arter de collidge, but now I's pershuaded dey don't. You see dey's got er Statististical Ordah up dar w'at nobody did'n' know w'at it wuz ertryin' ter do till it had er publick meetin' jes' 'fo' Chris'mas. Wal I'uz dar, er right rank strangeah, don't yer know. I hyeard de big bell erringin' an' went de way I seed de udder peoples ergwine. I come ter er big room, but dey wan't nobody inside yit. Dey wuz two funny looking' fellers er standin' at de doo' wid de funniest garmints on I eber did see. Dey had long tails w'at made de fellers look lack dese grass'oppers w'at yer see erwalkin' erbout in Barker's almynick. Wal, I went in an' sot down, bein' er strangeah as I tol' yer, an' I reckin I stayed dar two hours er mo' afo' ennybody come in 'cep' er few fellers w'at sot down on de back banches. Dat showed deir sinse. I allus saw fo'ks take de frunt banches w'en dey come fust, but dese did'n'. But arter de two hours wuz up I hyeard er rustlin' an' tu'ned ter look, and w'at yer reckin I seed. Dere come er whole lot o' dem fellers in dem grass-'opper-tail coats, an' 'mos' ebery one o' em had 'im er gal. An' dem gals, how dey wuz dressed whar dey purtended ter be dressed ertall, but deir ahms an' shou'ders wuz jes' as necked as dey come inter dis wo'l'. Wal, dis crowd had hoss sinse, fer dey come right up an' tuck de fus' banches. But de feller w'at come erhead, he sho' got in de mush. He wuz ergwine ter show 'is perliteness, yer know an' wait fer 'em all ter set down fus'. Wal, dar he stood till all de tudder ones sot down by deir gals, an' w'at yer reckin, dey wan't narry gal lef' fer 'im, so he had ter take 'is grass'opper-tail coat an' wa'k back out. I jes' lack ter larfed right out."

"But how erbout dem gals' interrupted Pete, "wan't dat night purty col' ".

"Col'! I shou'd think, col' as blazes, but w'at o' dat? Ef de gals did git sick, aint Du'ham full o' doctahs. Wal, I jes' gazed at dem gals, fer dey wuz purty, till one o' dem grass-'opper fellers jumped up an' begun ter spout figgers lack a

true membah o' de Statististical Ordah. Yer know I allus wuz pore at figgers, so I jes' looked out o' der winder. But I mus' hurry on, I see you's jes' erbout finist dat stick an' my terbacker is erbout all chawed up. Wal de nex' man ter git up wuz one dey called Mistah Basket, er some'n' lack dat. He wo' one o' dem same kind er coats. He tried to make out he wern't ole but dat 'ead it tol' on 'im. Sum figgers inju'd de fus' paht o' 'is speech, but de las' paht, whar he tol' erbout de pu'poses o' de Ordah wuz sartinly fine. Dey's ergwine ter stan' by de collidge jes' lack dey's been erdoin' eber since de day w'en dey wuz auganized. Den Mr. Biffins (all de speakers wuz diked in dem same kind o' coats), Mistah Biffins he read a poam. Now yer know I nebah wuz much uv er man fer poatry, but dis man as er true membah o' 'is Ordah made 'is poam de dullest one I ebah hyea'd by putting figgers in it—de fust poet I eber knowed ter do dat. Mistah Smute had dem same figgers in 'is speech, but out'n' side o' dat, he made er whalin' good talk. He tol' us erbout de wu'k dis Ordah had done in de pas' an' w'at it wuz ergwine ter do in de days ter come. O, dis is er good Ordah 'cause dey said so dat night. I wish I had time ter tell yer w'at dey's erdoin' fer dis worl', but I cain't do widout my goobers no longer."

"O, hol' on. You say you's not needed up dar, w'at's de reasin.

"Wal, yer see dis Statistiscal Ordah can 'tend ter things fer's dat's consarned. Dey's got things purty well in han' up dar too. Dey's got seben men ter keep de styudents in ordah, five in de fac'lty an' three erlookin' arter de preps. An' so I's not needed. Yessah, dey's all right, 'cause dey said so, yes dey did."

"But can dem men look arter things wu'f a shuck? I'd hate ter trus' 'em."

"W'at you mean, man? W'y dey's got ebery man up dar w'at's got de leas' bit o' l'arnin', er moral ch'rackter, er enny hoss since ertall. I tho't dat w'en dem fellers w'at come

F. S. CARDEN,

OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Trinity's Third Speaker in Trinity Wake Forest Debate.

fust tuck de back banches. Yessah, dat's er fac' fer dey said so dat night."

"Wa't! dey say dat', seems lack dey ough'n' ter."

"Freedom er speech, man, freedom er speech! Wat's de use o' er man's havin' 'pinions ef he ain't ergwine ter press 'em? Um-m-ph! But dese Statististicians is er good crowd o' folks. Dey don't hate er man 'cause he ain't got no since. Mr. Smute said so. Dey jes' ain't got nuffin' fer 'im ter do, but dey lub de pore, weak fellers all de same, as de poat says, wid all yer fau'ts I lub you still. An' dat's er hus'lin' crowd too. De collidge in deir han's is jes' as saft as er bird in de bush. Dese fo'ks is done an' quit erstudyin' erbout de collidge and gone ter tacklin' furren mattahs. I guess yer know some'n' 'bout science!"

"Yeah."

"Wal, yer know dis worl' er erturnin' an' dat makes day-time come. Wal I did'n' know w'at made de wu'l' tu'n roun' till dat night. Dis yeah Statististical Ordah 's got men sot on diff'ent places wid han' sticks an' pivits erturnin' it eroun'."

"You don't say so?

"Yessah, 'cause dey said so dat night. Mr. Basket tol' whar dey wuz ersettin', two in Calliforny, one ter see de sun to bed saft, an' de udder ter wu'k wid 'is han'stick. Er heap o'em in Norf Ameriky, one in Souf, wal one in eber' cont'nent 'cep' Affriky, an' dey's got dis wu'l er tu'nin'. Mr. Smute tol' us erbout de han' sticks an' pivits. Yessah, one man 'ad said he cou'd tu'n it by hisself ef he had er han' stick an' pivit. But dey wanted it ter tu'n fas' so dey sent out er heap er han's ter do de wu'k, an' she's erflyin'."

"But hol' on Jim, I don't b'liebe dat. How did day-time come afo' dese men wuz sent out?"

"O, I thought I wuz ertakin' t'er sinsible man. I see now ef you wuz at de collidge you cou'd'n' git inter dat big band o' sinsible men wat's up dar. W'y, afo' dese men went out ter wu'k dey wan't no day time. Dem wuz de da'k ages,

Pete, mayby you's hyeard erbout 'em an' mayby yer hain't, but all edycated folks is. An' see'n' as you's so dull, p'raps it's bettah ter tell yer dat Affriky, whar dis Ordah ain't sent no men ter tu'n it ober, is still called de da'k cont'nent, 'cause no day time ain't come dar yit as it ain't tu'ned ober eber' night. I hope yer can see er thing er two now. You's mos' as blunt as dem fellers at de collidge w'at Mr. Smute called weaklin's.

"Wal, de congregashun wuz tu'ned loose an' dem grass-'opper-tail men tuck deir gals an' went in ernuder room whar dey had 'leben plates o' coa'se rashuns er piece (dey jes' tuck coa'se vitals 'cause dey wanted ter). O' cou'se dey wuz stylish lack an' called it 'leben coa'ses. I hope yer knows ernuff ter see dat I ain't ertryin ter fool yer 'bout that's being 'leben plates o' cou'se bread. Wal, I kinder wanted some, ef it wuz cou'se. An' as I went erway I cou'd'n' he'p frum thinkin' 'o whar de good Book says, I wuz erhongry an' yer won'd'n' feed me. By de way dat calls dem goobers ter my min' ergin. Good by, I'll see yer ergin soon."

JIM DULY.

Editors Table

F. S. CARDEN, - - - - - - MANAGER.

The *Randolp-Macon Monthly* has a full and varied table of contents. We find some good criticisms and short poems. There is a lack of fiction which, however, is excusable when the space is so well filled with other matter.

We fail to see the merit of "A Ghost Story" in the December number of the *William and Mary Magazine.* Why such a stale and insipid yarn should be published is a hard matter to understand. The author of 'A Poem' (divided into three great divisions) on the genius and accomplishments of each and every senior shows a tendency towards prolixity unequaled by Wordsworth, and deserves a high place in the Dunciad.

The *Emory Phœnix* has a well worked up literary department. "Sidney Lanier" is well written and instructive. There is no dearth of poetry. "The Town of Nogood" is a poem which shows originality and imagination.

The Ozark has just arrived. We haven't had time to look over it closely, but its external appearance is especially attractive and its departments seem to be fully worked up.

The November number of the *Hampden and Sydney Magazine* has a dearth of reading matter. "A Match Maker" shows a great lack of originality of plot—if there is anything about it which can be called a plot. "Stonewall Jackson's Influence in the Civil War" is an interesting paper on an old subject.

The *Central Collegian* has some interesting essays on literary subjects, but contains no fiction. The Editorial Department is full, but not varied in contents.

The *Furman Echoe* is very neatly gotten up. The article headed "Nature" is an attempt to handle a broad and indefinite subject in too small a space. "Student Economy" contains some striking truths and it would be well for many students to take note of them.

The *Roanoke Collegian* needs recuperation. In looking over the December number we find not a single contribution from a student.

The *Wake Forest College Magazine* has two good character sketches in the last number. "My Indian Girl" has no important character; it is only a relation of facts.

The *Tennessee University Magazine* contains some very good short stories. However, "The Adventures of a Boy," even making allowances for its being a dream, is shallow.

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. C. BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

As the year closes many of us look back and reckon up our profits and losses for the past twelve months. It is the same old story over again. We see wherein we have made mistakes, wherein we have let golden opportunities pass by unused, and wherein evil influences have left their marks upon us. Most every one takes this inventory, so to speak—and it is a good thing. Certainly no sensible person can look back over past mistakes and resolve to make the same ones over again; nor does it look reasonable that any one should look back at sins committed and resolve to commit the same sins over again. Surely, when a person takes this review, better moments come to him and something leads him to resolve to make improvements upon the past. If these reviews were more frequent, we should probably be the better off for having made them. It is not a good plan to put off making resolutions until the beginning of a new year—though it is better then than never. Every night is a good time to make reviews and every morning a good time to make resolutions. The man who puts off making a resolution until the first day of the year is more apt to break it than is the one who makes the resolution the first time he sees the need of it. However, the closing of a year is a good time to make a general review; and the first day of a new year a good time to make a fresh start. In the life of every man decisions must be made, and why should not each one at the beginning of a new year decide what shall be the tenor of his life for

the coming twelve months. Surely if decisions were made, some good results would come from them.

And as we look back over the work of our Association for the past four months, we feel very proud of what has been accomplished. But still there is work to be done in the vineyard, and the laborers must not cease their toil. There are many improvements which could be made, and there is a great deal of work which should be done before the spring term closes. During the past four months the devotional meetings have been attended very well indeed, but still there are many who fail to come out. There are some who belittle Y. M. C. A. work and Y. M. C. A. men, but those who are holding up the banners of the Association are not ashamed of it, they are proud to call themselves Y. M. C. A. men. Let us all join in with one accord and make the coming year the most successful in the history of our Association.

* * *

Prof. Meritt spoke before the members of the Association Sunday afternoon, November 25. His talk was new and original, and recommended an innovation in Y. M. C. A. work. He brought to our attention questions which had not before been given any consideration in connection with the work of the Association.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Ormond favored the Association with a talk on Sunday afternoon, December 2. He spoke very forcibly on some things which he regarded to be true in connection with missions.

* * *

On Sunday afternoon, December 9, Dr. Bassett addressed the members of the Association.

* * *

Dr. Kilgo gave us a parting message Sunday afternoon, December 16. His words were words of wisdom and good advice.

Mr. Kenebel, Secretary of the Associations of North and South Carolina, paid a visit to Trinity on Thursday, December 6. While here, he met the members of all the committees of the Association and talked over plans for the coming year. He made some very helpful suggestions; and we feel that his visit has benefited us in many ways.

At Home and Abroad

S. G. WINSTEAD, - - - - - MANAGER.

Dr. Wilbur F. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, spent a few hours on the Park on his way to the Eastern North Carolina Conference. Dr. Tillett, while here, made a short talk to the student body, which was very much enjoyed by all who were present.

Mr. T. M. Allen, of '00, who has been employed by the Odell Manufacturing Company for the past few months, spent December 9th and 10th on the Park.

Rev. N. C. Yearby, class of '00, spent December 13th on the Park. Mr. Yearby, who has been stationed at Tarboro for the past few months, is now pastor of the Milton circuit, Caswell county.

Drs. Kilgo and Cranford were absent a few days from college, attending Conference which convened at New Bern. Dr. Kilgo delivered an address at Conference on education. Prof. Bivins, of the High School, also attended Conference.

Rev. J. T. Stanford spent some time on the Park on his return from Conference. He returns to his same pastorate, Burlington circuit.

Mr. J. M. Culbreth, class of '00, who for several months has been attending Yale University, is now at home. Marvin was forced to give up his University course, on account of his health. We hope he may be able to return soon.

Misses Chadwick and Hendren, who for two years took advance work in English at Trinity, but are now members of Greensboro Female College Faculty, spent a few days on the Park before the Christmas holidays. While here Mrs. B. N. Duke gave a social entertainment in honor of them. The young ladies of the Mary Duke Building, with quite a number of young men from the Senior class, were present at this reception and all report an enjoyable occasion.

On Tuesday evening, December 11th, there was held in the college chapel the 10th anniversary of the fraternity known as the "9019." The program for the evening was a very interesting one. Prof. Gill presided over the meeting, and before introducing the speakers made a few remarks in regard to the fraternity. Dr. Bassett was the first speaker, and made a very interesting talk on the struggles and opposition that the organization had to overcome; also dwelt at some length on the motives and purpose of the order. Prof. J. F. Bivins was the poet for the occasion, and while he claimed to be a poet only by enactment, this much may be said of him as a poet: He has an admirable way of telling you a great deal about his subject without divulging its real nature. The program was concluded by a paper from Prof. T. A. Smoot, of Greensboro Female College. Prof. Smoot is a very interesting and impressive speaker. After the exercises had been carried out according to program, refreshments were served in the dining hall by Mr. Dughi, of Raleigh.

Mr. E. S. Edwards, class of '97, spent some time on the Park a few weeks ago. Mr. Edwards is teaching at Cary, N. C.

Prof. Dowd, of the Social Science Department, has a very interesting article in the December number of the *Century* on "The Paths of Hope of the Negro."

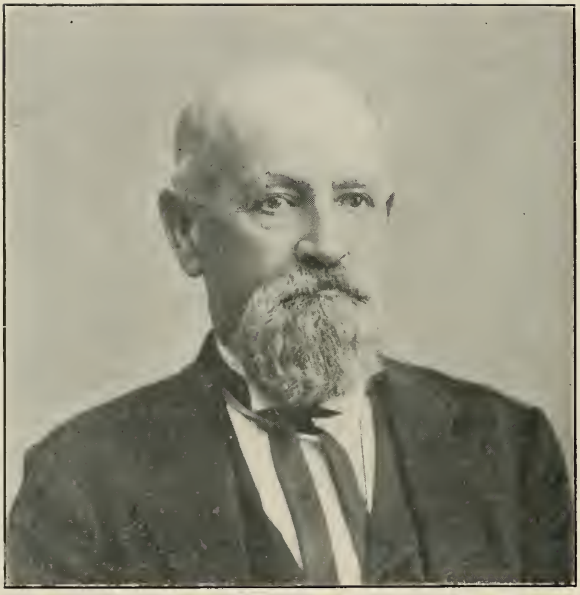
There are two appointments in Conference that always concerns especially the Trinity students. These are the

Main Street and Trinity Church appointments, and while we congratulate ourselves on having as our pastors for the ensuing year Revs. W. C. Norman and W. L. Cuninggim, we regret very much to hear of the removal of Rev. A. P. Tyer from Main Street Church. Mr. Tyer has been pastor of Main Street only one year, yet for several years he has been intimately connected with the college. He was financial agent for the college one year and during that time was a resident of the Park, and while we are sure his devotion to his alma mater will not relax in his new field of work, we regret to know that he is not in calling distance when his presence should be needed.

Mr. C. A. Woodard, class of '00, is teaching at Horner Institute, Oxford, N. C.

Before this issue leaves the press the New York party, under the leadership of Prof. Dowd, will have reached the Metropolis. This party is composed of a large number from the Junior and Senior classes, with a few others from town, and while we predict for the party a grand time, we are expecting to hear some rich reports from its different members.

Prof. Durham delivered the third lecture of the faculty series Saturday, December 15th. Subject, "An Introductory Study to the Bible."



MAJ. C. H. SMITH (' Bill Arp ")

See page 249.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, FEBRUARY, 1901.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to D. D. PEELE, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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THE SPECTATOR.

BY WM. H. WANNAMAKER.

In many of the libraries once owned by good ante-bellum Southerners are to be found in cumbersome, unattractive volumes the works of Joseph Addison. Generally to-day these books are sadly dust-covered and moth-eaten, for they are seldom handled and less often read. Occasionally, driven by the command of an investigating teacher of literature, some weary plodder of a college student will by means of a ladder even take down the old volumes, and if not half-suffocated by their dust will glance through the table of contents—if there be in them such a short cut to knowledge—and with due reverence for their age put them back into their top-shelf place, with the satisfactory feel-

ing that he knows something of the once great Spectator who made up for his taciturnity by writing huge volumes.

But these same old books once furnished the very meat and drink of intellectual and moral life in the South as they did for years and years in England, and that fact alone makes them them worth the careful study of the student of literature; to become interested in them he has only to know something of the history of The Spectator, and to read its bound volumes in the spirit in which they were written. For, indeed, though almost two hundred years have passed since Steele and Addison, with laudable purpose and admirable courage, attempted to reform their age, there is still to be found in their writings much of wholesome advice and helpful suggestions on the persistently troublesome questions of common every day life. This purpose is given both by statement and suggestion in Spectator No. 10: "Since I have raised myself to so great an audience I shall spare no pains to make their instructions agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reason I shall endeavor to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality. And to the end that their virtue may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age has fallen."

To appreciate the magnitude of this undertaking and to be able to sympathize with the attempt, one must know fully "the desperate state of vice and folly into which the age has fallen"; and to judge intelligently whether or not the ambition of the Spectator—to bring "Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses"—was attained by him, one must know fully the influence of his writings on his own and succeeding times. To give fully the information on the first of these points is not

within the scope of this paper; I cannot do more than stress the importance of getting it, by suggesting the condition of English society at the time The Spectator was published. Of the influence of the paper I shall speak later.

That party spirit was most violent we have ample evidence both from history and literature. Perhaps at no other time in English history was the hatred of one faction for the other more inveterate or injurious. Factionalism was rampant and blinded every one, from sovereign to country idler, to the virtues and worth of any man of other political views than his. It made itself felt in the appointment of the commander-in-chief of the imperial army; it caused one-half of the nation to applaud a love song, the other half to condemn it. In No. 125 of The Spectator, Addison says: "A man of merit in a different principle is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness." Again: "There is one piece of sophistry practiced by both sides and that is the taking any scandalous story that has ever been whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have never been proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatums of those infamous scribblers." And he adds by way of a lesson, "If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be incentives of action in good men." In 126 of The Spectator the writer says that he saw a number of country gentlemen refuse to bet on good odds with another gentleman because he had once voted contrary to their views.

To say that English society became corrupt after the Restoration is putting it mildly. It is hardly possible to

conceive that Englishman could be guilty of the extremes of immorality and debauchery that were characteristic of the court life of Charles II, and which from the court affected the whole of London and much of the surrounding country. If it is true that the applauded dramatist of the time give faithful pictures of life, certainly to us that life was revolting in the extreme. I have read several of the plays of Congreve and Vanbrugh, and find in none of them anything save obscenity, and impudent and shameless immorality interspersed occasionally with jests at the expense of virtue, honor and religion. The women in those plays are, with one or two exceptions, devoid of all womanly traits, and endowed with every shameless one imaginable. The men are without purpose save to make swine of themselves and fools of old men with young wives. With them women are sillier than dolls and more prone to sin than devils.

These plays were attended by women in masks, and after the play was over, the theater became the scene of the play in real life, intensified by the fact that the after play—a tragedy surely—had the suggestion of the former to profit by.

Now, the far-reaching influence of the Restoration depravity could not be killed in a few years; nor could the powerful Collier at once shame or frighten it out of English life. It was simply taken somewhat from the stage, but remained, a little more secretly perhaps, in real life. In the time of The Spectator, if English life was not so depraved as at the time of Charles II, it still needed reformation sadly.

But it is time for me to speak of the subject of this paper, The Spectator. In Swift's Journal to Stella, March 10, 1711, I find his first allusion to the new paper begun by Steele and Addison after the death of The Tattler: "Have you seen The Spectator yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have

gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tattlers, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club." The new paper, then, began to appear about two months after the discontinuance of The Tattler, March 1, 1711. As a daily paper it ran for five hundred and fifty-five numbers, to December 6, 1712; then after an interim of eighteen months it again appeared, but as a tri-weekly, and ran until December 20, 1714. Of the six hundred and thirty-five papers contributed to the paper, it is probable that Addison wrote two hundred and seventy-four; Steele, two hundred and forty; Budgell, thirty-seven; Hughes, eleven; Grove, four; unknown writers, sixty-nine. Addison's articles were signed by one of the letters of the word Clio; Steele's generally by R. or T., and Budgell's by X.

At first the price of The Spectator was one penny; but after the specially heavy tax was imposed on newspapers (this tax, by the way, according to Swift in his Journal, killed all Grub Street) the price was doubled.

The general appearance of The Spectator must have been very different from that of our huge, ungainly yellow journals of to-day, and sales were modest in comparison with even our sedate and conservative New York Sun. The articles, in the place of flaring, misleading headlines, had mysterious Latin or Greek quotations prefixed to them —these quotations, I dare say, were as incomprehensible to Spectator readers as are some of the tactics of modern newspapers to an honest man. They, of course, in a way served as a text for the social sermon that followed, but to me they seem sign posts directing the reader back to the source of all that is worth while—Rome and Athens with their literature. The Spectator was a folio and contained generally only one eseay. Each page of the paper was divided into two columns containing sixty-eight lines with an average of eight words to the line. The type, I conjecture from what information I can gather, must have been

of fair size, and in most ways easily read. The pages abounded in capital letters used for the sake of emphasis and variety.

One department, however, of The Spectator was equal, perhaps, to those of any of our newspapers, and that was its advertisements. These advertisements, by the way, are not without their significance in considering the times of The Spectator. The ones I give here will at once call to mind the great South Sea Bubble, in which it is said poor Pope "bubbled" away a great deal of his Homer money. It goes this way: "Loss of Memory or Forgetfulness certainly Cured by a grateful Electuary, peculiarly adapted for that End; it strikes at the Prime Cause (which few apprehend) of Forgetfulness, makes the head clear and easie, the Spirits free, active and undisturbed; corroborates and revives all the noble Faculties of the Soul, such as Thought, Judgment, Apprehension, Reason and Memory; which last in particular it so strengthens, as to render that Faculty exceeding quick and good beyond Imagination, thereby enabling those whose Memories was before almost totally lost, to remember the Minutest Circumstances of their Affairs, & etc., to a wonder. Price, 2s 6d a pot. Sold only at the Payne's, at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, near Cheapside, with Directions."

"The famous Bavarian Red Liquor: Which gives such a delightful blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful, but good in many cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rubbed off like Paint, therefore cannot be discovered by the nearest friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World."

These very advertisements reveal much to us; in them we have pointed out very clearly the craving after artificial

effect, general artificiality, frivolity, insincerity, hypocritical shams of society at that time; for these advertisements were not inserted in vain; they caused great sales of the potent drugs. And these medicine venders had no more untruth in their advertisements than was characteristic of the age's greatest poet and meanest man.

I cannot find out what price was charged for advertisements; I suspect a high one, however, for The Spectator had a large circulation and was a very independent paper.

That The Spectator enjoyed a wide circulation we know from many sources; the very fact that it could live after the heavy tax referred to above was put on newspapers, shows that it was widely read. In No. 10, the writer says there were even so soon ten thousand distributed daily, and he estimates that twenty people read every paper. This would give him at least sixty thousand readers, and I see no reason to suspect his estimate too large; for the excellency of The Spectator, and its great superiority to all other papers must have appealed to the thinking people as well as to those who sought only entertainment. Besides, The Tattler had prepared the way; Steele and Addison were no strangers to the small but rapidly growing reading public. One of the greatest things The Spectator accomplished was to create readers by furnishing people with something truly worth reading, and in a convenient, attractive form. Its hold on the city continued, and its influence remained strong far out from London, up to the time it ceased to appear. It is not unreasonable to suppose that at the close of its career it had a daily issue of at least ten thousand copies. In No. 553, Addison says that from the remotest boroughs of Great Britain letters came to him asking him not to discontinue the paper. A contemporary writer, speaking of the popularity of The Spectator, says: "In distant Perthshire, the gentlemen met after church on Sundays to read the news of the week. The Spectators were read as regularly as the Journal."

It seems that with such popularity and support The Spectator would have been kept up by its authors, and indeed no satisfactory explanation is known for its discontinuance. Steele, however, was never fond of sticking at one thing, and, besides, the neutrality The Spectator assumed toward political parties kept him from espousing in its columns the cause of the Whigs. I rather suspect he chafed under the restraint of the editor-in-chief of The Spectator, and was glad to get from under it.

When The Spectator was begun Addison and Steele were each about thirty-nine years old, and were admirably suited to their work. They were, so to speak, complements, and without either I do not think The Spectator would have had its wide circulation or its great popularity. Addison was of course the more learned student, the more polished writer, the more observant spectator of mankind, the more consistent follower of what he believed highest and best, the greater genius; but undoubtedly Steele, with all his faults and sins and thousand weaknesses, was the more human, and, I suspect, the more easily loved by the ordinary reader. In writing of women, Steele shows a more genuinely sympathetic heart than does Addison, that finest gentleman Thackery ever knew. So Steele was as necessary to The Spectator as was Addison, as is evidenced by the fact that when the latter revived it after a year's death, it was not so popular or successful. I think it best, therefore, in discussing the influence of The Spectator not to take separately the work of these two men, to whom the world owes an everlasting debt of gratitude—I say world, for The Spectator was the cause of the publishing of similar papers all over Europe and in America. It is not unusual to find men writing disparagingly of Steele and his contributions to The Spectator; Macaulay regarded him as a very dissolute ninny whom the great Addison, in the immeasurable depth of his love and pity, tolerated and took care of generally. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Addi-

son, speaking of The Spectator, says that of the half not written by Addison, not half was good; and Thackery, who was very fond of Steele, gives most of the credit of The Spectator to Addison. But we should keep in mind that Steele was Addison's leader in this field of literature; that he suggested, and Addison built on the suggestion—built, it is true, far more wonderfully than Steele dreamed of building. As a matter of fact, after reading carefully the lives of both men, I am inclined to believe that Steele discovered Addison to himself, and that without this discovery, Addison would have been only a very fine gentleman and successful politician; for certainly to-day his fame rests not on his poems or his plays, but on his essays contributed to Steele's papers.

To one reading The Spectator for the first time the most striking thing is the variety of subjects discussed; no subject of human interest escaped the notice of these moralists. One day you have a gentle, humorous satire on the use of fans by women, and the next an attempt to prove the immortality of the soul. The Spectator is "a vast mine rich in a hundred ores;" there is "an inexhaustible vein of the finest gold." But we care for The Spectator, not because of what it has to say about great subjects; true, it says some good things about religion, morality, immortality, and always says them well; they are said for the eighteenth century, and do not appeal greatly to us Solomons of the nineteenth. The "vein of the purest gold" is what the writers have to say as "tattlers of small talk and spectators of mankind;" in their gentle satires on the "peccadilios and small sins against society"—"dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops, and nuisances in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuff boxes."

I know of no book with so much genuinely enjoyable and perennially fresh and interesting as are these delightful essays on the frivolities of society. Thousands of quotations could be given to illustrate this statement, but

I shall mention only two papers, Nos. 98 and 127, which I think among the best of their kind in The Spectator. The first one begins thus: "There is not so variable a thing in Nature as a Lady's Head-dress; within my own memory I have known it to rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, in so much that the Female Part of our Species was much taller than the Men. Women were of such enormous stature that we appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of Beauties that seems almost another Species. . . . . One may observe that in all ages, women have taken more pains than men to adorn the Outside of their Heads, and indeed I very much admire that those Female Architects who raise such wonderful Structures out of Ribbands, Lace and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions."

According to No. 127, his words in No. 98 had a good effect in cutting down the head-dress of women, but they drove them to another extreme: "Their Petticoats, which before you left us began to heave and swell, are now blown up into an enormous concave, and rise every day more and more . . . . . What they have lost in height, they make up in breadth, and contrary to all rules of architecture widen the Foundations at the same time that they shorten the superstructure. . . . . Should this Fashion get among the ordinary People our publick ways should be so crowded that we should want street room. . . . . Should our sex at the same time take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches (as who knows what their Indignation at this Female Treatment may drive them to) a Man and his wife would fill a whole Pew."

The Spectator must have meant far more to the women of its time than to the men. Indeed it is probable that the modern conception of woman as the helpmate of man owes its origin to The Spectator. Before Addison's time

they had only long-winded French romances to read in translations, and they seem to have cared for nothing better or to have been thought worthy of serious consideration. The Spectator was a God-send to them, and they accepted it most willingly and read it most diligently. In No. 92 of The Spectator correspondent Leonora is represented as saying: "Your paper is a part of my tea equipage and my servant knows my humor so well that calling for my breakfast this morning (it being past my usual hour) she answered, The Spectator was not yet come in, but the tea-kettle boiled, and she expected it every moment." Addison and Steele not only strove successfully to give women a high conception of what their life and duty were, but they also did much to create among men a higher estimate of womanhood.

But I must say I am disappointed in Addison's treatment of women. He shows them most patiently their thousand follies and sins, and calls them to their senses by picturing most admirably a resigned, unambitious wife who knows well how to keep the house clean and meet her husband with a smile when he returns from his club. But, as Thackeray says, "There is no deep sentiment. His writings do not show insight into or reverence for the love of women, which I take to be, one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humors, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries, and noting them with the most charming acuteness. He sees only the public life of women." Thackery adds that Joseph knew only one woman, and had he written about her there would have been little humor in the story.

On the other hand, Steele always shows a deep reverence for woman, and in none of his papers does he treat her as the inferior of man. I think I might say that the great compliment he once paid to one woman, he felt for all—"To have loved her was a liberal education." In No. 254 he has one of his women say: "I am married and have no

other Concern than but to please the man I love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I dress 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a Play 'tis to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste. He is almost the End of my Devotions. Half my prayers are for his Happiness. I love to talk of him and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion." In No. 479 he says: "Many are the Epistles I receive every day of Vanity Pride, but above all, Ill Nature, in their Wives, I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their Letters that the cause of their uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy, but from want of Judgment or Temper in the Man." Further on in the same paper Steele says: "I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human life is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married than in the single condition. . . . . In a word the married state, with and without the affections suitable to it, is the completest Image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of receiving in this Life." Addison, later in life, came into "the married state" without the affections suitable thereto; but before he did, he wrote in No. 261 thus of marriage: "A marriage of Love is pleasant; a marriage of Interest easie (poor fellow! he learned otherwise) and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the Pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed all the Sweets of Life." He reminds me frequently of an old maid "school marm."

The religion of The Spectator was far ahead of its time, and had a salutary influence on its readers. The age was skeptical, and the shallowest-brained beau or belle made religion as well as morality a joke. In speaking of England about this time, Montesquien says: "There is no religion in England. Four or five in the House of Commons go to prayers or the Parlimentary sermon. If any one speaks of religion, everybody begins to laugh." And Chester-

field's advice to his son was to have manners, good breeding and the graces. Piety was fanatical, and it was thought that men could be only Puritans of libertines. The Spectator appealed through the shams and un-English hypocricy of the age to the true heart of its readers. It set a high standard of Christianity, and unwearingly preached it. I quote from No. 93 the following lines on prayer:

"There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, are destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great author of his being. The man who lives under the habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his nearest and best friend. The time never lies heavy upon him; it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most active. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which everywhere surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of existence."

In No. 381 Addison says: "For my own part I think the being of God is to be so little doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence and in every thought." And again: "The man who uses his best endeavors to the dictates of virtue and right reason has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness in the consideration of his own nature, and of that being on whom he has a dependence. The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and

makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive." Macaulay said of Addison, and it is true of the whole Spectator, that "Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no docrrine of natural or revealed religion has ever been associated by him with any degrading idea."

It would take a whole theme to discuss the great Spectator Club of which that royal old gentleman, Sir Roger, is the very lovable wex, and that cosmopolitan Will Honeycombe a worthy member. Sir Roger will always live, and I do not think good Will, the rake, will die; the former has enough of the oddities and whims of the world to make us take him with all his great excellences, and the latter, before we knew him well, had sowed wild oats in abundance to win our admiration. No one knows Addison or The Spectator until he has read carefully the Sir Roger DeCoverley papers. It is said that when the good old Knight's death was announced, Bentley, the scholar, wept and would not be comforted, and I confess to a mist coming somehow into my eyes when I read the account of the death scene.

Though the DeCoverley papers have no worked out plot and cannot be called a story, they do not lack the interest of a novel, and certainly are the immeniate predecessor of Fielding, Richardson, Smollet and Sterne. And their influence in making possible the novel should not be overlooked.

As to the influence of The Spectator it is almost ustless to speak. With such men as Addison and Steele at the head of it, and with such an unprecedented popularity as it enjoyed, there could be but one effect. Beyond a doubt, as some one has said, The Spectator did more to civilize England than any other book; it was the way by which England learned to read. All men who study the times of The Spectator seem extravagant in what they say of the paper's wholesome influence. I quote a sentence from

Macaulay's essay on Addison: "When he began writing there still lingered in the public mind a pernicious notion that there was some connection between genius and profligacy, between domestic virtues and the sullen formality of the Puritans. That error is the glory of Addison to have dispelled. So effectively indeed did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest ever effected any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without one personal lampoon." In No. 355 the writer speaks of the abuses of lampoon, and in No. 23 exposes his views as to the use of wit. He was always consistent in holding to these views, and I found not an unkind remark in the whole Spectator. According to Taine, The Spectator accomplished the miracle of making morality fashionable, "reconciled virtue with elegance, taught duty in an accomplished style, and made pleasure subservient to reason."

It is not necessary for me to say much of the style of The Spectator papers; for Addison's, as well as Steele's, place has been fixed long ago by much wiser critics than I. Macaulay regards Addison our greatest essayist, and I suspect, if he thought of Steele at all as a writer, he considered him our worst. Certainly as a conscientious artist in prose Addison is unquestionably to me Steele's superior. But after reading a great deal of Addison, I get weary of his faulty faultlessness, and the restrained coldness of his style. Steele makes great blunders sometimes, but he even blunders like a man with blood in his body, and I get less weary of his style than of Addison's. Certainly I should dislike very much to act on Dr. Johnson's advice and spend my nights and days over Addison's often freezing sentences. Some one has called Irving the last of the Addisonians, and I should like to add to that, the greatest. I prefer him to Steele and Addison. Certainly his West-

minster Abbey is incomparably better than Addison's, and his Christmas stories at the Bracebridge home are to me worth more than Addison's stories from Sir Roger's.

As a fine example of Addison's style I will close this paper with a quotation from Spectator No. 381: "I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depth of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity."

THE MAN WITHOUT THE HOE.

BY H. M. NORTH.

An ill-starr'd offspring of the troublous times;
A victim of the social rank of men;
Condemned forever to the vagrant's life,
He calls in vain for human sympathy.
Whose eyes, dark-circled, plead with men for work,
Whose bony hands would gladly clutch the hoe,
But toil and wealth are both alike denied.
What to him the palaces of earth?
And what the golden sheaf or "Harvest Home?"
At even-tide he prays: "Would God 'twere morn!"
And when at dawn he drags unrested limbs
From stony couch, he cries: "Would God 'twere eve!"
Oh who will sing his song, the bitter song?
'Tis the dirge of the wind and wail of the mournful times;
The empty home, the famished, hectic cheek,
And children crying in their sleep for food;
A frenzied father driven to despair,
And then the prison bars or suicide.

But who this man with garments fashion-made,
With tender hands and haughty scornful look?
This is he to whom the talent came,
And God's command: "Improve until I come";
Who wraps the golden gift in cloth of pride,
And stays the plan for his eternal good.
He snarls the threads in the workman's hand Divine,
Reproaching heaven and humanity.
A goodly form, a temple passing fair,
In which a God might dwell; instead it holds
A blank, an empty soul, a wreck of man,
Who might have been a whole and not a part,
A man of force to will, to feel, and act.

Forbid to toil by custom vile, he claims
As right of birth a living from the world;
A royal mendicant upon mankind,
A man of birth maintained by men of worth.
A penniless, titled slave of social form,
Compelled to bow the knee to debt and shame;
His boasted shield, with name and coat of arms,
But poorly hide the inward agony.
Thrift is he to spend, but not to win;
And while he vainly holds his idle hands,
The unused hoe lies rusting in the field.
Ashamed to toil when axe and plane and saw
Were hallowed by the Master's busy hand!
Better the hoe and dripping sun-burnt brow,
With honest bread and credit of the world,
Than noble-born and yet too proud to delve.
Oh who will sing this song of hopelessness,
Of gross neglect and bartered heritage?
And who will strike from off these hands and feet
The galling shackles of a foolish pride?

BILL ARP.

BY D. W. NEWSOM.

In the days when the ire of the Irishmen waxed warm in the hope of tearing loose from England, young Robert Emmet, spurred by a vision of freedom, attempted to arouse an insurrection at Dublin. But the battle of Vinegar Hill had somewhat soured the spirit of Irish rebellion, and the young Emmet, after creating a tumult of a few hours, was taken prisoner, tried, and hanged. It was during this tumult that the Scotch-Irish parents of Caroline Ann Maguire fled from their native home in old Ireland for a new home in the western world. They settled in Charleston, South Carolina. It was there that Caroline Ann was born, and it was she who was to become mother of Major Charles H. Smith, more familiarly known by us Southerners as "Bill Arp."

In the year 1815, when the yellow fever pestilence spread over Charleston, Caroline Ann was then a maid of seven summers, and her only brother, James, was two years older than she. Their father and mother had fled from rebellion in Ireland only to fall the victims of a deadly fever in a far away land, amid strange people. They both died the same day, and were buried in the same grave. In a vast new country, an orphan brother and sister were left alone, to cherish the memory of loving parents, and the dream of the old Irish home over the sea. But the crown of sorrow was yet to come. During the panic the brother and sister became separated. James was sent to Boston on a sail vessel, while his sister was sent to Savannah, Georgia. Each was placed in an orphan asylum, and during the lapse of fourteen long years they sought to find each other, yet sought in vain. But how good are the ways of Providence! James was taken from the asylum by a good man, grew to years of manhood, and married the good man's only daughter. His sister was taken from the Savannah

asylum by a wealthy widow living in Liberty county, and was given the advantages of school. The school she attended was taught by a young man, Asahel Reid Smith. Young Smith became attached to this sweet orphan girl, felt the current of his being set towards her, told love's old sweet tale, and they were married while she was still his pupil. Smith made every effort possible to assist his young wife in finding her lost brother, but finally abandoned all hope. That lost brother had also spent many a weary day and night searching for the lost sister. He visited Charleston twice in the hope of getting some clue to her whereabouts, but he too must suffer the bitterness of disappointment and despair. Both the sister and brother had placed advertisements in Northern and Southern newspapers, but no answer ever came from them. The brother knew that somewhere he had a sister, an only sister, and all that made life bearable to him in this vast new country, was the hope that some day he should look into those tender eyes again, and catch something of the memory of other days. He wondered how she would look, and whether they would know each other. In his quiet moments he pictured her to himself as a full-grown woman, yet with all the gentleness, modesty, love and fidelity of a true sister. Has she found any young life to love, and to love her! Would to God I could know whether she is comfortable and happy! Shall I ever see her again, or can it be that somewhere in this great land, grief shall wear her tender life away, and I be left without a tie to bind me to a world of sorrow and separation! Such thoughts must have crowded and wearied the hours. As the years passed on, children were born to each of them, and were growing up. Finally, in the year 1833, when Major Smith, our "Bill Arp," was seven years old, his father made one more effort to find the wife's lost brother. He advertised in a Boston paper, and the advertisement was seen and answered by her brother James. The answer

was written in tears of joy, and is still a sacred treasure in the family. James boarded the first vessel bound for Savannah, for there were no railroads in those days, and in due time landed there, taking a steamboat then to Augusta, and thence by stage 170 miles, to Lawrenceville. "Bill Arp" loves to tell about the joyful meeting, for indeed it must have been a scene full of tearful joy, and one that memory can never lose. From that time until death separated them, they visited and revisited, and were happy in each other's love. A kind Providence had kept watch over them, to bring them face to face again.

And so our "Bill Arp," born in Lawrenceville, Gwinnette county, Georgia, June, 1826, claims to be the boy, the only boy, about the house, but he delights to tell about those visits from Georgia to Massachusetts, sixty-five and sixty-seven years ago, and how, in 1834, his parents and his brother went to Boston in a sail vessel from Savannah, and in passing Cape Hatteras, well-nigh shipwrecked, and would not risk the sea on their return, but his father bought a carriage and a pair of good horses, and the family came all the way to Georgia by land and never crossed a railroad, for there were none to cross.

"Bill Arp" grew to manhood in the village of Lawrenceville. His father was Asahel Reid Smith, a native of Windsor, Vermont, whose grandsire, Asahel Reid, was killed at the battle of Lexington, 1776. When twenty-two years of age, his father went to Georgia to teach school, after having acquired a good education in Massachusetts. He taught for several years in Liberty county, not far from Savannah.

During the Civil War "Bill Arp" served in the Army of Northern Virginia, in 1861-2, as Major on the staff of General Barton, who was killed at Manassas, and after his death, was transferred to his successor, General G. T. Anderson. In 1863 he was ordered by President Davis to go to Macon, Georgia, and assist Judge Nesbit in organiz-

ing a Military Court to try some prisoners charged with treason. At a later date he was appointed Judge Advocate of a Military Court at Rome, Georgia.

He claims to be a cross between Massachusetts and South Carolina, with a rebellious strain of Scotch-Irish blood in his veins. As did most boys of those times, he received his share of education in the school of manual labor. He attended college at Athens, Georgia, where he attained some honors in his class, and, as is not unusual with college boys, fell in love with a "Maid of Athens," and sang the old song with something of Byronian fervor. But he found a more willing mate in his own town, and wedded a lassie of sweet sixteen, Mary Octavia Hutchins, the beautiful, hazel-eyed, and black-haired daughter of Hon. N. L. Hutchins, the Judge of the Circuit Court.

Out in the suburbs of the pleasant town of Cartersville, in north Georgia, may be seen "Bill Arp's" home, a stately, old-time mansion overlooking the country round about. Facing this mansion is a large grove, where grows many a stately oak. In the distance, hills and valleys alternate, and fast-flowing streams go by in endless song. No fence surrounds the mansion, no gate stands latched against the stranger, no unfriendly dog bids defiance. Everything breathes the air of hospitality. "Bill Arp" keeps open house as in the olden time, and all who come are welcome. On the facier of his parlor mantle are painted in golden colors, the words, "The ornaments of this house are the friends who visit us." "Bill Arp" is truly a home-builder and a home-lover. His wife is his sight-tower, his main stay, and the tributes he pays to her are the charm of his domestic letters. She is a model housekeeper, a loving mother and grandmother. During the Civil War she was a refugee, and had an anxious experience in fleeing from the invader. When asked her age, she replies: "That depends upon whether I count the war in, or out, or double the four years of trouble; but I

am now nearly seventy." With all these years, her Pocahontas hair is as black as ever, and she seldom sits down to rest. It is the boast of "Bill Arp" that he has always been loyal and true to his wife. Not long since, a matron rode five miles to see and hear him, for she said she wanted to see one man who was brave enough to admit that he was a subdued and obedient husband.

He has a tender and intense love for children, and is a man whom children love instinctively. He explains his love for children by saying: "I am one of ten, and my wife was one of ten, and we have ten and they have twenty, which makes fifty in all that we have had to mingle with." In his home, six sons and four daughters have long since come to maturity, and though they are scattered from New York to Mexico, and from Florida to San Antonia, they still love the old folks at home, and often come together under the old roof to talk and live over the old days—those days of long ago, that are the treasure of both parent and child, so resplendent with the fulness of hope, sympathy and love. Such a home is a poem in itself. The very name brings thoughts and feelings that lie dearest to the human heart. To it fancy looks back from the turbulence of years, when the vocations of life have dispersed its inmates and weakened the connection of earlier years, and nothing in the ordered universe appears so full of simple joy, of hallowed worth—yea, so rich in all that is dear to human life! And so our "Bill Arp" feels a sadness as he sees these large families fade away. Still, he realizes as the years go by, that those stately oaks, the colonial mansion, hills, valleys and streams do not, after all, make his true home. No surveyor's chain and compass set its limits, but it is embowered amid human hearts.

As a college boy, he organized and became editor of a college paper that kept the boys in a ferment of fun and expectation. After he married, he studied law for two months, and was admitted to the bar on a promise of con-

tinuing his studies. Soon after this he removed to Rome, a new and thrifty town, and put on the airs of a veteran lawyer. There he pursued his profession diligently for twenty-seven years, and a number of times was Mayor or Alderman. Often he indulged his critical and humorous pen over the signature of "Sam McCrackin," a witty old Irish well-digger, but not until the spring of 1861 did he assume the nom de plume of "Bill Arp." He informs me that this came about in the following manner:

"Some time in the spring of 1861, when our Southern boys were hunting for a fight, and felt like they could whip all creation, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation ordering us all to disperse and retire within thirty days, and to quit cavorting around in a hostile and belligerent manner.

"I remember writing an answer to it as though I was a good Union man and a law-abiding citizen, and was willing to disperse, if I could, but it was almost impossible, for the boys were mighty hot, and the way we made up our military companies was to send a man down the lines with a bucket of water and sprinkle the boys as he came to 'em, and if a feller sizzed like hot iron in a slack trough, we took him, and if he dident sizz, we dident take him; but still, nevertheless, notwithstanding, and so forth, if we could possibly disperse in thirty days, we would do so, but I thought he had better give us a little more time, for I had been out in an old field by myself and tried to disperse myself and couldent do it.

"I thought the letter was right smart, and decently sarcastic, and so I read it to Dr. Miller and Judge Underwood, and they seemed to think it was right smart, too. About that time I looked around and saw Bill Arp standing at the door with his mouth open and a merry glisten in his eye. As he came forward, says he to me: 'Squire, are you gwine to print that?'

"'I reckon I will, Bill, said I. 'What name are you gwine to put to it?' said he. 'I don't know yet,' said I; 'I havent thought about a name.' Then he brightened up and said: 'Well, 'Squire, I wish you would put mine, for them's my sentiments;' and I promised him that I would.

"So I did not rob Bill Arp of his good name, but took it on request, and now, at this late day, when the moss has covered his grave, I will record some pleasant memories of a man whose notoriety was not extensive, but who brightened up the flight of many an hour in the good old ante bellum days.

"He was a small, sinewy man of 135 pounds, as active as a cat and always presenting a bright and cheerful face; and was as brave a man as nature ever makes.

"He was an humble man and unlettered in books; never went to school but a month or two in his life, and could neither read nor write; but still he had more than his share of common sense; more than his share of good mother wit, and was always welcome when he came about.

"Lawyers and doctors and editors, and such gentlemen of leisure who used to, in the olden time, sit around and chat and have a good time, always said, 'Come in, Bill, and take a seat;' and Bill seemed grateful for the compliment, and with a conscious humility squatted on about half the chair and waited for questions. The bearing of the man was one of reverence for his superiors and thankfulness for their notice.

"Bill Arp was a contented man—contented with his humble lot. He never grumbled or complained at anything; he had desires and ambition, but it did not trouble him. He kept a ferry for a wealthy gentleman, who lived a few miles above town, on the Etowah river, and he cultivated a small portion of his land; but the ferry was not of much consequence, and when Bill could slip off to town and hear the lawyers talk, he would turn over the boat and the poles to his wife or his children, and go. I have known

him to take a back seat in the court house for a day at a time, and with a face all greedy for entertainment, listen to the learned speeches of the lawyers and charge of the court, and go home happy, and be able to tell to his admiring family what had transpired. He had the greatest reverence for Colonel Johnston, his landlord, and always said that he would about as leave belong to him as to be free; 'for,' said he, 'Mrs. Johnston throws away enough old clothes and second-hand vittels to support my children, and they are always nigh enough to pick 'em up.'"

Among Southern writers, "Bill Arp" occupies a place unique and interesting, and all his utterances are thoroughly original in their good sense and good humor. The seventy-five years of his life have been full of varied experiences, and to sit and listen as he calls back the good old ante-bellum days, rekindles the fires that animated the Blue and the Gray in those days when it was bliss to be alive, and pictures the period of the Reconstruction, one feels himself transplanted to places enchanted; and though there is a pathos that comes with his story of the decay of the old aristocracy, his story of the rise of the common people brings a sense of comfort.

His years are rich in faith, rich in hope, and rich in charity. Away back in the olden days he had faith in God, faith in his fellow-man, and faith in his country. Throughout the years, amid the troubled movement of events, this faith has abided, steadfast and unyielding. It looked across the years and exulted in the enormous growth that should crown this new century, and to-day it glimpses the largess of days that are yet to be.

"Bill Arp" is a man of hope, and the world instinctively covets the association of the hopeful man, because he is the strong man, faithful and brave. Such a man cannot have mean or ignoble thoughts about himself or his fellow-man. He is not ignorant of the sorrow and suffering to

which the generation of man is heir, but his eyes are turned towards the infinite, and his soul claims kinship with things eternal. Such a man finds no sorrow, because he looks for none. If he cannot be a Socrates he will love study none the less; if he cannot be a Milo he takes none the less pride in the care of his body; if he can never hope to be a Crœsus, still he toils none the less faithfully. Passing events and the flight of years lay no cares upon his life, for years are not the measure of his life. In the spirit of true philosophy, he meditates: "I must die. Must I then die lamenting? I must be put in chains. Must I then also lament? I must go into exile. Does any man then hinder me from going with smiles and cheerfulness and contentment? You may fetter my leg, but my will not even Zeus himself can overpower." Such a life is like the song of a plowboy, it is twice-blessed; it blesses him who sings and him who hears. Amid a world of busy men, that is a valuable spirit which lifts itself above the perturbations, misfortunes, disappointments, and groans, and instead of murmuring, "Wretched am I, an old man: have I kept my gray hairs for this?" exclaims, "Dear Crito, if it is the will of the gods that it be so, let it be so!"

Hope brings cheer. Whoever saw "Bill Arp" when he was not cheerful? Whoever heard him sorrow or complain? Unlike the Persian poet who continually complained because he had no shoes to wear, "Bill Arp" is thankful that he has feet. Whatever may be to-day's task, he goes about it with the light-heartedness of youth, and his delight in every duty is philosophic. If genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains, then "Bill Arp" is a prodigy. Ofttimes, as I have read his letters, have I been impressed with the accuracy with which he sees every detail of human life, and the common everyday occurrences that pass before us unnoticed, become interesting, attractive, and instructive when he talks about them. He has

eyes that see, ears that hear, and a heart that feels, and everything that God has made, to him has something of interest. He enjoys life, and knows how to make others enjoy it. A few good men have blessed the world with their fortunes, but he has blessed men by scattering into their life faith, hope, love and cheerfulness.

Though Major Smith has passed the allotted years of man, being in his seventy-fifth year, his eyesight is not dimmed, nor his mental powers abated. Old Father Time has mellowed him down into the love of the Southern people. In introducing him recently to a Mississippi audience, a college professor said: "I cannot say that 'Bill Arp' is the greatest man of the South, nor the best man, but I will say that he is the best loved man in all our Southland." What a blessed compliment was that!

Forty years ago he began to write his weekly letters for the Southern press, and during all these years he has hardly missed a week in dispensing good cheer, good advice, and good philosophy to the Southern people. His letters are printed in more than 700 weekly papers. Verily we Southern boys have grown up under his tuition, and though our files contain more than 2,000 letters from his pen, we are always glad to hear from him, and it is our hope that the years will deal gently with him, and fill his declining days with all that is rich and hallowed.

TENNYSON AND THE QUEEN.

BY W. A. LAMBETH.

The recent death of the Queen causes one to think of the Poet Laureate whose name has been most closely associated with her reign. Before Tennyson's appointment both Southey and afterwards Wordsworth had held this office, but no Laureate duties were called for until after Wordsworth's death in 1850. In this year the publication of "In Memoriam" made a profound impression on the Queen's Court, and it was chiefly because of Prince Albert's admiration for the poem that the Laureateship was given to Tennyson.

This office brought the poet into his first relationship with the Royal Family. Fitzgerald says, however, that at the time of the Queen's accession Tennyson wrote a poem —never published—"the burden of which was 'Here's a health to the Queen of the Isles.'" Victoria was then eighteen and Tennyson ten years older. Tennyson addressed in 1851 his first Laureate poem "To the Queen," which contains the prayer:

"May children of our children say,
'She wrought her people lasting good;

"'Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.'"

The relationship existing between Tennyson and the Royal Family was not one of mere conventionality, but rather one of mutual esteem. This friendship was still further strengthened in 1856, when the poet received a visit from Prince Albert himself. The Prince drove over from Osborne to Tennyson's beautiful home at Farringford, Isle of Wight. From the first, the poet says, the Prince was very cordial. He expressed great admiration of the

view from the drawing-room window, and one of the party gathered a bunch of cowslips which H. R. H. said he must take to the Queen. Four years later the Prince wrote Tennyson from Buckingham Palace:

"Will you be good enough to write your name in the accompanying volume of your 'Idyls of the King?' You will thus add a peculiar interest to the book, containing those beautiful songs, from the perusal of which I derived the greatest enjoyment."

When the death of the Prince Consort came in 1861, Tennyson felt deeply the loss to Britain and the Empire, and determined to dedicate the "Idyls" to his memory. He sent the first copies of the *Dedication* to the Princess Alice with the following letter:

"It seemed to me that I could do no better than dedicate to his memory a book which he himself had told me was valued by him. I am the more emboldened to send these lines to your Royal Highness, because having asked the opinion of a lady who knew and truly loved and honoured him, she gave me to understand by her reply that they were true and worthy of him; whether they be so or not, I hardly know, but if they do not appear so to your Royal Highness, forgive me as your father would have forgiven me."

In the *Dedication* the poet says that the Prince seemed to him

> "Scarce other than my king's ideal knight,
> 'Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
> Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
> Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
> Who loved one only and who clave to her.'"

And who was also

> "Dear to Science, dear to Art,
> Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
> Beyond all titles, and a household name,
> Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good."

The Princess was deeply touched by the lines and wrote:

"Mr. Tennyson could not have chosen a more beautiful or true testimonial to the memory of him who was so really good and noble, than the dedication of the 'Idyls of the King,' which he so valued and admired. Princess Alice transmitted the lines to the Queen, who desired her to tell Mr. Tennyson, with her sincerest thanks, how much moved she was on reading them, and that they had soothed her aching, bleeding heart."

The account of the poet's first visit to the Queen at Osborne in the following year was written by Mrs. Tennyson:

"She said many kind things to him, such as 'Next to the Bible In Memoriam is my comfort.' She talked of the Prince and of Hallam, and of Macaulay, and of Goethe, and of Schiller in connection with him, and said that the Prince was so like the picture of Arthur Hallam in In Memoriam, even to his blue eyes."

When the Prince of Wales was married in 1863, Tennyson wrote "A Welcome" to the bride from Denmark, beginning:

"Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!"

And who is a

"Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea."

In 1873 Tennyson addressed the Epilogue of the Idyls "To the Queen," which is especially significant, aside from its reference to the Queen, as the best interpretation there is of the central meaning of the whole poem. He begs the Queen to "take withal thy poet's blessing," and

"Accept this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul
Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still."

The Queen soon after this offered, through Mr. Gladstone, a baronetcy to the poet. He declined the honor, but expressed a desire that it might be conferred in after years on his son. The Queen, however, was especially anxious to give Tennyson this distinction and, one year later, again offered it through Mr. Disraeli. The poet again respectfully declined, but with the same request. Mr. Disraeli replied that such a course as reserving a baronetcy for a son was contrary to all precedent. Later, however, because of the insistence of Mr. Gladstone, he agreed to accept a Peerage, and in 1884 took his seat in the House of Lords. At that time the Queen wrote:

"It affords me much pleasure to confer on my Poet Laureate, who is so universally admired and respected, a mark of my recognition of the great services he has rendered to literature, which has so great an influence on the world at large."

The following account is an extract taken from the Queen's private Journal of the poet's last visit to her at Osborne. This was the last time she ever saw him. The extract gives expression to an intense faith in Immortality, a striking thing in the lives of both these persons:

"OSBORNE, Aug. 7, 1883.

"After luncheon saw the great Poet Tennyson for nearly an hour; and most interesting it was. He is grown very old, his eyesight much impaired. But he was very kind. He talked of the many friends he has lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world, where there would be no partings; and

then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no Immortality, who tried to explain all away in a miserable manner. We agreed that were such a thing possible, God, Who is Love, would be far more cruel than any human being.

"I told him what a comfort 'In Memoriam' had again been to me, which pleased him."

The Queen always remembered the poet on his birthday. On August 7, 1885, she wrote from Osborne:

"I was not unmindful of yesterday's anniversary, and would wish to offer my warm good wishes on the return of your natal day.

"It was also my son Alfred's and my son-in-law Lorne's birthday, and there was always a gathering at Osborne Cottage of my children, grand-children and relations, and, as I gazed on the happy young couple, and on my two sons, Alfred and Arthur, and their bonnie bairns, I could not but feel sad in thinking that their hour of trial might come.

"Till sixty-one no real inroad of any kind had been made in our circle, and how heavy has God's hand been since then on me! Mother, husband, children, truest friends, all have been taken from me, and yet I must 'still endure,' and I shall try to do so."

While Tennyson was usually not a good letter-writer, some of his letters to the Queen are excellent. In response to the Queen's birthday-letter, he said:

"Tho' feast and flowers seem to me only properly to belong to the birthdays of the young, and tho' I myself always pass my own over in silence, yet believe me most thoroughly grateful for your Majesty's gracious and kindly congratulations.

"As to the sufferings of this momentary life we can but trust that in some after-state, when we see clearer, we shall thank the Supreme Power for having made us, thro' these, higher and greater beings."

When the death of the poet's younger son, Lionel, came a few months after this, the Queen wrote, showing how deeply she was concerned in his great sorrow:

"I wish I could express in words how deeply and truly I feel for you in this hour of heavy affliction!

"You, who have written such words of comfort for others, will, I am sure, feel the comfort of them again in yourself. But it is terrible to lose one's grown up children when one is no longer young oneself, and to see, as I have done, and you will do now, the sore stricken widow of one's beloved son."

Tennyson was a Laureate who shared in his country's prosperity. His deep reverence for the Queen caused him to love,

"With love far-brought
From out the storied Past,"

"A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

Much of the same spirit is expressed in "On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria," a

"Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood,"

whose reign had been,

"Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce!
Fifty years of ever-brightening Science!
Fifty years of ever-widening Empire!"

At the request of the Queen's children, Tennyson sent the following inscription for the Prayer-book presented to the Queen on her fiftieth wedding-anniversary:

"Remembering him who waits thee far away,
And with thee, Mother, taught us first to pray,
Accept on this your golden bridal day
The Book of Prayer."

For this the Queen wrote gratefully:

OSBORNE, Feb. 10, 1891.

"*Dear Lord Tennyson:*—How kind it is of you to have written those beautiful lines, and to have sent the telegram for this ever dear day, which I will never allow to be considered a sad day. The reflected light of the sun which has set still remains! It is full of pathos, but also full of joyful gratitude, and he, who has left me nearly 30 years ago, surely blesses me still!

"Asking you to remember me kindly to Lady Tennyson and your son, believe me always

Yours affectionately,

VICTORIA R. I."

The Queen was deeply affected when she received the news of the poet's death in 1892, as is shown by her letter to his son:

"The Queen thanks Mr. Tennyson for his very touching telegram, describing the passing away of his beloved father. That great spirit now knows what he so often reflected on and pondered over.

"The Queen deeply laments and mourns her noble Poet Laureate, who will be so universally regretted, but he has left undying works behind him which we shall ever treasure.

"He was so kind and full of sympathy to the Queen, who alas! never saw him again after his last visit to Osborne.

"Most deeply does the Queen feel for Lady Tennyson, whose delicate health will, the Queen hopes, not suffer from this great shock. The blank is terrible."

Nine years later comes the death of the Queen, which brings to mind the familiar stanzas at the end of the *Dedication* of the "Idyls:"

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside Thee that ye made
One light together, but has past and leaves
The Crown a lonely splendor.

"May all love
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,
The love of all Thy sons encompass Thee,
The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee,
The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,
Till God's love set Thee at his side again!"

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL.

BY E. C. PERROW.

I knew a girl some seven years ago
I will not call her name, perhaps you know
Of whom I speak. A girl with face more fair
Than all the flowers wild that breathe the air
In her own mountain home. Her eyes as blue
As rain-washed summer skies. Her heart as true
And steadfast as the rock-bound cliffs that rise
And lose themselves pine-clad among the skies.
I knew her well. We two together played
When we were children and together made
Our little houses in the River's sand,
And o'er the mountains wandered hand in hand
In search of Spring's first flow'rs; and when the cold
Had turned again the forest leaves to gold.
We'd go to school at Missionary Ridge.
I'd always wait for her beyond the bridge
And side by side, our young hearts free from care,
We'd hurry through the frosty Autumn air.
Love her? Could I help it when her face
Grew fairer day by day, and some new grace
Was added year by year? It seemed to me
As day by day I watched, that I could see
The hand of Nature weave into her soul
All that was good and true. Her life was whole
And free from selfish pride and envy's sting,
From weakness, and the little things that bring
Too oft the blush of shame. She did not wear
Upon her face that haughty cruel air
We see so oft. She had a smile so sweet,
A word so kind for every one she'd meet,
That fevered brows forgot their throbbing pain,
And aching hearts grew light with joy again.
How did it end? Oh, can I e'er forget!

Tho' years have passed, it comes upon me yet
With all its awful weight. It presses so
It seems my heart will break.
You know
Our land in winter is a land of snow,
Of bitter cold. There icy tempests blow
And strip the dead leaves from the tossing tree,
Whirl them aloft in air, and laugh in fiendish glee.
One night when all the land was wrapped in sleep
The snow fell fast and ere the morning deep
It lay on hill and plain. Amid the storm
Of snow wind-driven came a hurrying form
Wrapped in a heavy coat and covered o'er
With snow-flakes white, and knocking at the door.
"My wife is sick," in anxious voice he said.
"Will some one go and watch beside her bed,
That I may go and summon Doctor Pymm?"
It was the girl I loved that went with him.
Beside the couch she watched night after night,
Nor did she leave her task until the light
Of hope shone in the husband's honest face.
Then with a happy heart she left her place.
But sleepless nights and Winter's bitter cold
Upon her face their awful tale had told.
For four long months she suffered. Every day
Up through the snow and ice I fought my way,
And kneeling at her side in earnest prayer,
I prayed and prayed that God her life might spare.
Some times she knew me well, but then again
Her mind would wander, overcome by pain.
She bore it all so patiently, I heard
In all her illness, no complaining word.
Then came the Spring. She called me to her bed
One bright sunshiny day and gently said,
"I know the hills with violets are blue,
Will you not go and gather me a few?"

I brought the flowers, she gently raised her head,
"I am so glad the Spring has come," she said.
She took the flowers and pressed them to her brow,
Then softly fell asleep. I left her now
A moment, and, returning, every trace
Of suffering and disease had left her face;
For she had heard the message of the King,
Her spirit bright had found eternal Spring.

THE SNAP DRAGON.

BY F. D. SWINDELL, JR.

In the graveyard just on the outskirts of Frankville, a sea-coast town of several hundred inhabitants in the State of the Tar Heels, there is an old gravestone marked with this inscription:

JOHN DECATUR FISHER
Born June 2, 1620,
DIED
Jan. 23, 1660.

Over the grave the tangled grass grows unheeded, the rains and the winds of years have caused the old gravestone to assume the yellow color of age, and the once plain inscription is now nearly effaced.

In the year sixteen and sixty a brig sailed into the Frankville harbor and cast anchor, just as the chariot of Helios ended its daily journey and sank down to rest in the far west. The arrival of the brig caused much excitement on shore. Here and there a spy-glass was leveled at her and some of the old sailors shook their heads and hastened to their homes when they saw a small boat put off from her side and start shoreward.

In a short time the boat, rowed by six sturdy blacks, neared the shore. In her stern sat a men gaily dressed and well armed. In reply to a hail from shore the man stood up, put his hands to his mouth and shouted, "The Snap Dragon, from New York; we are short of hands and water." At these words the crowd grew more restless, for they had judged from the rig of the craft that she was cut out for a privateer, and they immediately recognized the name as belonging to a famous buchaneer.

It was in the days when pirates sailed boldly up and down the eastern coast of North America, seizing and plundering whenever they could, and shielding themselves under the name of licensed privateers.

When the boat reached the shore, the man in the stern sprang out, and turning to the gaping crowd, asked for information concerning a certain John Fisher. "John Fisher is over yonder in the tavern," some one ventured to say. "I will fetch him," cried a ragged little urchin, and he hurried toward the tavern as fast as two fat little legs would carry him. In a few minutes the boy was seen returning with John Fisher. At the first sight of this man we recoil in disgust. He was a man of large stature and stout in proportion. Over his right eye was a large scar that caused him to look like some bloody pirate. His skin was very much tanned and his large mouth and horse-like teeth make you think of some character that you have seen in a night-mare.

"John Fisher, I believe," said the pirate, for so we can call him. "At your service, sir," returned the new arrival. The two men approached closer and spoke in low tones. The crowd could see the scar on Fisher's face flare up at intervals, and as the conversation grew more heated they crowded nearer, but at a wave of the pirate's hand and an angry flash from his eye they fell back.

Suddenly Fisher and the pirate got aboard the yawl and pulled off toward the brig.

Some presentiment of evil took possession of the crowd; they gathered in little bands on the streets and talked long and earnestly. By this time the shadow of night had fallen and the world was covered with a mantle of darkness.

Just as the hands of the clock pointed at the hour of twelve, two boats put off from the brig filled with armed men. The pirate commanded one boat and Fisher the other. Presently they reached the shore, disembarked, and in a band started over the town.

Many a poor man was aroused from his slumbers that night by a pair of rough hands on his shoulder, and looked around only to find the room filled with armed men. He was ordered to dress, and after doing so was bound and gagged. Then he was taken out in the darkness of the night, carried down to

the boat and rowed off to the brig. There the gag was removed from his mouth, but before being unbound he was made to sign an agreement to serve as one of the crew of the Snap Dragon. After about thirty men and boys had been thus kidnapped the pirates returned to their brig.

Again those on shore could hear the creaking of the chain as the Snap Dragon weighed anchor and put out to sea.

When the day dawned and the inhabitants of Frankville began to come out from their houses and go about their daily tasks, quite a number of the houses remained with closed window-blinds and doors. On investigation they met a sad sight; the brothers, husbands and sons had been taken away, and to prevent the alarm being given, the mothers, sisters and daughters had been bound and gagged, and even in some cases where they had resisted, killed.

Every one looked horrified and some one cried, "John Fisher, where is John Fisher?", but no John Fisher appeared. As the Snap Dragon had disappeared in the night, so had he. "He is the cause of all this," another one hissed through his set teeth. All day long the crowd remained together, after looking seaward in a vain hope of seeing the brig returning with their friends.

About night fall the wind began to rise and the clouds to bank up. By midnight a fierce storm was raging. The waves broke over the shoals near the bar, sending the white spray many feet high, and the seas looked like vast green mountains. The tide rose until it was far up into the streets of the town.

Just as a faint streak of light was seen in the east, the watchers saw a vessel heading for the bar. She was in a very bad condition, for a terrific wind directly behind her was driving her toward the shoals. One of her masts was gone, and as each incoming sea lifted her high in the air, there could be seen dark forms on her deck by the aid of the spy-glass, that the watchers knew were men.

In those days there were no life-saving stations, but the men were just as brave, and just as willing to risk their lives for their fellows as they are to-day. "Can we save them?" asked Henry Hicks, a young man with dark, flashing eyes, who had been watching the vessel intently. "No," said an older man; "no boat could live for a moment in this sea."

By this time the vessel was near the shoals, and as the alarm had been spread, large numbers of people were drawn on the shore gazing with white faces at the scene.

"Look!" cried Henry, but his cry was useless, for every eye was on the vessel as she struck the shoal. Instantly the remaining mast was torn from her by the shock and fell with a splash into the sea. Wave after wave swept over the doomed vessel and in a few hours she went to pieces.

All along the shore people were anxiously watching every spar or piece of timber that was washed ashore, seeking to rescue, if they could, any one of those who had been on the vessel.

Presently a large spar was seen floating in toward shore, and on it was fastened the form of a man. When the spar was almost to the shore, the under-tow seized it and carried it back into the outer breakers.

"The man will be drowned, for the spar cannot reach the shore on account of the under-tow. Get me a line, perhaps we can save the man yet," shouted Henry Hicks. Just a little way up the shore the beach projected out in the water for a considerable distance. Toward this Henry Hicks hurried and the men with him. By this time the wind had veered several degrees westward and was blowing directly down on the spar. Everything was favorable now for the rescue of the man. With one end of the rope tied about his body and the other end in the hands of faithful friends on shore, Henry jumped from the projection of the beach into the sea.

It did not take him long to reach the spar with a fair wind blowing him toward it. He grabbed at it, but missed his

hold and was swept almost by the spar before he could get a secure hold. It was easy sailing for him now, as the sailors say, he fastened the rope around the spar and drawing in some more slack, fastened himself to the spar; then he signalled to those on shore to pull them in. In another instant he felt the spar moving forward, as it was pulled through the water. The green brine rushed over him, there was a buzzing in his ears, everything became dark, and then his senses left him. The two inanimate forms were seized by willing hands as they reached the shore, cut aloose from the spar and immediately carried to the tavern.

A few hours later Henry opened his eyes and found himself in a warm bed and near a roaring fire. His every limb ached and his head was almost bursting with pain. He was about to close his eyes and try to sleep, when the door opened and Jack Leigh, Henry's best friend, walked in. He saw the movement of the eyelids and approached the bed. "How are you, old boy?" he asked, placing his hand on Henry's forehead. "Oh, I'll be all right soon; my head hurts me some, but is the man alive?" "Yes, he is living, but the doctor says he will die soon. Henry, whom do you think you rescued?" "I really don't know, but what boat was it, and was any one else saved?" "No, no one else was saved, and the man you almost gave your life for was the scoundrel John Fisher." At this moment a knock was heard on the door. "Come in," said Jack. The door opened and the keeper of the tavern walked in. "I will stay with Henry; you are wanted in the next room, Jack." Jack hurried in the next room, where he found a number of people crowded around the bed of Fisher, who was talking rapidly.

I will sum up in a few words what he said, as with bloodshot eyes and bloated visage he lay just on the brink of eternity.

After the Snap Dragon had put to sea with her impressed crew, a fair wind favored her for awhile, but about noon the barometer began to fall and the heavens to cloud up. When

the storm struck, the Snap Dragon turned her face shoreward and ran before the gale. The men who had been taken forcibly from their homes the night before were chained below decks to prevent their making any trouble, and they thus met a watery death and filled a watery grave. When he finished speaking he tore the sheet from his breast, and seizing a pouch that hung around his neck, handed it to Jack with the request to give it to Henry, who had risked his life for him. Jack took the gold with some repugnance, and as he received it, a quiver passed through Fisher's body, his hand fell, and one more soul had fled this life.

It was through the kindness of Henry Hicks that the simple marble slab was put on the grave of John Fisher, and it was from one of the descendants of Henry Hicks that I learned this story.

D. D. PEELE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

As the spring opens up our attention is centered on the athletic spirit in college, and every one of the students is anxious to see the very best team possible put on the diamond to represent us. It is a source of gratification to us to know that we shall have boys of our own number and none other to fight our battles. If by some mysterious event the battle should ever go against us, we shall feel that the strife has been a clean one, and an honest defeat is more to be commended than an unclean victory. But when we come off victorious, it will seem more like Trinity boys are the deserving ones. While heretofore it was required that a man take work in college to play on the ball team, it must be admitted that some men have played on the team whose college work was secondary to their athletic aspirations. And some how a star play made by one of these did not stir up enthusiasm among the students as a similar deed done by one of our own boys did.

We are glad of the fact that the colleges of North Carolina have taken a stand for purer athletics among the students of the State. Now the aspiring student has some encouragement to strive to make the team, knowing that no one will be imported at the last moment to occupy the position he has been striving so hard to fill. We are somewhat surprised to learn from some of our exchanges that this new movement for pure athletics is unpopular among the students of a few of

our colleges. They say the enthusiasm for the ball team is dying out. Now we do not know the local conditions at these colleges, but it does seem to us that a body of students could show just as much enthusiasm and yell just as lustily for a band of their own number as they could for a ball team, many of whose members they have never seen except on the diamond. All those who believe in honesty as opposed to sham, and in amateur college ball as opposed to high-handed professionalism, we are sure, will rally around the State Athletic Association and assist it in its earnest fight for pure athletics in our colleges. As for Trinity, she is now and forever for pure athletics.

The outlook for our team this year is very encouraging. Our manager reports that he is greatly encouraged and expects to put a team on the diamond that will be an honor to the student body. To do this requires the support of every person on the Park. There is a class of men who never do anything themselves for athletics or anything else, but who are eternally expressing their opinions of how this or that might be improved, and their suggestions, though delivered with the air of Solon, are such as Balaam's beast might have made had he spoken at length. While this may be of more general application, we do not need any of these men on the athletic grounds this spring. But rather let us all determine to do all in our power to aid our manager in putting a good team on the diamond.

In few gubernatorial inaugurations do the people express their confidence in the future of the State and in the administration of the new Governor as the people of North Carolina have in the recent inauguration of Governor Aycock. Everybody looks upon the State as entering into a new period of prosperity. They have reasons to think this. The overwhelming majority which elected Mr. Aycock assured him of the sympathy of his people and enables him to act with

decision and determination. He has the whole commonweath with him and hence has a fine opportunity of serving his State with great results. The educational grounds on which the campaign was fought inspire the people with hope of a glorious future for their State. The whole people seem to be panting with new life and are expecting great results from the present administration. The indications are that they will not be disappointed. The Legislature has caught the spirit and have further expressed the confidence of the people in their new Governor by increasing his salary and repealing a bill limiting his power. Catching the spirit of the campaign the Legislature has increased the annual appropriation to the State University. All these are but signs of what is yet to come, and tokens of a brighter future for North Carolina.

MAUDE E. MOORE. - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Popular fiction during the past year has nothing astonishing, though a great many very admirable stories have been written and several books had great sales. There is no one book which stands out above all the others either on account of its popularity or literary merit, however. Among the most popular we find at the head of the list "To Have and to Hold," by Mary Johnston, then come "Janice Meredith," "Richard Carvel," "When Knighthood was in Flower," and "Red Pottage."

This is the season for year books. The Rev. George Sidney Webster has made selections from the works of Henry Van Dyke and has published them through the Messrs. Scribner, under the title "The Friendly Year." This book will be especially attractive to the admirers of Dr. Van Dyke's work in prose and in verse.—*Bookman.*

Mr. R. H. Russell has brought out a souvenir of Maude Adams in "L'Aiglon," and will issue next week one of Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith," which will contain sixteen pages of heavy plate paper filled with reproductions of Miss Mannering in scenes from the play.

William L. Alden thinks that when Richard Harding Davis visits London again he will find that the climate has changed—has become almost arctic. Mr. Davis rubbed the British public the wrong way in his letters and magazine articles concerning the Boer war. They do not object to his sympathizing with the Boers, but they do object to his representation of the English officers.

The fact that Kipling's popularity is undiminished is shown by the increase of the subscription list of the Cassell Magazine, in which magazine his new novel is to begin in January. It is the longest story he has yet written.

Edmund Gosse, the eminent English literary reviewer, has written a critical and biographical sketch of the young English poet, Stephen Phillips, which appears in the January number of "The Century." Mr. Gosse believes that the head of the author of "Francesca and Paolo" and "Herod," will be saved by the poet's own keen sense of humor; it will not even be turned by the almost universal chorus of praise which has been called forth by his poems.—*Saturday Book Review.*

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, who is now lecturing in this country, has contributed a very interesting character sketch of Lord Loberts to the January number of "The World's Work," based on a study of the great soldier while Mr. Churchill was a war correspondent in South Africa.

Twelve novels, one appearing each month, will be published during the year 1901 by Harper & Brothers. All the stories will deal with contemporary life in America, and nearly all are by new writers. The first one, "Eastover Court House," deals with life in Virginia and is by Kenneth Brown.

A short time ago we presented an extract from a letter written by Rudyard Kipling to Mr. Frank T. Bullen in response to a request that Mr. Kipling should write the introduction to Mr. Bullen's "The Cruise of the Cachalot." Mr. Kipling declined the invitation principally on the grounds that everybody who had a knife ready for him would take pleasure in sticking it into Mr. Bullen. Doubtless Mr. Bullen has appreciated the advice given for his new work, "The Men of the Merchant Service," published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, is dedicated "To Rudyard Kipling in grateful recognition of both his wonderful genius and his great kindness to the author."—*Saturday Book Review.*

It may be interesting to some to know that a story of Revolutionary days, of which the scene is laid in Hillsboro, N. C., is appearing serially in "Everybody's Magazine," published by John Wannamaker. The title of the story is "Joscelyn Cheshire," and in it the author, Miss Sara Beaumont Kennedy, has drawn a vivid picture of domestic and military life of those days.

F. S. CARDEN, - - - - - - MANAGER.

Most of the college magazines begin the new century very creditably. *The Gray Jacket* has a variety of poetry and fiction. "A Bolivian Christmas" is obscure on account of its disconnected plot; neither are its paragraphs well constructed. The "Odor of Violets" is a much better written story. We find in the latter no such digressions as occur in "A Bolivian Christmas." The article of note in this number of the *Gray Jacket* is "Portia," a well written and true estimation of one of Shakspere's greatest women.

The January *Central Collegian* has a religious air about it. There are three contributions on the Bible by preachers who, to all appearances, are not students. Such articles would be more in place in some Christian advocate. The February number of the *Collegian*—it is announced—will be devoted to 19th century literature. Such plan will be more successful and the *Collegian* will assume more of the air of a college magazine if the articles in the next number are from the pens of students.

There is a very fine article in the *Converse Concept* on the "Immortality of Byron." The writer has evidently given very careful study to the subject and, as a result, has formed a true estimate of the spirit of Byron's poetry and its influence on coming generations. The fiction in the *Concept* is not so good. "A Holiday's Experiences" is nonsensically unnatural and weak; "His Confident" has more of the essentials of good fiation in that it arouses an interest in its characters. The poems are long and hard to appreciate.

There are two leading articles in the *Wofford Journal.* The first is the science medal essay on "The South Polar Problem." It is a carefully prepared essay, showing much research. The next article is a long story, "What Happened at Nailoyh." What happened there, just as what happens in too many college stories, might be told in this line: "She came, he saw, she conquered." The writer consumes ten pages in telling it. However, the style and description are good. Such effusions as "When I look out upon the leaves" would be far more at home among the unpublished poems of a young poet.

The Drama is a line of literature in which Southern college magazines are deficient. Good dramas are often published in Northern magazines. In the December *Harvard Monthly* there appears a well written drama.

One of the best articles of the month appears in the *University of Virginia Magazine.* It is on the "Hall of Fame." The style is lucid and the expressions are strong enough to meet the demands of the subject, yet this article seems to be permeated by the self importance of the University of Virginia.

The *Vox Wesleyana* is the name of a new magazine which we welcome to our exchange list. It contains some good reading matter.

Solemnly, softly the snowflakes are falling—
Down from the dull, leaden dome of the sky;
Plaintively sighing the wind fays are calling,
Crooning a dirge for the leaflets that die.
Dreamily drift,
Silently sift,
Whisper o'er corpses of leaves that are sere,
Hark to the wail of the forest forestalling
The days of December, December the drear.

—*C. H. Collester, in Amhurst Monthly.*

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. C. BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

In the first meeting after Christmas the members of the Association were favored by a very impressive talk by Mr. E. M. Hoyle. He spoke of the duties of college men to the new century.

* * *

An old and faithful friend of the Association, Prof. J. F. Bivens, addressed us Sunday afternoon, January 13. And on the Sunday following, Prof. R. Webb drew us a good lesson from the life of Daniel.

* * *

It being in the midst of examinations, the duties of the Association, Sunday afternoon, January 27, were not thrown upon any one man. We had short talks from several of the members.

* * *

At a business meeting of the Association, January 13, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. —— Howard; Vice-President, Mr. J. M. Ormond; Treasurer, Mr. M. T. Frizzelle; Recording Secretary, Mr. E. M. Hoyle; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. W. R. Royall. Those who are acquainted with these men feel sure that the Association has fallen into good hands.

* * *

On Sunday afternoon, January 20, Mr. D. D. Peele, the retiring President, read the following annual report before the members of the Association:

When the Young Men's Christian Association came into the hands of the retiring corps of officers less than a year ago,

there were before it difficult problems to solve; some were met successfully, with the assistance of the former officers, and some difficulties were fought hard, but never successfully. Chief among these was one arising from the condition of athletics in the college. The relation between the Christian work and athletics was in a very abnormal condition. Not only were some of the heroes on the diamond out of sympathy with us, but many exercised an influence, intentionally or unintentionally, directly against the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. But this difficulty has been met and met successfully, although largely by a force outside of our Association. Whatever may be our opinions with regard to the fight for pure athletics from other standpoints, all men looking at it from the point of view of a Christian worker, which after all is the only true light, must hail the movement with joy and gladness. It is a hopeful sign on the other hand to see active members of our Association taking active part on the athletic grounds. It is one of the most hopeful signs for the future to see the Athletic Association and the Y. M. C. A. thus drawn closer together.

A series of Special revival services have not been held since the retiring officers assumed their duties; the influence of our regular Sunday devotional meetings in building up believers and in bringing unbelievers nearer the truth may never be known. This influence manifested itself notably at the second meeting of the fall term, when many pledged themselves to lend their influence for Christian work, and one was brought to a profession of faith in Christ.

The Bible Study Committee has offered three courses of study—one in Life of Christ, one in Acts and Epistles of Paul and a third in the Old Testament characters—the total enrollment in the three classes is twenty-three or four. The Missionary Committee also has a class studying "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation" with a large enrollment. Owing to the recent troubles in China the committee has been unable to hear from our native worker in that country until recently—consequently their work has been impeded to

some extent. One Sunday in each month the subject of missions has been presented to our members, the other three being filled by the Devotional Committee.

In no respect are we more encouraged than in the steady increase in attendance at these devotional meetings. While it is not by any means now what it should be, yet it is better than it was sometime ago. It is a lamentable fact that last spring but few persons came out on Sunday afternoons. But this year it has been improved on. I know I am safe in saying the attendance now is 50 per cent. above that of last spring.

At the opening of the fall term, a reception was given to the new students, which was followed up by an enthusiastic campaign among the students for members. And as a result our roll was considerably increased.

In our financial department we have been reasonably successful. We were able to pay all our subscriptions—one of $25.00 to the International Committee and $15.00 to the State Committee. The subscriptions we made for the present year were not so large—our reason for decreasing them being a belief that our fees could be more profitably expended on matters more directly related to our own Association. While we were not able to send as many delegates to the Summer Conference as we desired, the three we sent returned infinitely better qualified to perform the duties incumbent upon them.

As to the future of the Y. M. C. A. we predict a bright one. With the corps of officers now assuming their duties, we feel little anxiety as to the immediate future. I do not feel like advising those of more experience than myself, yet from one's own failures he learns to advise others. So seeing what I consider the greatest failure of our administration, I would suggest that more effort be made to develop workers among the students. We have done something in that direction, but I feel that it might have been more. With these words we give the Y. M. C. A. into the hands of our successors, earnestly praying that God may abundantly reward their efforts.

At Home and Abroad

S. G. WINSTEAD, - - - - - MANAGER.

Mr. W. W. Card, class of '00, who is now attending Harvard University, was a welcome visitor to the Park during the Xmas holidays. Mr. C. A. Woodard also spent a few days on the campus on his return to Oxford, where he is teaching.

Dr. W. H. Moore, Presiding Elder of the Durham District, is now a resident of the Park. He has secured rooms in the Mary Duke Building, and will move his family sometime in the near future.

Dr. J. S. Bassett spent a few days at Johns Hopkins University during examinations, where he delivered a series of lectures, subjects, "The Negro in Africa," "Negro in American Slavery," and "Negro in American Freedom."

The Illustrated Methodist Magazine, of St. Louis, contains handsome cuts of the college buildings, also of Mr. Washington Duke, Dr. John F. Crowell, ex-President of the College, and Hon. James H. Southgate, President of the Board of Trustees.

There is always something for a college student to look forward to during his college term. The one thing that the Trinity students are especially anticipating at present is the coming of Chancellor James H. Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, who will deliver the Avera Bible Lectures. His subject will be the "Book of Job." The exact date of these lectures has not yet been fixed, but will be some time in April.

Quite a number from the Faculty and student body attended the Inaugural.

Prof. W. G. Coltrane and Rev. N. C. Yearby spent a few days on the Park before going home for their Christmas holidays.

The plans for the Library Building have been accepted, and work will begin some time in the spring. The building will be situated inside the circular enclosure and will no doubt be a great addition to the campus.

The last meeting of Science Club was held January 12. The subject discussed at this meeting was the 19th century development in Chemistry, Biology and Physic.

Mr. J. K. Wood, of Senior class, spent a few days in Raleigh just after examination. Mr. Wood went down to see his father, who is in the Senate.

Midyear examinations began January 18th, ending January 31st.

Prof. W. W. Flowers is now on the Park. Prof. Flowers spent last fall at Harvard University, but on account of his eyes, was forced to give up his work there. We hope that he may be able to return soon.

Dr. Gill, father of Prof. W. F. Gill, spent some time on the Park just afteu Xmas.

We give below an incomplete schedule of our ball games for this season:

Horner, March 23, at Durham.
Lafayette, March 27, at Durham.
Mebane, April 1, at Durham.
Wake Forest, April 5, at Durham.
Guilford, April 8, at Guilford.
Cornell, April 11, at Durham.
Harvard, April 17, at Durham.
Georgia University, May 17, at Durham.

Arrangements are beiug made to play Wake Forest in Raleigh during the latter part of April; we also hope to give Guilford a return game in Durham. Correspondence is being carried on with various other teams which we hope to play. We are also contemplating a trip through South Carolina and Georgia, on which we hope to play many of the teams of those States.

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AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY NOVEL.

BY J. R. COWAN.

When one reads the English novels of the eighteenth century it should not be with the view of reflecting as to whether they bear the test of our present day standards. We all know that the final development of English fiction in its several types was only accomplished in the nineteenth century. So eighteenth century novels should be read from the standpoint of their share in the general evolution of fiction.

Sir Walter Scott called "The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker" "the last, and like music sweetest in the close, the most pleasing of the works of Tobias Smollett." It was written at Leghorn, and appeared in 1771, the very year of Smollett's death. As for the mere form it does not compare

with its contemporaries even, but it did establish its author's position as one of the first humorists of the eighteenth century, and to that point I shall devote a good part of this discussion. A long life of toil and suffering, of domestic and literary disappointment had tamed and disciplined the ferocity out of Smollett before he began to work on "Humphrey Clinker." After a sympathetic reading of this novel we find the underlying mood to be very tender in contrast to that of his former novels.

The story is told by means of letters, and is the account of the travels of a Welsh family through England and Scotland. Neither a book of travels, nor a book of letters, by way of apology to the author, contributed anything new to the development of the novel. The story has no plot, and leaving out side incidents and descriptions of travel, and various digressions which assist in characterization, it can be suggested in a few words. Matthew Bramble, of Brambleton Hall, Monmouthshire, an old bachelor who suffers from the gout and a thousand other ills is advised by his physician to go on a circular tour. He is accompanied by his shrewish sister Tabitha Bramble with her inseparable dog Chowder, her maid Winifred Jenkins, and his niece and nephew, Lydia Melford and Jeremiah Melford. Smollett's object, says Mr. Cross, "is to excite continual laughter by farcical situations. The novel thus announces the broad comedy of Dickens, so different from the pure comedy of Fielding, and is best characterized by *funny*, a word just then coming into use."

I shall now try to consider the particular points for which "Humphrey Clinker" has a peculiar value in the study of English fiction. In the first place the chief characters have somewhat clearly marked prejudices, and in their own peculiar manner each one in turn gives a personal estimate of the other. Just here it is well to remember that one never contracts a great amount of sympathy for a character until the follies as well as the virtues of that character are freely expressed by a number of others. Then, too, in this story

the same scenes are described in letters to their respective friends, thus giving the views of the bitter and disappointed old bachelor, the college graduate with the standpoint of the man of the world, the young lady sentimentalist who falls in love from first sight, the aged spinster seeking a husband at all hazards, and the waiting maid who has never crossed the Severn. This treatment presents the characters just as they are without any moralizing digressions.

Taking up the first character we find that there is after all not so much of a lack of design. Jeremy Melford, though shadowy as a character, is an interesting figure as a burlesque. He is the manager of a company of "originals" who are to set forth a comedy. He is a man of the world, one who persuades himself to see things as they are. Described by his uncle, he is "a pert jackanapes, full of college petulance and self-conceit, proud as a German count, and as hot and hasty as a Welsh mountaineer." Melford becomes a member of the party of tourists and writes to his college friend: "I have got into a family of originals, whom I may one day attempt to describe for your amusement." The study of man, considered as an "original" is, then, a part of Melford's philosophy of life. He writes thus of an observation he made at Bath: "I saw the ball opened by a Scotch lord, with a mulatto heiress from St. Christopher's . . . . . At the pump room I saw a paralytic attorney of Shoe Lane, in shuffling up to the bar, kick the shins of the Chancellor of England, while his lordship in a cut bob, drank a glass of water at the pump . . . I cannot account for my being pleased with these incidents any other way than by saying they are truly ridiculous in their nature, and serve to heighten the humor in the farce of life, which I am determined to enjoy as long as I can." This strikes the keynote of the standpoint from which the appreciative reader must approach this book. As a member of the traveling party Melford is meanwhile enjoying a comedy which is productive of much diversion. As the catasthrophe hastens on the society becomes to him "really

enchanting." He is thoroughly attached to his company of "originals."

Considering the "originals" in order, we find Mr. Matthew Bramble described as "an odd kind of humorist"; to a casual observer he is very unpleasant in his manner, but sure to be liked on further acquaintance. He is a general favorite with his neighbors in the country. He has his peevishness and occasional sarcasm, but he is not without that goodness of heart which grows on us all. He relieves his unhappy moods by scorning society, but he is a friend of the helpless, none the less, and has the genuine spirit of a philanthropist. Melford writes: "His character opens and improves on me every day. His singularities afford a rich mine of entertainment . . . . He affects misanthropy to conceal the sensibilities of a heart which is tender even to a degree of weakness . . . . His little distresses provoke him to let fly the shafts of his satire . . . . Our Aunt Tabitha acts upon him as a perpetual grindstone." There are passages in Smollett which for the force of their satire resemble very much similar passages in Swift. "The mob is a monster," says Bramble, "that I never could abide. I detest the whole of it as a mass of ignorance, presumption, malice, and brutality; and in this term of reprobation I include, without respect or rank, station or quality, all those of both sexes who affect its manner and court its society." And his misanthropy, too, has some of the force of that of Swift. "My misanthropy increases every day. The longer I live I find the folly and fraud of mankind grow more intolerable." And there is nothing more despicable to him than "flattering a mob." "When I see a man of birth, education and fortune, put himself on a level with the dregs of the people, mingle with low mechanics, feed with them at the same board and drink with them in the same cup, flatter their prejudices, harangue in praise of their virtues, expose himself to the belchings of the beer, and the fumes of their tobacco, the grossness of their familiarity, and the impertinence of their conversation,

I cannot help despising him as a man guilty of the vilest prostitution, in order to effect a purpose equally selfish and illiberal." Again he resembles Swift, when he rails out against unsanitary conditions at Bath. Nothing better illustrates his whims and prejudices than his letters from Bath. As to the Gothic architecture he has no sympathy for it, and his idea of the occurrence of this style in England is rather amusing although indicative of the general taste of the 18th century. He insists that it should be called Saracen rather than Gothic, since it was imported from Spain. "The climate possessed by the Moors or Saracens was so exceedingly hot and dry, that those who built places of worship employed their talents in contriving edifices that should be cool . . . . But nothing could be more preposterous than to immitate such a mode of architucture in a country like England, where the climate is cold, and the air eternally loaded with vapours, and where of consequence the builders' intention should be to keep the people dry and warm." Another thing which is thoroughly odious to him is the composition of the fashionable society at Bath. "Every upstart of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation."

Tabitha Bramble is an old maid who is "constantly employed in spreading her nets for the other sex." She is described in her nephew's caricature as "tall, raw-boned, awkward, flat-chested and stooping; her complexion is sallow and freckled; her eyes are not grey, but greenish like those of a cat, and generally inflamed; her hair is of a sandy, or rather dusty hue; her forehead low, her nose long, sharp, and towards the extremity always red in cool weather; her lips skinny, her mouth extensive, her teeth straggling and loose, of various colors and conformation; and her long neck shriveled into a thousand wrinkles—in her temper she is proud, stiff, vain, and imperious, prying, malicious, greedy, and uncharitable. In all likelihood, her natural austerity has been soured by disappointment in love; for her long celibacy

is by no means owing to her dislike of matrimony; on the contrary, she has left no stone unturned to avoid the reproachful epithet of old maid." But the greatest contribution to the study of this "original" is to be found in her letters. She is surpassed in letter writing, however, by her worthy imitator, Wm. Jenkins, who is unsurpassed for misspelling and getting things wrong. Tabitha's letters, however, give us an amusing conception of the vanity, caprice and selfishness of an old maid. After having read them all in connection with the various episodes of the story, one must admit some sympathy for her character. She is stingy and overbearing enough to carry out the most rigid economy in the general oversight of her brother's household. The servants must go without butter during her absence. She exercises every bit of shrewdness she is capable of, in order that the financial returns may foot up favorably. "If the servants must needs have butter," she writes the housekeeper to "let them make it of sheep's milk," but even then this does not entirely obviate the difficulty, "for then," says she, "my wool will suffer for want of grace, so that I must be a loser on all sides." Tabitha is ready for any sort of innovation, so of course she is caught up by the new Methodism. She thinks Methodism will add to her many accomplishments and for this reason absorbs the language peculiar to the new sect. Thus she closes a letter with this advice to the housekeeper: "Pray order everything for the best and be frugal, and keep the maids to their labour . . . . I desire you will redouble your care and circumflexion, that the family may be well managed during our absence; for you know you must render an account, not only to your earthly master, but also to him that is above; and if you are found a good and faithful servant great will be your reward in heaven . . . . If I had a private opportunity, I would send the maids some hymns to sing instead of those profane ballads; but as I can't they and you must be contented with the prayers of your assured friend, Tabitha Bramble."

Tabitha, in the course of her peregrinations, "opened her batteries on an old Scotch Lieutenant, called Lismahago." "He is," writes Mr. Bramble to his friend, "I think one of the most singular personages I ever encountered. His manner is as harsh as his countenance; but his peculiar turn of thinking, and his pack of knowledge, made up of the remnant of rarities, rendered his conversation desirable, in spite of his pedantry and ungracious address. I have often met with a crab apple in a hedge which I have been tempted to eat for its flavour, even while I was disgusted by its austerity." Melford's exaggerated description of Lismahago is one of Smollett's best pieces of caricature. He would have measured above six feet in height, had he stood upright; but he stooped very much, was very narrow in the shoulders, and very thick in the calves of the legs, which were cased in black spatterdashes. As for his thighs, they were long and slender, like those of a grasshopper; his face was at least half a yard in length, brown and shrivelled, with projecting cheek bones, little grey eyes on the greenish hue, a large hook nose, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furnished with teeth, and a high, narrow forehead well furrowed with wrinkles. His horse was exactly in the style of its rider, a resurrection of dry bones." Forthwith Mrs. Tabby was so captivated with the story told of his capture by American Indians that she began to practice on the heart of this lieutenant. Some time after this a drowned horse was found as the party crossed the stream, which seemed to be the identical beast upon which Lismahago rode when he parted from the company. This would seem to intimate that the Lieutenant shared the same fate as his horse, and, while the information affected the whole party, it affected none more than Mistress Tabitha, "who shed salt tears and obliged Clinker to pull a few hairs out of the dead horse's tail, to be worn in a ring as a remembrance of his master." This grief was unfounded, since Lismahago shortly again re-appeared.

I shall now call attention to the letters of Win Jenkins, who by her famous spelling and droll method of narration renders herself the greatest of "originals." "Nature intended Jenkins for something very different from the character of her mistress, yet custom and habit had affected a wonderful resemblance in many particulars." So in the course of the story after a number of adventures she wins a husband after the manner of her mistress. Jenkins writes to her friend from Bath that "you that live in the country have no deception of our doings at Bath." Miss Lydia Melford was kind enough to give Mrs. Jenkins her "yellow trolopea," and she seems to have been in a fair way to keep pace with Tabitha among the fashionable society of Bath. She is enraptured with her new outfit. "You know as how yallow fitts my fizzogmony. God he knows what havoc I shall make among the mail sex, when I make my first appearance in this killing collar, with a soot of full gaze, as good as new that I bought last Friday of Madam Friponeau, the French mullaner." In short she is ready along with her mistress to fire at game of any sort that is liable to turn up, and to say that these random shots finally brought down the game tells the whole story. She is attracted by the piety of the new servant, Humphrey Clinker and his doctrines of the new Methodism, and after the example of her mistress she absorbs Methodist phrases. "The ladies would not part with Mr. Clinker because he was so stout and pyehouse that he fears neither man nor devils, if so be as they don't take him by surprise." While in London when coming home from meeting, "I was taken by lamplight, for an eminent poulterer's daughter, a great beauty—but, as I was saying, this is all vanity and vexation of spirit. The pleasures of London are no better than sower whey and stale cider when compared with the joys of the new Gerusalem."

Let us see now how the conclusion to this comedy is rendered in the hands of three of the "originals." Jenkins marries Humphrey Clinker, alias Loyd, who turns out to be a natural

son of Mr. Bramble. Tabitha Bramble marries Lismahago, and Lydia Melford, the sentimentalist of the comedy marries the man she first loved. Matthew Bramble from the very first had encourged his sister's correspondence with Lismahago. "I shall be glad to see them united. In that case, we shall find a way to settle them comfortably in our own neighborhood. I and my servants will get rid of a very troublesome and tyrranic governante, and I shall have the benefit of Lismahago's conversation without being obliged to take more of his company than I desire; for though an olia is a high flavored dish I could not bear to dine upon it every day of my life." The clouds which threaten Brambl'e existence with gall and bitterness gradually clear away. Later it seems that everything is arranged for the good of all, and Bramble thus writes: "My niece Liddy is now happily settled for life; and Captain Lismahago has taken Tabby off my hands, so that I have nothing further to do, but comfort my friend Baynard and provide for my son Loyd." Jenkins, the bad spelling genius, in her own droll and humorous manner, thus unravels the story: "Last Sunday in the parish crutch, if my own ars may be trusted, the clerk called the banes of marridge betwixt Opaniah Lushmayhago and Tabitha Brample, Spinster: he mought as well have called her incleweaver, for she never spun an hank of yarn in her life." Jenkins is still an adherent to Methodism. "I have such vapours, Molly. I sit and cry by myself, and take ass of etida, and smill to burnt fathers and kindle snuffs; and I pray constantly for grease, that I may have a glimpse of the new light, to show me the way through this wretched veil of tares." Tabitha Lismahago thuse concludes with her last letter to the house-keeper at Brambleton Hall: "Heaven for wise purposes, hath ordained that I should change my name and citation in life, so that I am not to be considered any more as manager of my brother's family. My spouse the captain, being subject to rummaticks, I beg you will take care to have the bloo-chamber, up two pair of stairs, well

warmed for his reception. Let the sashes be secured, the crevices stopt, the carpets laid and the beds well tousled." It is in perfect keeping with the construction of the comedy that Win Jenkins' last letter should bring it to a close. "Mrs. Jones,—Providence hath been pleased to make great halteration in the pasture of our affairs. We were yesterday three kiple chined by the grease of God, in the holy bonds of mattermony; and I now subscribe myself Loyd at your service."

So far I have been dealing with Smollett's characters and caricatures; it remains to enlarge upon those other features which are prominent in this production. That it affords a study of Methodism, of the new attitude towards nature, and at least faint traces of the romantic movement, needs to be further illustrated. I have already shown how Smollett parodies the language of the Methodists by Win Jenkins' "God's grease" and other ridiculous pharses. But the best study of the zeal of the new Methodism is to be found in the character of Humphrey Clinker. He does not figure largely in the story, but is well worth considering. Clinker became a servant of the Bramble family, but continued to act as an apostle of the new gospel. He holds forth to the rabble on every street corner. At first his master misinterpreted the object of such energetic harangues, and asked him as to what kind of medicinal powders he was distributing, and as to whether he had a good sale. "Sale sir" cried Clinker, "I hope I shall never be base enough to sell" for gold and silver what freely comes of God's grace. I distributed nothing, an' it like your honor, but a word of advice to my felleows in servitude in sin." Later in the story Melford writes that in company with his uncle they drop in to see "such a curious phenomenon" as a Methodist congregation. "We squeezed into the place with much difficulty; and who should this preacher be but the identical Humphrey Clinker! He had finished his sermon, and given out a psalm. But if we were astonished to see Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among

the audience." This sort of a thing the eighteenth century gentlemanly squire had no patience for. "What right has such a fellow as you to set up for a reformer," said he. "Begging your honor's pardon," replied Clinker, "may not the new light of God's grace shine upon the poor and ignorant in their humility?" "What you imagine to be the new light of grace," soid his master, "I take to be a deceitful vapour, glimmering through a crack in your upper story—in a word Mr. Clinker, I will have no light in my family but what pays the king's taxes, unless it be the light of reason, which you don't pretend to follow." Shortly afterwards we find Clinker on trial for highway robbery. His master provoked at such unconnected and dubious answers bursts out in wrath—"In the name of God if you are innocent, say so." "No," cried he, God forbid that I should call myself innocent, while my conscience is burdened with sin." "What then you did commit this robbery?", resumed his master. "No sure," said he, blessed be the Lord I'm free of that guilt." Later they inquired at Clerkenwell prison for their servant. "I don't care if you had him," sullenly answered the turnkey, "here has been nothing but canting any praying since the fellow entered the place . . . . Two or three as bold hearts as ever took air upon Hounslow have been blubbering all night; and if the fellow ant speedily removed by habeas corpus or otherwise, I'll be dammed if there is a grain of true spirit left within these walls—we shan't have a soul to do credit to the place, or to make his exit like a true born Englishman—damn my eyes there will be nothing but snivelling in the cart—we shall die like so many psalm-singing weavers." Smollett looked upon the new Methodist movement as something which was absorbed by women, or by men without any great force of character, such as servants, laborers and jail-birds· But his delineation of Humphrey Clinker is not rough, and does not by any means leave a bad taste in the mouth.

Lydia Melford is shadowy and undeveloped as a character, but she is at least suggestive of the girl of sentiment and romance. She is described by her uncle as "a poor, good-natured simpleton, as soft as butter and as easily melted." She has education and is "not a fool," but she is "so tender and susceptible," she has "a languishing eye and reads romances." "Scotland," she writes, "is exceedingly romantic and suits my turn and inclinations." "I long to indulge those pleasing reveries that shun the hurry and tumult of fashionable society." These are a few suggestions which show that this character might have been built into a young lady who would have done credit to a real romance.

Smollett calls our attention to mountain scenery in a way that was new for the eighteenth century. Mr. Bramble is thoroughly thrilled with the romantic scenery of Scotland. "On the banks of Lock Lomond are beauties which even partake of the sublime." "Everything here is romantic beyond imagination." . . . . Inclosed I send you the copy of a little ode to the river by Dr. Smollett, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles of the place I am now writing . . . . I am determined to penetrate at least forty miles into the highlands, which now appear like a fantastic vision in the clouds, inviting the approach." "This country," he writes again, "is amazingly wild, especially towards the mountains, which are heaped upon the backs of one another, making a most stupendous appearance in savage nature, with hardly any signs or cultivation or even of population. All is sublimity, silence and solitude." These descriptions are supplemented by those of Melford who "feels an enthusiastic pleasure" when he surveys "the brown heath that Ossian wont to tread, and hear the wind whistle through the bending grass. Very much akin to this delight in mountain scenery is the decided preference for rural as opposed to city life. Mr. Bramble, unlike the gentlemen who thronged the clubs and coffee houses of the past century, is very much attached to life in his retired Welsh home.

Coming now to a final consideration and with other impressions that we have gathered, we find that there are literary lankmarks in this production which cannot be put aside as worthless. In the development of English humor, it is, I think, a very considerable landmark. One must admit that its character sketching is not complete, except in the case of Lismahago, Jenkins and probably Tabitha it is somewhat colourless. But they all leave us with some impression. Lismahago, especially, is the flower of the book and deserves to stand as a type of the Scotchman. Aside from character colouring, Smollett's last novel announces a new form of caricature which was carried out by writers of the nineteenth century. It is the form which exposes to ridicule the moral defects of human nature by depicting along with it physical defect or deformity. This form the nineteenth century has had a peculiar relish for, as may be seen from the popularity of Charles Dickens and Washington Irving. Nothing does more to heighten the pathos or humour of Dickens' situations than the somewhat exaggerated descriptions of the physical appearances of his characters. By this very means Washington Irving cultivated a pleasing method of satire. And as a whole Smollett's satire is not Swiftsonian in its bitterness. He is probably not so much of a misanthrope as we think he is. Taine is, I think, guilty of the grossest exaggeration and injustice when he accuses Smollett of making his characters odious by exaggeration in caricature. His criticism might just as well be applied to numerous other writers who have used similar methods to ridicule the manners and vices of their time. Anyhow the English reading public was pleased with this kind of literature for a long time, and they have not as yet entirely lost their fondness for it. As for Smollett's prejudices in Humphrey Clinker," they are never urged upon us, and there is an entire absence of moralizing. We have the advantage of having the characters surveyed each one by the other, and the treatment is impartial. There is present some of that

spirit which laughs and ridicules human vices and human weaknesses, but loves humanity none the less. The way in which the language and proceedings of the Methodists is ridiculed need not seem too severe. It leaves at least an impression of the growing humanity of the age. Lastly, I should say that "Humphrey Clinker" is invaluable to the literary student as a study of some of the tendencies in Eng- tastes and manners, and that there are in its contents evidences of a transition in literary thought which are presented in a way that they had not been presented before.

PERCY'S WIFE.

F. S. CARDEN.

It was the early part of September—and the great, red sun was slowly sinking into the gently heaving waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The fine suburban residence of Colonel Vawter, with broad vine-covered piazzas faced the long sandy beach and the blue waters of the Gulf on one side, and on the other at a distance of a mile or two arose the dim spires and the smoky mists of Galveston. The Colonel occupied a deep-cushioned chair on the porch and gazed sadly and thoughtfully out at the gold tinged waters of the restless Gulf. His strongly lined face and his snow-white hair testified to many years of toil and suffering. Finally he turned with a deep sigh from the distant scene of beauty and called in a gentle voice: "Elenoir! Elenoir!" There was a faint rustle and a beautiful girl, of about twenty, came from the drawing room and took her seat on one of the arms of the great chair and imprinted a kiss on the Colonel's rugged cheek. "What is it father?" He turned his eyes, shining with love and tenderness, upon her and said: "What were you doing child?" "Only thinking, father." "Of what?" he ask, rather anxiously. "Oh nothing much," she answered as a faint rosy blush crept over her lovely face, even to the ringlets of her auburn hair. The old Colonel put his arm around his lovely daughter and again turned his eyes to the drowning sun.

There seemed to be a struggle going on within his soul. Finally he opened his firmly compressed lips and spoke in tender compassion and pity: "Daughter, I have something to say to you which should have been said long ago. You are old enough and strong enough now to hear it." She anxiously turned her lovely face to his and smoothed the gray locks from his furrowed brow. "What is it father that troubles you? Let me help you bear it," she said. "Oh child it concerns you. It is absolutely necessary that you

should know it." There was a long pause, and he continued: "You remember that in your sixteenth year, soon after your mother died, you had a long and severe case of fever. Of that period and the one immediately following your recovery, as you have often told me, you remember little. I have never told you that when you got over the fever your memory was gone and you were as a little child, and that I took you away up in Massachusetts to a hospital, and there left you—under an assumed name, confound my false pride—under the care of the best medical men in the States. I suppose that sometimes in your dreams you have faint recollections of what occurred there, but I have discovered that you remember nothing definitely." "Yes, father, I have had strange blurred memories of a far distant time and place, but I thought I had never been out of Texas. But don't trouble yourself; it don't matter. I am all right now." "That's not it! That's not it!" vehemently exclaimed the old man. His plain, straightforwardness at once overcame his discretion and good intentions. "While there you eloped with a young man in the same condition," he blurted out. "He was from a good family and had been placed in there under an assumed name, just as you had. Those negligent guards—his eyes flashed angerly—let you two slip 'em and you went to the nearest magistrate and got married. He didn't have enough sense to see that there was anything wrong. I, in my anger, took you away without enquiry as to the young man, and after cooling down, all my efforts to find him were in v—." Elenoir sank on his breast in unconsciousness. Her beautiful, pale face, deadly in its whiteness, wrung her father's heart. "Mandy, Mandy!" he cried. "Yes massa," and she waddled out on the porch with all the hurry she could get in her fat old body. "Foh de Lord—" "Some water, some water! She's dead! Oh my God, I should never have told her!" Aunt Mandy with eyes as big as saucers and an ashy face, soon returned with water. The Colonel gently bore his daughter to a couch in the drawing room and they sprinkled her face and rubbed her forehead and hands.

After the party left the porch there was a rustle in the leaves and a finely dressed young man, with black hair and a darkly handsome face, disentangled himself from the thick vines bordering the porch. "Oh ho," he murmered, as he musingly twisted his black mustache, "came down just to get a look at my beauty but learned something which if not skillfully manipulated may ruin my chances if indeed I ever had any." He took off his hat and ran his hand thoughtfully through his rich, black hair. Even the twilight breezes had ceased and the ocean's murmer seemed to grow quiet with suspense. "Married Eh! and didn't know it. Well! She's been rather cool to me since young Bruce came from Harvard to become her father's law pardner. Well, I can utilize this knowledge if I can get a few details from my friend, Dr. Ross, who, I understand, accompanied her North. As my medical pardner he will perhaps let me into this little secret, time, place and soforth. "He smiled ironically and strode off in the gathering gloom."

Within, the anxious suspense was soon relieved by the opening of a pair of brown eyes. "I am alright now father" she said, as the old man anxiously bent over her. "Lordy Missus!" exclaimed the old negress, laughing tremendously, "I thought you don gwine ter jine ole missus, sho. I's gwine ter make you some strong coffee, I is, honey," and she betook herself to the kitchin. "Father tell me all." "No more to-night darling," he answered." "Yes, yes, I can bear it. You did right to tell me." "There is nothing more, except that I have the marriage certificate. His name is so blotted that you can't read it, hence all my efforts to find him have been in vain." The old man went to his desk, unlocked it and returned with a piece of parchment. Elenoir shuddered as she took it and glancing at it tucked it in her bosom. "Help me to my room before Bruce returns," she said. Leaning on the arm of her father she slowly ascended the broad stairs. "Leave me to myself, father," she murmered as they reached the threshold. "Don't you want

something to eat?" he anxiously enquired. "I will send Mandy with some coffee." He closed the door and paused long enough to hear a stifled sob, then sorrowfully descended the stairs. At the foot he met Percy Bruce, his young law pardner, a great, broad shouldered six footer, with a strong happy face. He had a room in the Colonel's residence, but spent most of his time in the city office. "What's the matter Colonel?" he cheerfully demanded. "Anything I can do?" "Nothing, nothing," replied the Colonel, "they are waiting supper on us; come." He lead the way to the dining room and explained, as they took their seats, that Elenoir was indisposed and would not be down to supper. The young man seemed a little disappointed and after several fruitless efforts at conversation lapsed into silence.

Next morning Bruce was up and off to the city before Elenoir had put in her appearance. The Colonel followed later, after having seen and talked with his pale and weary daughter. They had been gone scarcely an hour. Elenoir was sitting listlessly on the broad piazza, watching the white-swinged ships as they slowly moved across the Gulf. In her lap lay the parchment which her father had given her the night before. A stiff breeze was blowing shoreward and her auburn ringlets danced and played around her beautiful, pale face. There was the sound of grating wheels and the young Dr. Williams appeared, driving up the shady avenue. He had pressed his attentions to Elenoir, very much of late, and she had coldly received them. It was too late for her to escape. She swiftly concealed the certificate and tried to calm herself as the young doctor alighted. He was a dark, handsome man, with dark hair and moustache. As he smiled there was revealed a row of sharp, white teeth. "You look unwell this morning, Miss Vawter", he said. "Only a headache," she coldly replied. He took a seat in a chair nearby and made a few commonplace remarks about the approaching storm, prophesied by the weather bureau. She spoke only when politeness demanded it.

Finally the young doctor grew serious and thoughtfully pulled his moustache some moments, without speaking. He cast his eyes out upon the Gulf, being unable to look her in the face, and began: "I suppose, Miss Elenoir, that it has been apparent to you for sometime that I love you, but I never have told you so for a reason known only to myself. I want to make a full confession, then offer you my heart and life." He painfully paused, then continued: "As you know I came to Texas last year from New England. Four years ago I was seriously injured in a railroad accident. I soon recovered my physical strength but my mind was impaired. For many months I was in a sanitarium in Boston and soon grew much better. There was in the same institution a beautiful young lady. I have only a faint recollection of her, but she was surpassingly fair. We met often in our walks around the park, and one day, by mutual agreement, without any though to the true significance of the thing, we evaded our attendants and eloped. We were captured about two hours after the ceremony and brought back only to be torn apart by angry parents. I have spent four weary years in searching but can't find her. She must be dead. Since I met you I hope she—oh but now I have told you all. Will you have me?

He turned his dark cunning eyes upon her. She was as pale as death and her bosom heaved like the restless billows of a stormy ocean. She clasped convulsively the marriage certificate, which was concealed in the folds of her dress. He watched her closely. She seemed to be unaware of his presence. Anguish, terror, and despair were written on her face. She thought, not of demanding proof, but only of that loathsome reptile as her husband. The anguish and terror gave way to a look of stony despair. She turned her beautiful, sad eyes on him, which seemed to be looking through him into the future; unable to stand their gaze he dropped his eyes to the floor. "Come to-night," she slowly said, "and I will give you my answer." "Why not now?" he ask. "I

must be alone; I must think, I must think," she convulsively exclaimed as she arose to go into the house. She left him standing pale and disappointed, but she left something else; the certificate fluttered to the floor, unperceived by her. As she disappeared he seized it with eager haste and rapidly glanced at it. "Marriage certificate! Date, May 15, 1896. Name of husband ineligible. Oh ho, I am ready for the Colonel now. Oh yes, I will return to-night if it blows great guns and rains brick-bats." He carefully placed the certificate where he had found it and got into his gig and drove off. He was scarcely gone, before Elenoir breathlessly returned to the porch. As her eyes fell on the certificate she gave a sigh of relief and picking it up again entered the house.

The Colonel and Percy never returned to dinner. Poor Elenoir was having her life's struggle alone. The elements seemed to be desirious of taking on her mood. The heavens became overcast with flying clouds; the breeze grew into a small gale; the roar of the ocean waxed louder and louder as the great, green billows rolled far up on the white sands; the thunder muttered angerly, and the lightning played fitfully along the watery horizon. The storm grew worse as night approached. As the blinds and doors slamed loudly, Aunt Mandy became anxious about her little piccaninnies in the little cabin down near the beach, and Elenoir momentarily forgot her trouble in anxiety for her father and Bruce. The rain began to descend in torrents and the thunderous roaring of the ocean, the deep incessant rolling of the thunder and the wild howling of the winds became deafening. Elenoir pressed her fair face to the window pain and gazed out into the gathering darkness and storm. She was divided between fear for her father, and joy that the storm would put off her shameful confession by keeping Dr. Williams at home.

A buggy drove up and Percy sprang from it and rushed in out of the wind and rain. As he discarded his mackintosh he laughingly gazed down into the anxious face of Elenoir. "Where is father?" she exclaimed. "Oh he was too old to

venture out in this storm, so I quartered him snugly at the hotel and promised to take good care of you." At this moment Aunt Mandy came hurrying in and said, "Missus I'se gwine to dem chillun of mine, I is. Massa Bruce can take care of you." "Wait until the storm calms mammy," said Elenoir. "No I aint dey'll all be washed away." "Wrap up well and make Jim drive you ; hurry, before he unhitches," said Bruce. She disappeared and left them alone.

A strange, unnatural shyness possessed Elenoir. Bruce was at a loss to account for it. After many fruitless efforts at conversation they both became silent and listened to the storm. Finally Percy pulled his chair near hers and gently took her unresisting little hand. He then told her of his love and ask her to become his wife. She listened with a happy smile, but all at once there flashed through her mind her terrible secret. She hastily withdrew her hand and a look of despair and anguish spread over over her face. "Don't you love me Elenoir?" he sadly ask, "Yes, yes," she tearfully answered, "but it can never be." She then told simply and brokenly her sad story, not even omiting the events connected with Dr. Williams. The expression of Bruce's face was like the changing colours of a kaleidascope. Anger, surprise, hope, fear, doubt and joy passed over it in quick succession. When she had finished he seized her in his arms and exclaimed almost incoherently: "There is no need of a second ceremony; you are already mine. That scoudrelly lying cur! I am you husband. I thought I had seen and loved you before. I'll settle with him! Thank God that lick, received on the football field, unballanced me for awhile." She freed herself and turned sadly away. "Oh Percy! impossible! He proved it beyond a doubt. He told me the whole story not even knowing I was his wife." "He lied and by the eternal Gods he never shall know that you are his wife, for you are mine and I can prove it. Hold! Come! Let me show you a certificate, let me show you newspaper clippings." She turned a face to him, on which was

written joy and hope. They rushed up to his room and he excitedly dived into his trunk, throwing things right and left, until he came to a batch of papers. "There! there!" he exclaimed, tossing Elenoir the match to her certificate. "Here are newspaper accounts of our elopement, only not the right names. I would have told you this long ago but my father on my recovery told me you were dead."

Both were completely happy now. Her auburn curls mingled with his light locks as they bent over the faded old newspapers. They paid no attention to the ever increasing chaos of the storm until a dull crash revealed that one of the turrets of the house had collapsed. Then came the sharp repeated clang of the door bell, audible even above the roar of the storm. "Who can that be? Dr. Williams?" exclaimed Elenoir. "Dr. Williams! I will see him. Is it possible that he's as big a fool as liar," said Bruce. "Don't go, don't go, Percy. Let him ring; the door is locked," pleaded the beautiful Elenoir with a pale face. He disengaged himself from her retaining grasp and descended the stairs. She waited at the top. He opened the door and Dr. Williams walked in, out of the storm. "Good evening Mr. Bruce, glad to see you," he said as he disengaged himself from his dripping mackintosh. "Very disagreable night sir, terrible night. The water sir, on the outside is almost even with the porch; at some places on the road it almost floated my buggy, but I make it a point to keep all engagements, rain or shine; can I see Miss Vawter?" The door had been left open and the wind tossed Percy's hair in angry disorder. He did not heed the rain as it dashed against his face, neither did he deign to glance at the swelling water which was steadily rising over the porch. "She does not wish to see Dr. Williams," coldly answered Percy. Williams' face grew pale and his black eyes snapped. "Sir I wish her to tell me so." "I tell you," replied Percy, angerly, "Mrs. Bruce does not desire to see Dr. Williams. You have lied enough to her." "Mrs. Bruce eh! Beat me out have you? you d—."

"Go you lying scoundrel before I—" "Percy! Percy!" came in frightened tones from above. "She's your wife is she? I'll be damned if I don't make her your widow," exclaimed Williams, and stepping back he swiftly drew a revolver and fired it directly into Percy's breast. The latter fell with a heavy thud to the floor—and Williams rushed out into the terrific storm.

There was a wild shriek and the beautiful girl rushed down the stairway to find her husband lying, bleeding and dying at her feet. She tried to shut the open door; in vain, the wind was too strong. The water had now commenced to wash over the threshold and was spreading over the hall floor. By a supreme effort Elenoir drug Percy half way up the stairway, then her strength gave out. She took his head on her sobbing bosom and bedewed his face with her tears. She sat thus for ages it seemed to her, when she was suddenly brought to herself by the water which was steadily rising up the steps and had already covered her feet. She tried to drag Percy higher up but her strength had failed. He groaned; opened his eyes and gazed up at her. "Darling I am done for," he murmered. "No, no, no! the water is rising. Can't you crawl up the steps? I can't move you," she sobbed. To move again would kill me. Go up stairs and seek a place of safety," he commanded as he felt the water rising over his body. "And leave you? Never!" He again closed his eyes in unconsciousness and his breathing grew fainter and fainter until his spirit was wafted away on the bosom of the storm. Elenoir, when she discovered that he was dead fainted and fell with her head resting on his breast.

The water rose higher and higher, washing in and out among the banisters. The old fashioned chairs in the hall lost their dignity and floated about in a ludricous manner. The tall old clock, with one last desperate effort gave up the ghost. The gurgling, lapping water swept over Percy's breast and licked Elenoir's fair cheek. The lamp flickered in the wind, spluttered and sized and all was left in midnight blackness.

SONNET—REST.

BY E. C. PERROW.

From all the weary world there comes a cry
For rest. The throbbing heart and aching brain
Take up, day after day, the same sad strain:
"Rest! rest! oh give us rest or else we die."
Why thus with man? The stars that climb the sky
Work on through ages, never once complain,
All nature works yet feels no toil nor pain;
'Tis man alone that breathes the heart-sick sigh.
Yet some time in the future, God knows when,
Our trembling lips will learn a lighter song,
Our hearts forget the tale of woe and wrong
We've heard so often here; and gladly then,
Our hands unbound, our best work but begun,
We'll learn, in Heaven, that rest and work are one.

MY ESCAPE FROM A MAD DOG.

BY E. W. CRANFORD.

"What dire offense from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things."—*Pope.*

Only those who at some time in their lives have chanced to make an acquaintance with a pet pig, can appreciate the tenacity of that animal's affections. But they never fail, sooner or later, in one way or another, to become impressed with it; and they have all doubtless observed that it is his unfailing disposition, with the sole exception of a pig-pen, in whatever state he is placed, therewith to be content and whomsoever he sees thereafter to follow. It was one of these little animals that I found worrying my father's patience last summer when I returned home from college. This pig was one that my father had bought from an old negro who lived upon an adjoining plantation, whose children had made a great pet of the pig, teaching him among other things, to follow them like a dog, and even to chase them when they ran from him. In brief, he was a pig that had had a little more than his due of liberty in his younger days, had learned a great many tricks not ordinarily familiar to his kind, and when he became a hog he failed to put away piggish things; and least of all did he put away his love for liberty. As a result, my father had made countless efforts to confine him in a pen, but just as many times had the pig contrived successfully to escape from his prison-house, and was usually the first one to greet my father at the front door in the morning, from whence he would accompany him to the corn-crib. But having thus introduced this worthy animal to the reader, we will leave him here until we come to where he figures in this story.

When I got home upon this occasion, I found the whole neighborhood in a fever of excitement about "mad dogs." There had been two or three unfortunate canines in the community that had been suspected of being affected with

hydrophobia and accordingly executed. Two or three others that had not been killed, had been seen roaming at large, and all the people, save a few of the more daring spirits, were afraid to venture beyond their yard-gates after dark. No one who has never lived in the country and never experienced one of these periods of excitement, can appreciate the great awe and consternation in which the people of a country settlement stand upon the announcement that a mad dog is loose among them. These periods usually occur in the spring or in the early summer, and each year they give rise to the recurrence of a great number of harrowing tales, of persons fleeing from pursuing mad dogs, and of their raving madness after having been bitten by them. Many a night have I sat in the corner by the fire until midnight, with my hair standing on end, listening to the unreasonable tales of old people, about how mad dogs had been known to chase their victims for miles, how they had pursued fugitives with almost incredible swiftness, and in some extreme cases had even climbed trees for them. This all made its impression upon me as I grew up, but always wishing to appear brave, I was loath to show it; and though always in mad dog time, whenever I chanced to be out in the dark alone, I could feel the cold chills chasing each other along my spinal column, I, as best I could, assumed an air of indifference, and laughed scornfully at the fears and cautions of other people. I always made it a point to display my bravery whenever a mad dog was reported to be in the community, by going wherever I pleased in the night, while the majority of the other boys of my age were staying at home.

By these fool-hardy actions and many others of a similar nature, I gained the reputation of being one of the boldest boys in the neighborhood, which reputation I enjoyed very much, and which I never failed to use an opportunity to maintain. But notwithstanding all this, there was always a secret uneasiness about me in mad dog time, and, whenever I happened to be out in the darkness of the night, no

matter how brave I might be trying to feel, there was a "feeling of something far more deeply interfused" in me, and when scenes of conflict with a loathsome mad dog were floating before my imagination, the slightest rustle in the leaves would cause me to start and shudder, and a "still small voice" would speak softly to me, saying: "You better walk light." My dread of mad dogs had also been increased by once seeing a man who had been bitten by one, and he was certainly a horrible looking being. It was just before he died. He was confined in chains and whenever a fit was upon him, his countenance would assume a look unlike that of a human, and many of the negroes and some of the more superstitious white people believed that he was in some way secretly connected with his Satanic Majesty.

It was such facts as this that made the name "mad dog" suggestive of so much horror to the people who lived in my community, and as I said before, when I came home this time, I found their minds freshly filled with the same old terror. Every one with whom I met had some circumstance pertaining to a mad dog to relate, and many of them added a warning that I should not venture far from home without being armed.

"His eyes 'uz ez green ez pizen," said an old negro man who was describing to me one of the dogs that had recently been killed in the neighborhood. "He jes' draps down his tail an' histes up his nose like he smellin' fur sumpthin', an' den go canterin' off a snappin' fust one way an' den tuther." But I laughed at his warnings and fears, and boastingly asserted that I would not be afraid to meet all the mad dogs in the whole country at one time.

I had been at home almost a week. It was Sunday afternoon and I was at the home of my cousin Nora. I say cousin, she was a distant relative of mine and our grandmothers, in their life-time perhaps, would have been able to trace our relationship, but since they were gone, there was no one that could tell exactly how closely or how distantly we

were related, and in order to avoid confusion, we agreed to make a short matter of it, so I called her Cousin Nora, and she called me Cousin Jim. She had been my school-mate in former days and for quite a while in latter days she had been the cynosure of my eyes. She had always been kind-hearted and congenial to me, had always given me a warm welcome whenever I came home from school, had always given me a pleasant time whenever in her company, and she had indeed gained a much larger place in my heart than all of my nearer relatives put together. As a companion in childhood she had always admired all of my fool-hardiness and recklessness, and I think it was this fact that led me many times to such extremities in my demonstrations of bravery. Her father, Capt. McLarty, was a hospitable old man who always appeared to take a great interest in me, and whenever I returned from school he insisted upon my visiting him before I visited any one else in the neighborhood, a request that I was by no means loath to grant. So this Sunday I spent most of the afternoon at Capt. McLarty's, where I had the pleasure of being entertained in the parlor by the entire family that was at home, trying at certain times to talk with as many as three persons at once. The hours fled away rapidly and before I was aware of the fact the sun had reached the tops of the trees, and the cool, slender shades of evening had begun to stretch themselves out across the fields. I arose to go home. Capt. McLarty and his wife insisted that I spend the night with them, but I declined. As I started to leave Nora came with me out on the porch.

"I don't see what makes you hurry off so," she said in a good-natured, but somewhat of a whining tone. "You never do stay any time."

"Why, I've stayed almost the entire afternoon," said I.

"Yes, I know, but papa was in such a talking mood. You ought to come some other time; you know what I mean, Cousin Jim." And she gave me a coy, expressive smile that made my heart leap up. "I have just lots of things to tell

you, about how things have been going on since you have been at college."

"I would be pleased to hear them," said I, rather awkwardly.

"But, by the way," said Nora, speaking as if she had suddenly thought of something she wished to say to me, "Frances Hendley and Myrtle Harris are to visit me day-after-to-morrow, and they want to meet you. Come down Tuesday night, won't you? Myrtle is struck on you, I'm sure. All the girls, it seems, want to fall in love with a college boy."

"Pshaw," said I, feeling a little at a loss as to what to say.

"Won't you come down Tuesday night?" she continued. "Bob and Charles will be at home then."

"Certainly," I replied—I could say nothing else—"papa will have my horse off all day that day, but if he does not return in time, I can walk; yes, I'll come."

"O, Jim," she said, "you would not think of walking that distance in the night, when there are mad dogs all through the country, would you?"

"Mad dogs, humph! I wouldn't walk from here to the road out there, to avoid meeting all the mad dogs that ever came to this country," said I in a boasting tone.

"I don't believe you ever did see anything to frighten you," she said. "But it would be dreadful to meet with a mad dog in the night."

"Yes, I know it would, but I don't believe there is a mad dog in fifty miles of here now," I replied with a proud, skeptical air.

"You better not be too sure," she said, as I put on my hat and started to go; "but you must be sure to come Tuesday night."

"All right, I'll be here," I said. "Good-bye." And I walked out through the front gate, and went on my way home much pleased with matters. I was pleased with having spent such a pleasant afternoon with my old friends, and the con-

sciousness of having impressed the fact upon their minds that a country boy could go to college and come back without becoming vain and bigoted. I was also pleased with what Nora had told me about her visitors wishing to meet me, and their approaching opportunity of realizing their wishes. But most of all I was pleased with the opportunity I had had of impressing upon Nora's mind the fact that my old boldness and daring recklessness for which she had always admired me, not only remained, but had been greatly increased as I had grown older.

Somehow, all the next day and the day after, I could not help depending upon the visit that I had promised to make. For I knew, since I had just returned from college, that I should be the central figure in almost any crowd that could be gathered around home, and I always did enjoy being noticed. Tuesday evening came and I dressed up in my best suit of clothes, put on a standing collar, and my patent-leather shoes, and went into my mother's room and told her that I was going down to Capt. McLarty's. My father had not returned with the horses, but the road was neither muddy nor dusty, and I decided it would be no serious task to walk.

"You are not going to walk and start this late, are you? It is getting dark now, and it is two miles down there," said my mother, in some surprise.

"Yes, it won't take me long to walk down there," I replied.

"Well, if you are going, it is time you were gone, but I think it is mighty reckless for any one to go that far, alone, in the night, through a country where there is as much talk of mad dogs as there is in this one," said mother, in somewhat of a reproving tone.

That was exactly what I wished her to think, and it pleased my vanity to hear her say it. I only laughed in reply, turned and passed out of the room and started off walking rapidly.

The evening was a glorious one. The road all the way to Capt. McLarty's lay through large fields, and the ripening

wheat waved in the cool twilight breezes far out on either side. Low down in the west the horizon was still yellow with the departing twilight. In the distant woods could be heard now and then the cry of a whip-poor-will, rendered distinct or inaudible according to the shifting of the breezes. It was one of those twilight evenings that are conducive to musing, and notwithstanding the rapid gait at which I was walking, I walked along lost in thought bearing upon things other than those immediately around me, until it began to get so dark that I could scarcely distinguish objects. There was no moon, and there were a few patches of clouds overhead, but it was not so dark but that I could easily see how to keep the road. I had gone a little more than half-way from home to Capt. McLarty's, when I was aroused from my musings by a coarse, muffled sound close behind me, that sounded to me very much like the growling of a dog. I stopped and looked around, and saw only a few yards from me the small, black figure of an animal which I took to be a dog. Mad dog was the first thing that flashed into my mind. I felt myself beginning to get nervous, and I thought if it was a dog, and I would get out of the way and give him the road, that possibly he would pass on and not notice me. So I stepped lightly and quietly a few paces outside of the road, hoping to escape observation by passing behind a short hedgerow of small bushes that happened luckily to be at that point of the road. But I had not more than done this and looked around, when I saw a sight that almost made my blood run cold. The dog was coming through the bushes after me. I was convinced that it was a mad dog and that it had found me out and was following me. All the horrid tales that I had ever heard about mad dogs came crowding into my mind. The cold sweat broke out over my face. There was not a tree within a quarter of a mile of me that I knew of, that was higher than my head. There was a forest of trees away over on the other side of the field from me, but there lay a countless number of ditches and brier patches between me and it,

and I knew well that if I undertook to get to it, the dog would be sure to overtake me. Climbing was out of the question. I felt for my pistol, but as I did so the awful fact dawned upon me that I had left it lying upon my dressing case at home. I reached to the ground in search of a rock, but it seemed that it was impossible to find one. I thought an instant. It was almost a mile to the nearest house, and that was Capt. McLarty's, but to keep the road and flee for my life seemed my only chance of escape. I entertained a faint hope that if the dog started to run, he would fall into a fit and thus give me a chance to get so far ahead of him that he could not overtake me before I could get to a place of safety. This all passed through my mind in an instant, and I was just turning to run when the animal uttered a rough, hoarse sound that imitated an attempt to growl. I sprang off, came into the road some distance below, and fled like the wind. I did not look back until I had run almost a half-mile, and since I had not been overtaken, I half-way believed my hope had been realized and that I had escaped. I stopped suddenly and held my breath, but to my extreme horror, I heard the dog coming down the road in a slow gallop only a short distance behind me. I started again as suddenly as I had stopped. I almost gave myself up for lost. I knew that there was now no hope of escape left to me except to fly, to fly like a deer, to fly on until I came to a place of safety. I saw myself combating with a powerful mad dog. I could feel the slime of his foaming mouth as he buried his teeth in my throat, and I could feel his sharp tushes piercing my skin, which I well knew would be in itself sufficient to seal my fate in this world. I saw myself a raving mad man, from whom human beings would shrink back in terror. I saw all the hopes that I had cherished for my future buried in the grave of a maniac. These thoughts gave wings to my flight, but I soon became aware of the fact that the dog was gaining on me. I was almost in sight of Capt. McLarty's house, but I was beginning to flag. A violent pain in my side was

increasing with every step I took. My throat was dry and parched. My lungs almost collapsed. I thought once of stopping and risking my chances in a combat, but I knew, as tired as I was, that it would mean death. No, if it was possible, I should keep on until I got to the house. The dew was falling and the wind was sighing in the distant pines, I suppose, but I was far from feeling sentimental. I was coming near the house. O God, if I could only make some sound to let its inmates know that I was coming, and under what circumstances I was coming! If only some one could have a gun ready to shoot the dog. I was only about a hundred yards from the house and I knew if the family happened to be sitting on the porch, which I believed them to be doing, that they could hear me running. I made an attempt to call to them, but my breath failed me. I made a second attempt and failed again; but a third time, summoning all the strength that there was left in me and by an almost super-human effort born of the extremity of my circumstances, I succeeded in uttering almost in a shriek, the the word "mad-dog." I could hear the cruel beast pressing close behind me, making a quick, gruff sound at almost every leap, as if he was exulting in the fact that he had almost overtaken his victim. I came to the front gate and burst through it as if it had been a paper partition and took no time to close it. I came down the walk, half running, half falling. The whole family, with the visitors included, were standing upon the steps and the edge of the porch, breathless with astonishment, waiting for me. A large lighted lamp was hanging to the porch ceiling, and I could see them distinctly. One of the boys held a shot-gun in his hands. I would have thanked the Lord when I saw the bright gleam of its barrel, if I had had breath sufficient, but I did not have it. When I got to the steps I tried to stop, but somehow I could not. The light seemed to blind me. I felt dizzy. I stumbled and fell, face-downward, upon the steps completely exhausted. I listened for the report of the gun, but did not hear it. I

heard the voices over me utter a subdued cry of alarm, followed by one of surprise, and then a merry laugh. I turned over and looked around, wondering what had happened, and saw, to my great astonishment and humiliation, my father's pet pig only a few feet from me, with one hind foot raised cautiously off the ground and his nose greatly elevated, sniffing the air good-humoredly. As soon as he learned that I had stopped running and that he had overtaken me, he gave a long grunt of satisfaction and began to nose around the root of a box-bush that grew beside the walk. I immediately saw through the whole affair. The pig had got out of the pen when I left home and had followed me, but had not gotten close enough for me, in my hurry, to notice him until after dark. I searched over my whole vocabulary of "cuss-words" for one of sufficient intensity to express my feelings toward him, but when I found it, I found that I could not utter it. I tried to swear at him, but I had not breath sufficient to make articulate sounds, and before I regained it, I considered the place in which I was, and managed to control my passion. It was fully ten minutes before I had regained breath enough to tell anything with sense to it. I was in a gore of perspiration, was bareheaded, and my standing collar lay in folds about my neck. I scrambled up and went into the house. By this time every one, seeing the true state of affairs, was laughing mercilessly at me. I tried to laugh too, but it required too much effort. It seemed to me that every one had some good-natured suggestion to make to me that only served to increase my misery. The whole family was unusually kind and attentive to me, but still I was miserable. After the sound of the laughter had a little abated, Nora spoke up in her sweet, laughing way, and said: "I can be convinced of almost anything now; I would have thought Jim the last boy in the whole country to run from anything." Her remark was made, no doubt, with the best of intentions, but it burned me like a living coal. She was more than ordinarily charming and congenial this evening. She intro-

duced me to her friends, Misses Harris and Hendley, who were indeed charming-looking girls, but when I met them I felt like a convict when he meets an old college friend. All the girls were dressed in white evening dresses, and they told me that they had just been waiting for me, but any pleasant thing that they could say to me, or any compliment that their words or actions might suggest, only served to make me more miserable, and when I looked down upon my disarranged apparel, I felt that I had rather be anywhere else in the world, and that as soon as I cooled off a little, I should like to run again. I tried to talk with one of the girls, but I could find nothing to say. My tongue was slow and stupid. My mind was not upon what I was trying to do. In my heart I was cursing that pig vehemently. I desired to be somewhere alone where I could express myself. The temptation to swear grew stronger and stronger upon me the longer I stayed, and at last, fearing that it might overcome me and I should say something unbecoming, I arose to leave. Nora and her brothers protested and they all expressed their surprise that I should leave so early. They insisted that I stay and get my due of amusement. But I had gotten much more than I desired already. I was in no mood to discuss matters then, and I simply told them good-bye and left. When the pig saw me start off he again fell in behind me. When I got a safe distance from the house, I cut me a long persimmon-tree sprout, called that pig up to me, got him in front of me, and lashed him with that sprout for every step he took as long as I could keep close enough to him.

It was a long time before I went to see Nora again, for knowing what an utter contempt she had for all forms of cowardice, I was ashamed to see her after acting such a ridiculous coward myself. I did go to see her again, however, after a long while, and found her as sweet and congenial as ever, but I have never again boasted of my bravery to her from that day until this.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKSPERE.

BY W. A. BIVINS.

Much has been written in recent years about the Sonnets of Shakspere. In fact so much has been written, so many wild and misguided theories advanced, that he who would make a careful study of the Sonnets must find a great deal of trouble in separating the true from the false, the substance from the shadow. A recent study, purporting to be "A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakspere," has been put before the public by Mr. Parke Godwin. In seeking to avoid what he believes to be the mistakes of other critics, he flies to worse ones. He gives himself up to the wildest of fancies, and leaves little that one can consider as being consistent with truth and common sense.

It is not my purpose in this article to attempt to give a clue to the yet unsolved problems arising from a study of the Sonnets, but I desire mainly to give what I consider should lead one to a better appreciation of them.

The Sonnet was first introduced into English literature by Lord Surrey and was much cultivated during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Sonnetteering became what we now call a "a popular craze," and many of the greatest poets, as well as some of the most ordinary ones, of that time, engaged themselves in writing Sonnets for the amusement of themselves and their friends.

It is evident that Shakspere had to some extent experimented with the Sonnets from the outset of his literary career. Three example figure in "Love's Labor's Lost," one of his earliest plays; two of the choruses in "Romeo and Juliet" are in the sonnet form; and a letter of the heroine Helena in "All's Well That Ends Well," which bears traces of early composition, takes the same shape.

It was in the year 1598, that Shakspere's "sug'r'd sonnets among his private friends" were mentioned by Meres in a passage of the "Palladio Tamia." Allusions and

lines in the Sonnets make it possible to assign them at least proximate dates. They can hardly have been written before 1594, nor later than 1598. At length in 1609 a volume containing 154 sonnets, the undoubted productions of Shakspere was given to the public by a bookseller by the name of Thomas Thorpe, who evidently had not obtained them from the author himself. They were dedicated as follows: "To the only begetter of these insuing sonnets Mr. W. H. all happinesse and that eternitie promised by our ever living poet wisheth the well wishing adventurer in settting forth.—T. T."

As to the form of the Sonnets I quote the words of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie: "Surrey and Wyatt brought the sonnet as a literary form from Italy, where Petrarch was its acknowledged master; but they did not slavishly reproduce the Petrarchian model; they followed a sound instinct in giving the sonnet greater simplicity. The Italian sonnet consists of an octane and sixtet—a group of eight decasyllabic lines; the sonnet of Shakspere consists of three quatrains, or groups of four lines, with a concluding couplet."

Mr. Sidney Lee, whose study of the Sonnets, is probably the best, says: "In literary value Shakspere's Sonnets are notably unequalled. They contain many rich levels of lyric melody and meditative energy that are hardly to be matched elsewhere in poetry. The best examples are charged with the sweetness of rythm and metre, the depth of thought and feeling, the vividness of imagery and stimulating fervor. On the other hand they sink almost into inanity beneath thier burden of quibbles and defects. In both their excellencies and their defects Shakspere's Sonnets betray near kinship to his early dramatic work in which passages of the highest poetic temper at times alternate with the unimpressive displays of verbal jugglery."

Shakspere, not unlike his contemporaries, doubtless sought to please the popular fancy. In the Elizabethan

age it was quite common for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection as fully warrants one terming them amatory; and even in the epistalory correspondence between two grave and elderly gentlemen, friendship used frequently to borrow the language of love. The sonnet became the instrument for such expression, and even Shakspere failed to bring out much that was new in the subject matter of the sonnets.

The Sonnets, as printed in 1609, present on the whole an orderly arrangement, though here and there it is somewhat difficult to find the connecting links. Numerous attempts to arrange the Sonnets in a different way have been made, but with little or no success. Their original sequence proves to be the best.

The general theme of the Sonnets is the poet's almost idolatrous love for a younger friend, a nobler and beauteous youth, beloved for his own sweet sake, not for his exalted rank; this unselfish, whole hearted, and soul absorbing devotion passes through various stages of doubt, distrust, infidelity, jealousy and estrangement; after the period of trial love is again restored, stronger and greater than before:

> "O benefit of ill! now I find true
> That better is by evil still made better;
> And ruine'd love, when it is built anew,
> Grows fairer than at first, more strong far, greater."

As in the drama, so in the sonnets, the chief actors are three in number; the poet is, however, the hero; the friend and woman are the good and evil angels:

> "Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like spirits do suggest me still;
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill."

The following short synopsis, by Dowden, of the first one hundred and twenty-six sonnets gives some idea of their sequence: "In the early sonnets the poet urges his friend to marry, that his beauty surviving in his children,

he may conquer Time and Decay. But if he refuses this, then verse—the poetry of Shakspere—must make war upon Time and confer immortality upon his friend's loveliness (15-19). Many of the poems are written in absence (26, 27, 28, etc.) All Shakspere's griefs and losses are made good to him by joy in his friend (29-31). The wrong done by "Will" to Shakspere is then spoken of (33), for which some "salve" is offered (34); the salve is worthless, but Shakspere will try to forgive. We trace the gradual growth of distrust on his side (58) until melancholy settles down upon the heart of Shakspere (66). Still he loves his friend and tries to think him pure. Then a new trouble arises; his friend is favoring a rival poet of great learning and skill (76-86). Shakspere bids his friend "Farewell" (87), let him hate Shakespere if he will. He ceases to address poems to him; but after an interval of silence begins once more to sing (100, 101, 102, etc.) He sees his friend again and finds him still beautiful. There is a reconciliation (104, 105, 107). Explanations and confessions are made. Love is restored, stronger than ever (119), for now it has passed through trial and sorrow. It is founded not on interested motives (124), nor as formerly, on the attraction of youth and beauty, but is inward of the heart (125). And thus gravely and happily, the sonnets to his friend conclude."

There has been much discussion over the matter as to whom the Sonnets were addressed, and the end is not yet. The world of scholars may be said to be divided into Herbertises and Southamptonites; the former are staunch supporters of the claims advanced on behalf of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; the latter maintains the prior claims of Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton. In the words of the dedication, mentioned above, Thorpe doubtless addressed a patron of Shakspere, but just who is meant by the initials "W. H." and what is meant by "the onlie begotten of these Sonnets" will probably never

be known. To go into a discussion of this subject would prolong this article to an unnecessary length, and after all little would be gained by such discussion. If we could know for a certainty who this patron of Shakspere was, we would still be in doubt as to whether he was the friend the poet addresses in the Sonnets. Too much time is being wasted in modern days over such subjects as "the real David Harum." Why search for a real Jack Falstaff? Flesh and blood itself could hardly make old Jack more real to us than Shakspere does with words.

We now approach one of the most vital subjects connected with criticism of the sonnets: Do the sonnets betray Shakspere's own feelings? Scholars differ widely at this point. The following quotations from two of the nineteenth century poets will reveal a difference of opinion:

"With this same key
Shakspere unlocked his heart."
—*Wardsworth.*

" 'With this same key
Shakspere unlocked his heart' once more!
Did Shakspere? If so, the less like
Shakspere he!"
—*Browning.*

Sidney Lee claims that Shakspere's Sonnets, like those of his contemporaries, are for the most part lacking in genuine feeling; that they are not autobiographical confessions, but a mosaic of plagiarisms, and a medley of initiative studies. He quotes in this connection the words of Giles Fletcher, who, in 1593, wrote a collection of love sonnets: "Here take this by the way,—a man may write love and not be in love, as well as of husbandry and not go the plough, or of holiness and be profane." Dyce after "repeated perusals" of the Sonnets contends that allusions scattered through the whole series are not to be hastily referred to the personal circumstances of Shakspere. Delius asserts that the sonnets are "the free outcome of a poetic imagination," and looks upon them as mere exer-

cises in verse. Other students see in them some profound allegory which they construe in strangely varied ways. On the other hand there is a host of scholars who take the Sonnets for what they purport to be—genuine autobiographical confessions. Hallam, Swinburne, Dowden, Furnivall, and Tyler are all of this opinion.

Could we find a golden mean between the two extremes we would indeed be fortunate. One thing is certain;—to attempt to interpret the Sonnets without considering the times in which they were written is to make an egregious mistake. To say that they are genuine autobiographical confessions is to make an assertion for which we have no direct proof. On the other hand we are liable to fall into a worse error when we claim that the Sonnets do not express any genuine feeling on the part of the poet. Who can read the tragedies of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Othello" without realizing that there is back of them a great soul that feels deeply, as well as thinks loftily.

It must be borne in mind that Shakspere was comparatively a youth when he wrote the Sonnets and that he naturally wrote with youthful ardor. Many of them reveal the fact, however, that the poet knew what true friendship was. What can be more expressive of any abiding friendship than the twenty-ninth sonnet?:

"When in disgrace with fortunes and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy, contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Hapily I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising,
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.
For thy sweet love remember'd I such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

Whatever may have been Shakspere's experience in the matter of love we must grant the fact that in sonnet one hundred and sixteen he shows that he had the true conception of love:

"Let me not the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O, no it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his light be taken."

Genung makes a distinction between the Sonnets and "In Memoriam" which is worth noting. He says: "In the Sonnets the love recognized belongs only to this world, with its adulterous ways; in, 'In Memoriam,' the facts of the case transfer love to that unseen realm where it rises in purity and blessedness until it loses itself in the love of God..... The sonnets begin and end with the love of one for one. "In Memoriam," which begins with the individual extends by degrees the sphere of its love to all the world."

If the Sonnets be considered merely as works of art there is much in them to interest the reader. I quote the following sonnet as one of the numerous, but not excelled, gems of art to be found among them.

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold;
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such a day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all the rest,
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed wherein it doth expire
Consumed with that which it was nourished by,
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

To read the Sonnets carefully and thoughtfully is to appreciate them. Whatever may be the quibbles and conceits to be found in them the genius of Shakspere no less appears. If we except Milton—"so severe and so majestic"—no English poet has arisen to the height reached by Shakspere in sonnet-writing. After reading the Sonnets we cannot fail to realize that the great poet has infused much of his own life into them, revealing the fact that he was a man among men and that he knew what it was to love, to hope, and to fear.

WASHINGTON.

BY J. F. B.

[Written on the Capitol grounds, Raleigh, N. C., near the Statue of Washington, which faces Fayetteville street, August 7, 1900]

Thou standest there, our country's noble sire,
Intent upon the city's busy mart,
A hero calm who well hath played his part,
In days when souls were tried as in a fire.
A hundred years and one have rolled away
Since thou didst fold those hands in placid sleep,
And leave a nation lone in grief to weep,
Because the chief's great soul had left its clay—
We've changed, oh, may it be we have grown,
In all that makes a people truly great,
In all that merits just and true renown
And adds the surer strength unto our State.
And through the rush of years may we revere,
The chief whose valiant sword is sheathed here.

D. D. PEELE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

No one can glance through the pages of our leading dailies without noticing the low standard of journalism maintained by them. On the editorial pages we are treated to column after column of reading matter which has little or no public interest whatever. Much valuable space is ruined by the editor in what always proves to be a vain attempt to silence some one of his contemporaries in a controversy that is too often entirely personal. And usually the one who has the better opinion of his official duty, yields rather than drag his paper through the mud and mire of personal abuse. All such controversies are entirely futile and no periodical ever entered one that did not come out of it worse for the experience. The publication, which has become nothing less than a means by which the editor can heap personal abuse on the head of his neighbor, has lost its place in the realm of dignified journalism. Of course there come times when it is necessary for an editor to speak out clear and plain for his principles as contrasted with those of another organ; but that one statement is sufficient, and it is never necessary for two papers to keep up the strife like two small street urchins, in a pugilistic contest, each of which refuses to take the last "lick."

THE ARCHIVE does not wish to be critical, and may be treading on ground more appropriately trod by others of greater pretensions. But still, just as the falling spider

revealed to King Bruce his weak points and inspired him to duty, so we flatter ourselves that the proper authorities may take heed of our feeble attempts and correct this pressing evil in the journalistic life of to-day.

The recent clash between the Legislature and Supreme Court of North Carolina as to the authorities of the respective bodies is to be lamented, but is an occurrence that seems to have been inevitable at some time in the history of the State. It arose from the fact that the powers of the respective bodies were so very poorly marked out. No doubt the Judges of the Supreme Court, in making their decision in the case of White, thought they were truly and impartially interpreting the constitution by allowing an employe of the State recompense for his services, decreasing his salary, however, in accordance with the evident desire of the Legislature. The Legislature, however, regarded this as a wilful violation of the enactment passed by that body two years ago putting the official duties of White into the hands of a commission. Doubtless the Judges made a mistake and their action deserved condemnation. The members of the House of Representatives were agreed on that point. The conservative element contended that a sharp reprimand would be sufficient, which in all probability was true. But the more radical majority held that the act of the Judges was wilfully illegal and demanded an impeachment. This was the course events took and the contest naturally resolved itself into a test of the strength of the powers of the Legislature and the Supreme Court, each claiming authority over the same technicality. While such clashes are to be avoided when possible, still it is these which in their results leave the unsettled line of authority between two bodies of men more distinct and make more definite the duties of the separate officials of our Government.

MAUDE E. MOORE. - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Irving Bacheller, whose "Eben Holden" is being so widely read that it is no exaggeration to term it one of the record breakers, has written a new serial story, which will make its first appearance in March *Century*. The scene of the tale is on the New England frontier in 1812. Two types of the men who have helped to make America, are portrayed in the story. One is the Northern Yankee, with the characteristics usually attributed to his species, while the other is a descendant of the cavaliers who first settled in the South; and he also is said to have the characteristics of his ancestors. The story is called "D'ri and I."—*New York Times.*

Mr. R. H. Russell is the publisher of "The War in South Africa," by Capt. A. T. Mahan, of the U. S. A.

"Alice of Old Vicennes" is the work of Mr. Thompson's maturer years, and since it was written he has not completed any other book. However, he has been at work on another novel for a year and which the Bowen Merrill Co. will bring out as soon as completed.

The "Life of Queen Victoria," now being brought out Longmans, Green & Co., contains several new and important features. The text is for the most part that of the edition by M. M. Gonfil et Cie, with additional chapters bringing it down to the Queen's death and the accession of Edward VII.

In making the new avenue from the Strand to Therbald's Road, nearly all the few remaining localities associated with Dickens will be swept away. Some one taking advantage of the attention called to Dickens and his works by this, has proposed a Dickens museum, which proposal has been very favorably received. The demand for a new edition of Dickens shows that he has lost none of his popularity—in fact, in the last three or four years there has been a decided increase in the sale of his works.

Mary E. Wilkins' new novel of New England life will begin in the March number of Harper's Magazine. Here the same care in the description of the home life is shown that we find in the author's earlier work.

F. S. CARDEN, - - - - - - MANAGER.

The *Buff and Blue* ranks among the best of our exchanges. In the February number the "Development of the Historical Novel" is good as far as it goes: but the subject is not fully treated. "The Biography of a Fox" is a clever article containing many realistic touches. "The American Women" gives a clever and concise conception of woman's ability and the advantages she has obtained from the increased fecilities of a higher education. "Savonorolo" is one of the best historical sketches of the month. "A Trip to Oklohoma" is an example of good description. The author of "Dream Life" has succeeded in catching and expressing in words the evasive spirit of dream land.

The *Harvard Monthly* maintains its high standard in all lines of literary production. The stories hold your attention and charm the reader by the smoothness of their style. The style is, however, better than the plot in the stories which appear in the February number. The poem on the funeral of Roger Wolcott is excellent and certainly does credit to both the author and his subject. It is the best long poem we have seen in a college magazine. We quote a few lines which sum up the character of the late governor of Massachusetts:

"Large, fearless, simple, childlike—pure at heart,
  Human and kind, no soul that dwelt apart—
In reverie or proud patrician ease,
  But a great king of men
That loved his people and sought not to please
  Their whim against their weal."

The *Hampden and Sydney Magazine* comes out in a new and attractive cover. The literary department has been much improved and, in the February number, contains a happy mixture of prose and poetry. The three stories are good, debaring a slight unnaturalness in "Only an Episode." The poem Re-united is—well good grows common when so often used—a pretty thought expressed in a smooth verse.

The *Pine and Thistle* is a very neat little magazine. Its editorials are clear and sensible; its literary department, though short, is especially worked up. "Constance's Valentine" is a short and amusing little story; one of the best of the month.

We find a tendency among too many magazines to publish debates in their literary departments. This generally shows a scarcity in literary material and these debates can only be looked upon as space fillers, very poor ones at that. We take the *Erskinian* as an example. We find in the February number, two debate speeches occupying most of the space of the literary department. These things are all right in themselves but they are not at home in a literary magazine. Besides these debates we find three short essays which show a woeful lack of thought and painstaking preparation. There is no fiction or poetry in the *Erskinian.*

The *University of Arizona Magazine* is a new arrival at the Editor's Table. Its contents breathe the spirit of the wild and wooly west. Yet this spirit is toned down and clothed in a garb of refinement and education.

The *Martin College Crown* is a new arrival at our table. We are sorry to see that it is making in the beginning the same mistake by which many college magazines have been stranded. Most of the articles published in the last number of the *Crown* are by outsiders. One is a speech by a

man who has no connection with the college; another is a newspaper clipping, already having been sattered over the land in a Christian Advocate; still another is by a member of the faculty. An occasional contribution by an outsider is all right, but there is no excuse to be offered for any college magazine which fills up its pages with such material.

Our conception of the purpose of a college magazine is that it should be strictly representative of the student body. The contributions should come from them and the magazine should be controlled and edited by them; if this is not the case the magazine is no longer a college magazine and has no right to be sent out as representative of the student body.

Some editors are perhaps driven to seek elsewhere than among the students for contributions; if this is necessary either on account of inability or disinclination to write upon the part of the students—the editor, if he cannot overcome the latter by other means, can surely never overcome the former by seeking outside aid. A college magazine is not supposed to be a jewel of literary perfection; it is only the training ground for students who desire to take advantage of it, and the more the students become interested in it the higher will be its standard.

The above applies not only to the *Crown*, but to other magazines as well. With three months in which to get out a magazine, the *State Normal* should surely improve along this line. Although very attractive on the outside and containing some good material, there are several contributions from foreign sources and those of the students are not of the highest order.

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. C. BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

During the second week of February Rev. G. H. Detwiler, of Gastonia, conducted a series of revival meetings in the College Chapel. Mr. Detwiler is a member of the Western North Carolina Conference. He impressed all who heard him as being a man of great intellectual and spiritual strength. It was with pleasure that we listened to his able sermons; and the whole college community considers itself fortunate in having had the opportunity of hearing him. If we simply stated that there were no conversions during the week, and added nothing more, some would probably think that the meetings were a failure. However, we have not considered them a failure because of the fact that no one professed conversion. On the other hand, we feel that most of the student body has been profoundly stirred and greatly benefited by Mr. Detwiler's sermons. He put the truth in such a way that all thinking men could not help but feel the power of the religion of Jesus Christ. He approached the students on their own plain and appealed to them as a body of thinking men. And although no one was led to make an open profession of conversion, yet we feel quite sure that the time was one of heart-searching, a week in which many solemn resolves were made. There were some who had been faltering in the way, and these were made to see the light more clearly. And all who claimed Christ as their Savior were greatly strengthened by the strong appeals for lives of true right-

eousness, lives whose law is the Divine law of service. The Christian men of the college were inspired with deeper faith and a stronger determination to put themselves more completely into the hands of Christ—and with gladder hearts can they now say, "Where He leads I'll follow." They were made to feel the nobleness of the life whose guiding principle is the divine law of service; and from deep down in many hearts went up silent prayers to God that their lives might always be guided by this principle.

We feel that a prophet has been among us and pointed out the way of life in this modern world. Deep impressions were made upon the hearts of men; and we are satisfied that seed have been sown in good soil.

* * *

Prof. Durham spoke before the members of the Association Sunday afternoon, February 3.

* * *

Mr. Howard spoke to us, on the afternoon of February 24, taking for his subject the words of Christ: "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

* * *

At a call meeting of the Y. W. C. A., February 17, the following officers were elected: Inez D. Angier, President; Florence M. Egerton, Vice-President; Lilian Bridgers, Recording Secretary; Irene Pegram, Treasurer, and Blanche Gunn, Pianist. We feel sure that the management of the Association is in good hands and hope that abundant success may crown the efforts of these young women in their work for the Association.

* * *

The Y. W. C. A., at the invitation of the Y. M. C. A., met with them in their afternoon service Sunday, February 3, when both Associations were addressed by Rev. Detwiler.

At Home and Abroad

S. G. WINSTEAD, - - - - - MANAGER.

Dr. Mims, of the English Department, has an article in the Northern Methodist Review on "Mysticism in Tennyson." Prof. Dowd also contributed an article to the February number of Gunston's Magazine on "Strikes and Lockouts in North Carolina," and one to the Southern Workman on "Art in Negro Homes.

Dr. Kilgo spent Sunday, February 3, in Danville, Va., where he preached two sermons, one at Main Street Church at 11 a. m., and Mt. Vernon in the evening.

Prof. A. H. Meritt, of the Greek Department, delivered an address before the Y. M. C. A., in Winston, Sunday afternoon, February 24. Dr. Mims also delivered an address in Winston, February 19, on "Religion and Culture."

Mr. Highsmith, class of '00, who for several weeks has been engaged in teaching at the Orphan Asylum, is now on the Park, with the purpose of resuming his college course.

Mrs. G. W. Flowers, of Taylorsville, is now on the Park visiting her son, Prof. R. L. Flowers.

Dr. E. A. Yates, of Durham, has been elected to a lectureship in the college.

The Civic Celebration was postponed until later in the spring or fall. The speaker for this occasion has already been secured. We hope to be able to make more definite announcement in our next issue.

A series of meetings under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. were held in the Chapel a few weeks ago, by Rev. G. H. Detwiler, of Gastonia. Mr. Detwiler while here made a great many friends, and we only hope since he has become acquainted with Trinity he will make his visits more frequent in the future than in the past.

Mr. E. C. Ivey, class of '98, spent February 2 on the Hark.

Dr. Kilgo delivered a series of lectures to the student body February 5, 6 and 7, on "The Inspiration of the Bible."

Mr. W. A. Lambeth was absent from the Park a few days in February, on a visit to his home at Thomasville, N. C.

Mr. J. K. Wood, of Senior class, spent February 23 and 24 at Greensboro, N. C.

Mr. T. C. Hoyle, class of '94, was on the Park February 8 and 9, shaking hands with his old acquaintances.

Miss Lizzie Sparger, sister of Prof. Sparger, of Trinity Park High School, was the guest of the Woman's Building a few weeks ago.

At a recent meeting of the two societies Mr. J. M. Ormond was elected by the Hesperian Society, Chief Manager for the approaching Commencement, and Mr. E. W. Webb was elected Chief Marshal by the Columbian Society. This is an honor duly conferred, and under the management of these two young men we naturally expect a successful commencement in every respect. Manager Ormond has already secured the Raleigh Orchestra for the occasion.

Dr. W. P. Few, of the English Department, spent a few days last month at his home in South Carolina.

Mrs. B. F. Dixon, with her daughter, Miss Pearl, were on the Park February 28. Mrs. Dixon is the mother of W. T. and B. F. Dixon, of Sophomore class, also Prof. Durham, of Theological Department.

Mr. S. J. Durham, class of '92, was present on the Park a few weeks ago. Mr. Durham is connected with the cotton mills in Bessemer City.

Mr. Clarence Sherrill, who spent two years at Trinity, graduated with honors at West Point a few weeks ago. Mr. Sherrill stood second in his class of seventy-three members.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, APRIL, 1901.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 20th of the month previous to month of publication.

Direct all matter intended for publication to D. D. PEELE, Chief Editor, Trinity Park. Durham, North Carolina.

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THE LIFE OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.*

BY J. F. BIVINS.

For several years past, the minds of the general reading public have been giving more and more attention to the published sermons and addresses of Phillips Brooks, the great Boston divine, who died January 23, 1893. This appreciation of his speeches and writings has not been confined to ministers or students for the ministry, nor has it been manifested only among members of the denomination of which Phillips Brooks was a member, but has been shown by men of all denominations and professions on

*LIFE AND LETTERS OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.—By Alexander V. G. Allen. With portraits and illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; 2 Vols.; $7.50.

both sides of the Atlantic. The secret of this popularity is to be found in the writings themselves; for one who begins to read them immediately is impressed with the fact that here is a true "message" from a true prophet, which answers in a marvellously real way to the great need of mankind in this present age. He seems to hear a voice vibrating with tenderness and love speaking unto him deep truths of God which he has for so long been longing to hear. One by one truths which have been hidden beneath stony crusts of dogmatism or covered by the debris of controversy begin to come out and to be transfigured before him. Little by little the religion of Jesus begins to be rid of its tantalizing vagueness and remoteness and to become to him as natural as breathing itself, filling all the world and his own heart with revivifying light. And ere long, the clouds and mists which have hidden the Christ from him begin to be cleared away and he begins to realize that He is indeed and in truth the Savior of men. He feels that the life back of those words is one thoroughly in touch with modern civilization with all its vast movements in science and education, and yet one that has a faith which is superior to them all—too strong to be shaken by them, too broad to deny them a place in God's world. And more than this, he feels that the great heart of this wonderful man is throbbing with an unfeigned love for mankind,—giving its life to work of the salvation of men. Then too the pictures of Phillips Brooks have drawn the world toward him. They show that he was a man of splendid physique, "a veritable Greek God," filled with "the virile strength of manhood," possessing unusual power subdued by a spirit of simplicity, humility, and a deep consecration to a great purpose.

So thousands of people were impatiently waiting for Prof. A. V. G. Allen, of Cambridge, to complete the "Life of Phillips Brooks," which he has been preparing since 1895, when Rev. Arthur Brooks, the brother of Phillips,

died leaving the work only fairly begun. When the "Life" was first offered for sale, last December, orders for it began to pour into the book dealers from all parts of the world. It is in two large volumes, containing an aggregate of 1595 pages and is indeed a mine full of rich treasures.

And the expectant reader is not disappointed when he begins to study the revelations contained in this book. Here is a man whose private life was as admirable as his public utterances. One whose outward calm was the product of much inward struggle, toil and sacrifice—a life full to the brim with noble moments and noble deeds. It is the purpose of this paper to give a sketch of the life of Phillips Brooks as portrayed by Prof. Allen. In a short paper, it will be impossible to give a very satisfactory view of a man, every year of whose life after he began his life-work presents some new and interesting phase. If I succeed in getting some of the readers of THE ARCHIVE so interested in him that they will read his "Life," I shall be rewarded for my effort.

I. YOUTH AND PREPARATION.

Phillips Brooks' name represents two distinguished New England families, each possessing a strong characteristic not found to any great extent in the other. The Phillips family, the relatives of his mother, were, from the time of the landing of George Phillips on American soil in 1630, down to the time of Phillips Brooks, distinctly Puritan in their tastes and pursuits. Religion and education were their chief concern. A great number of them were preachers and they were all loyal to the church. Their sons were sent to Harvard College as soon as they arrived at the proper age and preparation, and that institution was looked upon as as much a necessity as the church itself. The great-grandfather of Phillips Brooks founded Phillips Andover Academy and started the work on the Andover

Theological Seminary, but soon afterwards died. The work was finished by his wife (nee Phœbe Foxcroft). Phillips Brooks' mother inherited from these ancestors a deep religious nature. She is represented as reading the letters of the departed members of her family and keeping in touch with their history. "Her power of feeling and emotion was the source of her knowledge, she was no wide discursive reader. Religion to her was a life in Christ and hidden with Christ in God.

The Brooks family, on the other hand, were not great religious leaders. There were very few ministers among them and few of their sons went to college. They were "rich farmers with the inherited English love for land." They were patriotic, honest, and generous, and believed that there is an admirable virtue in money-getting. Some of them held high positions in the State. The father of Phillips Brooks was a good representative of the family, a man of splendid common sense and business ability, possessing also a taste for certain kinds of literature, especially history.

In the fine texture of Phillips Brooks' life is seen a most happy blending of the predominant characteristics of these two great families. The following quotation from one who knew the family well, gives a good statement of this fact:

"Mr. Brooks (the father) always gave me the notion of a typical Boston merchant, solid, upright, unimaginative, unemotional. Mrs. Brooks gave me the notion of a woman of an intense emotional nature, the very tones of her voice vibrating with feeling, deep spiritual life, the temperament of genius, the saintly character. I felt that Phillips Brooks owed to his father very much, the business-like and orderly habit, the administrative faculty which worked so easily and was so overshadowed by greater powers that it never received full recognition. . . . . But I never had a question that what made Phillips Brooks a prophet, a leader, a power among men, was from the Phillips side of the family. The big heart, the changeful countenance, the voice that so easily grew tremulous with feeling, the eager look, and gesture, the magnetism, the genius, seemed to me, and I believe seemed to him, his mother's. His father saw things as they were; she saw things ideally as they should be."

Phillips Brooks was born in Boston, December 13, 1835. He was the second son of a family of six boys, four of whom, including himself, became preachers. "A marked characteristic of the Brooks family," says Mr. Allen, "was its intense family feeling. The education of the children became the supreme motive. The home life shut them up with their parents as in some sacred enclosure, a nursery for great opportunities in the future." In the little back parlor, the family would spend the evenings, the father reading, the mother sewing, and the boys at work on their lessons for the next day. All good things were shared in common. New books were read aloud. "The home became to the children their choicest treasure," so that they did not fret to gain the larger but more dangerous liberty of the outside world. This intense family feeling was kept up all during Phillips Brooks' preparation for the ministry; indeed up till the death of his father and mother he sought their counsels and made frequent visits to his "home." "At heart he always remained a child in the household until father and mother were withdrawn." Until that time, he kept in close correspondence with them and with his brothers. The family joined him in considering the great questions of his life, especially regarding change of work or location. To show more clearly the point I have just considered, I will at different points quote from letters that passed between him and others of the family.

Phillips Brooks was prepared for college in the Boston Latin School. Here he manifested a taste for the classics and took a medal for excellence in final examinations in Greek and Latin. Some essays written here show that he was maturer in thought than are students generally at that age.

He entered Harvard College at the age of fifteen, only a few months before his sixteenth birthday (1851). At this age he had nearly attained his full stature, weighing 161 pounds, and measuring six feet three and one-half inches.

The faculty of Harvard at this time contained some notable men. Lonfellow represented literature; Agassiz, the natural sciences; Benjamin Pierce, mathematics; Sophocles and Felton stood for the classics, and Bowen for metaphysics; Child and Lane and Cook were just beginning their work in English, Latin and Chemistry.

At Harvard he showed a marked capacity for exact scholarship, but manifested no ambition to maintain high rank in his classes. He took no part in athletics, but entered heartily into whatever social or intellectual pleasures the college life afforded. He became a member of the Natural History Society, Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha Delta Phi, the Hasty Pudding Club, and the Anonyma, a debating society. "He was a Harvard man in every sense, reflecting that peculiar quality with which Harvard stamps her children, however difficult it may be of analysis or description."

He showed in college no very marked talent for public speaking. All his speeches were delivered with that rapidity of utterance which predominated all through his public ministry and which seems to have been his natural mode of speaking. He would plunge into his discourse in the first sentence and keep moving at such a rapid rate that the audience often almost despaired of keeping up. After he was well started in his work of the ministry a kind friend advised him to try to be more deliberate in his delivery, but after hearing the effort, advised him to continue in his accustomed style.

Phillips Brooks excelled in the languages; he took the highest stand in Greek and was only next to the highest in Latin. He read French and German easily. Literature was the study, however, of which he was most passionately fond. He loved it as a revelation of life. He had a strong desire to enter into the deep experiences of men and felt that literature would help him toward this end. He read largely and with extraordinary speed, following out the

bent of his own desires, independently of prescribed courses. "There was no dominating influence that controlled his thought or carried him away captive to some other power than his own." He read the works of Scott, Irving, Boswell's Johnson, Johnson himself, Shakspere, Goldsmith, Dryden, Swift, Leigh Hunt, Hume and others. He was fond of reading the English poets of the 18th century, but seems to have missed Wordsworth. He studied Lamb and Southey, but did not at first discover Milton and Coleridge. "There was a cooling and calming influence in these writers of the 18th century, with their quaint world, at such a wide remove from the feverish desire for reforms, the incessant agitation, the sentimental aspirations and vagaries, the new interpretations of the age into which he was born." He was learning how to value life. Pretty soon Milton attracted him and Carlyle began to preach into his ears the great gospel of "veracity and true simplicity of heart," which found such abundant fruitage in his after life. "Heroes and Hero Worship" became a hand book to him, and he greatly admired the "Life of Cromwell" (Carlyle) and the "French Revolution." The writer who exerted the strongest influence on him was Tennyson. "In Memoriam" was more than an interesting poem to him. In the stress and storm of that doubting age it seemed to be a soothing balm to his soul. "From the time he read it, it kept running in his head." Much of his own poetry imitates its metres.

One of the most noticeable traits of character in Phillips Brooks during the college days was his reserve in speaking of himself and his experiences. He seemed frankness itself until it came to matters of this kind, and there even his dearest friends had to stop. Afterwards in life he was strangely reticent about his more personal experiences, even to his parents. Many of his sermons, however, are autobiographical and in them we can catch glimpses of the great movements back in the "holy of holies" of his life.

He graduated at the age of 19 (1855). Up till this time he had not evinced any notion of entering the ministry. He accepted a position in the Boston Latin School and began work there in the fall. He looked upon teaching as a noble profession and thought he would like it for his life work. Here comes one of the most critical periods of his life,—a failure throws its dark shadow over his pathway just as he was entering upon life's duties. He was given charge of a class of school boys who seem to have been "veritable young toughs." In those days the highest qualification a teacher could possess was the ability to emphasize and punctuate all his remarks with the shillalah. Young Brooks was not of a bellicose disposition and the young "terrors" had it their way. By the middle of the school year he resigned upon the recommendation of the principal, who added, by way of comfort, that he had never known a man who failed at teaching to succeed at anything else.

The following sentences taken from letters written to his friend, Mr. George Sawyer, will show something of the state of his mind just before and right after his resignation:

January 19. "I have had very considerable trouble, but matters have lately been getting a little better. Things have settled down into a strong feeling of quiet hate which is eminently conducive to good order and rapid progress. In all my experience of school boys and school masters I cannot recall a single teacher who was honored with such an overwhelming share of deep, steady, honest unpopularity as is at this moment the lot of your harmless and inoffensive friend."

February 14. "You will be surprised to hear that I resigned my situation a week ago yesterday and am at present doing nothing. . . . . I have not yet regretted the step or seen how, under the circumstances, I should have done differently again. . . . . I don't know yet what I shall do. I may go at once to some profession. . . . ."

June. "I have not yet any possible plans for the Fall, but shall not study a profession. I don't exactly know what will become of me and don't care much."

Those six months following his resignation, were the "wilderness experience" of Phillips Brooks. "The mortification of failure rested like an incubus on his proud and

sensitive spirit." There was the temptation to give up all his ambition for himself and "take some very humble, insignificant place at the feast of life." A battle royal was taking place in his soul. He is represented as walking alone through the streets of Boston with a melancholy but thoughtful expression upon his face. He was communing deeply with himself and with God, looking into the depths of his being with the oft repeated questions, "Who am I? What am I? For what was I created? What do I believe and why do I believe it?" questioning and restating some of the primal truths which had before passed unchallenged before him. He wrote down many of the thoughts that came to him during this ordeal and they are among the most interesting records in the "Life."

During this time he kept up his reading and study and communion with his friends. Perhaps the one who influenced him most in making a decision was President Walker, of Harvard. During a long conversation with Phillips Brooks, President Walker advised him to enter the ministry. President Eliot, who was then a tutor in the college, met Brooks coming from this interview and noted the deathly whiteness of his face as if he were stirred by some deep emotion. He noted this same paleness again in 1881, when Phillips Brooks declined a professorship at Harvard.

The outcome of it all was that Phillip Brooks slipped quietly away from Boston and entered the "Theological School" at Alexandria, Virginia. It is interesting to note that he had not yet been confirmed in his church, had never taken communion, and was not yet positively sure that he would enter the ministry. He had honestly resolved to "resolve the doubt" before he made any declarations to the world. He felt inclined toward the ministry, but one fear haunted him, that it would confine him to a narrow and conventional sphere, and put shackles upon some of the best of his powers and activities. It really

did become to him the enlargement and the emancipation of all the admirable forces of his manhood. Prof. Allen notes two supreme qualifications that Phillips Brooks now possessed for the work before him. "One was humility; he had discarded ambition and was willing to be no one; he only asked to be useful in some ordinary or even obscure way. There was also ripening within him the conviction that he was called by God, and that in this conviction he could not be lessened or restricted, but must be enlarged to the uttermost."

He felt keenly the difference between the loose methods here used and those to which he had been accustomed at Harvard. During the following spring he wrote to his father, "I really cannot help feeling every day, as I told you a good while ago, that this seminary is not what it ought to be or what I want. The whole style of instruction and scholarship is so very different from what I have been used to in other subjects that I can't but feel it disagreeably every day." Another time in writing to a friend, he said, "When are you coming to see us? Leave your intellect behind. You won't need it here."

But his first year was by no means wasted. He did not confine himself to the small amount of work prescribed by the seminary, but set himself to doing a great amount of outside reading. He went first to the classics. With a soul thrilling with the mystery of life, he entered through the old masters in Greek and Latin into other worlds of human experience. One wonders at the number of classics he read in the original during this first year. He also kept up his French and German and read very largely in English Literature, theological writings and books of travel. He here began keeping note-books, a practice which he continued through life. In one-half of these, he noted quotations from the authors he read, in the other half he wrote out the thoughts that came into his mind from day to day. The latter half was always filled first.

He also made a habit of writing daily bits of verse. He thought that every one should learn to write poetry. He kept up this habit through life and has left many evidences of his poetical powers. These "notes of the soul" are exceedingly interesting, for they contain the evidences of his intellectual and religious growth while at Alexandria. Written by a boy of 21, they are full of so much beauty, originality, and strength of thought that they are well worth reading for themselves; they contain the genius of the preacher and orator of the future. We are permitted here to see the secret process of the making of one of the world's rare spirits. They show a young soul beginning to get daily visions of God's eternal truth and to be so entranced by them that the very sentences with which he records them are pervaded by the emotion with which he was moved. One principal moved him in all his patient and earnest reading,—"the value of the soul." He believed that before the human soul could be loved it must be known. Would that all ministers could catch this truth early in life and begin to live it. The pulpit could no longer be called narrow, if the men who fill it were as broad as this should lead them to be.

During his second year at Alexandria, Phillips Brooks read such a vast amount of literature that it would take too much space for me to name the books here. If any of the readers of THE ARCHIVE call themselves "well-read," let them turn to what this youth found time to read in one year at school, and I dare say they will begin to feel they have only *begun*.

It is needless to say that by this time Phillips Brooks had experienced a deep and lasting conversion. The doubt had been resolved and the new life was welling up in his soul. The life in the ministry had become an attractive field to him. The problem before him was, "To be true to himself, to renounce nothing which he knew to be good, yet bring all things captive to the obedience of God." By

this time he was beginning to have a true appreciation of Christ as the Savior of men. "He believed in him as a divine human leader, for humanity must have a leader from its own ranks, but he who could lead humanity must be divine." This was to be his message. All his reading and travel was to throw some new light on this great central truth. All his preaching was to be a restatement, ever different but yet the same, of this sublime conception of the Son of man.

At the end of the first year at Alexandria, he was confirmed in the church at Dorcester, Mass. His mother's joy over the event is revealed in the following lines:

Sunday, July 12, 1857. "This has been a most happy day in which I have witnessed the confirmation of my dear son Phillips, aged twenty-one, at Dorchester. I will thank God forever that he has answered my lifelong prayers in making him a Christian, and his servant in the ministry. Oh, how happy this makes me! May God continue to bless my dear boy and make him a burning and a shining light in his service."

The following portion of a letter written by Phillips Brooks to his brother William, just eight months before he entered the ministry, is interesting and valuable on account of the frankness with which he speaks of himself. His stony reserve here breaks down:

November 6, 1858. "DEAR WILLIAM:—Here I am one month into my last year of study (make up your mind that this letter is going to be all about myself and forgive it accordingly). Somehow the work I am at begins to look very different and strange to me. Do you know I feel as I never felt before, to find myself here within eight months of the ministry? Whether it is this getting at sermon-writing that makes me feel more than ever how weak I am to go about the world's greatest work, I certainly do feel it perfectly to-night. But I tell you, Bill, I can't recall many pleasanter hours than those I have spent in writing my two or three first poor sermons. It seems like getting fairly hold of the plow and doing something at last. I have always been afraid of making religion professional and turning it into mere stock in trade when I approached the work, but I have never felt more deeply how pure and holy and glorious a thing our Christianity is, what a manly thing it is to be godly, till I sat down to think how I could best convince other men of its purity and holiness. I do enjoy the work, and with all my unfitness for it, look forward to a happy life in trying to do it. Some how I *have never been quite frank with you;* as much

with you as anybody, but not thoroughly with any one, I think. But I am beginning to own up more fairly with myself. Every day it seems as if the thing I am going to do stood up plainer before me and forced me into frankness. My ideas of a minister are a different thing from what they were two years ago. . . . . It seems to me every day more and more as if it were treason to his work for him to neglect any part of his whole nature that is given to that work, and so I think the broadest mental outline, and the deepest moral truth, and the purest spiritual faith are more and more the demands, one and all of which Christ makes of his workmen, growing to *perfect men* and so to perfect Christians, to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ," etc., etc.

Can any one wonder at the success of a man who entered his calling with such a high conception of its requirements and with such a reverence for it as is shown in these lines?

It is very significant that the text of the first sermon preached by Phillips Brooks was, "The simplicity that is in Christ (2d Cor. xi, 3). Simplicity is the word that characterizes the preacher as well as the Master. Simplicity was his chief aim in writing his sermons,—to present the sublime but simple truths of Christianity in such simplicity of language that men would forget the language itself and the preacher in their admiration for the truth itself. This first sermon is a splendid and consistent foundation for the superstructure added by this sincere lover of simplicity in after days. His mother wrote as soon as she read his sermon:

"What beautiful texts you have chosen; they all breathe of Christ. You know I wanted to choose your first text, but I am *satisfied.* The simplicity that was in Christ—how beautiful! I know you have preached pure, simple gospel and that is enough for us. I have lived to see my prayer granted that my child might preach Christ. . . . ."

NOTE.—In a second article next month the "Minister and the Man" will be considered.

THE SACRIFICE OF A BROTHER.

BY E. W. WEBB.

Hitchfield, a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, located in the northeastern part of the Old North State, surrounded on all sides by a prosperous farming country, was in a very highly excited state on the morning after the burning of Whetmore Greene's five business houses. The fire had its origin in a small warehouse which was joined to the main buildings. This warehouse had been locked up for several weeks, no one having entered it during this time for any purpose whatever. The cause of the fire could not be attributed to carelessness on the part of those who worked in the stores.

Every crowd that gathered around the debris to see the last remains of what was once a prosperous business, and those that collected on the street corners, had as their subject of conversation, the cause of the fire. Various opinions were expressed on this point, but the majority of the people thought it was certainly the work of incendiarism, however, no one was able to present any reason why destructionists should select Whetmore Greene as a man on whom to practice such cowardly and base work. Although Mr. Greene was very wealthy, yet he was not a miser with his money, nor did he treat badly those who were in his employment. He was very energetic, and always had the town's best interest at heart, using all his power and influence toward establishing industries which would enhance the general welfare of his townsmen. All classes with whom he came in touch regarded him as being a generous, open hearted and pleasant old man whose locks had not turned white by dissipation. Greene was very much perplexed. He did not know of an open enemy whom he could even suspect being guilty of such a crime. He had tried through difficulty to rest assured the fire was not the work of an enemy, but was through carelessness or otherwise.

The citizens were not only alarmed on account of Greene, but remembering that some unknown scoundrels about five years previous to this time had threatened the destruction of their village, they were now also interested in their own lives and property. A secret meeting was called by the most prominent business men of Hitchfield, the object of which was to consider the best plans for the preservation of their property. Thomas Nashby, a well built, young man with business tact and shrewdness was the Secretary of this meeting; as the representative of a large industry on the edge of Hitchfield, what he had to say in this secret gathering had much influence. There was but one known fault that could be attributed to him, and that was, he was addicted to drink. This young man advocated the policy of putting several extra nightwatchmen on the 'beat', for at least five or six months. All thought this a good plan and they adopted the resolution. The watchmen were employed, and given special orders to notice every peculiar maneuver of anyone after sunset.

After taking the greatest precaution for a little over a month the excitement of the citizens subsided considerably. The people were again going to their days labor, and coming home to enjoy a nights cessation from toil, without fear.

It was one of those pleasant, refreshing semi-dark nights of April, the serene stillness being only disturbed by the puff of an engine in a nearby mill, when all church-goers were assembled in the house of worship and the pastor was in the most interesting part of his sermon, that a shrill cry was heard by those sitting near the church door. The preacher continued his discourse. The cry was again heard, but instead of being that of a single person as at first, some seven or eight voices were now distinguished. It sounded like the shout of one in distress or agony, crying for help in the far distance. The yells grew louder and louder until the words "Fire! Fire! Fire" were dis-

tinctly heard by those in the congregation. At that same moment the little bell on the dilapidated fire-engine house gave forth seven successive jingles so strong and impressive that it seemed some superhuman force must have had the clapper under control. There was not needed any benediction to announce the signal for departure; the audience in a mad rush quitted the church as quick as possible, and made their way toward the flames. This time it was the dwelling house of Mr. Greene, and it was only through the very heroic work of the unexperienced firemen that the flames were extinguished, after the conflagration of three buildings. Emily and Susie Greene, the latter a girl of eighteen, the only occupants of the houses were rescued without receiving any injuries.

Jack Clifton, one of the nightwatchmen, a sturdy and wide awake old fellow had been faithful to his position. He had exercised great diligence in these days of suspense. On this Sabbath night, he had seen a man, six feet in stature with an independent walk leave Mr. Nashby's gate and take a course toward the street which led to Greene's residence—Not having anything else to do just then, Clifton decided to follow this man and see what he was up to. He kept close enough to watch every movement he (the man) should attempt to make, yet far enough not to be detected by him. He continued his pursuit until the six footer stopped at Greene's gate. By a light in Greene's parlor, which cast its bright rays on the sidewalk, Clifton was able to get an outline of the fellow standing at the fence; and seeing that it was Nashby, he abandoned the investigation, as he thought the fellow was only making a call on the young ladies. Jack retraced his steps very slowly as he had twenty minutes to be at the station to meet the No. 72 eastbound passenger train. He had not gone more than one hundred and fifty yards before he heard some one hollow fire. On turning he saw the smoke arising at or near the Greene residence. He at once began

crying at the top of his voice "Fire! Fire!" and others having seen the flames had taken up the cry, and it was these yells which were heard in the church.

The burning having ceased Jack went to the mayor and told him how he had seen Nashby at the gate to Greene's yard only a few minutes before the fire, and the rescued girls had said no one had called on them. The conditions being such, the mayor was almost convinced Thomas Nashby had committed the crime, and he had him arrested on circumstantial evidence.

The whole county was startled when the news was spread, giving the name of the incendiary. No one could imagine why this young man was working such develish deeds upon a generous man like Mr. Whetmore (as he was commonly called). Although these two families were by far the wealthiest people of Hitchfield, no animosity had seemed to exist between them. The spirit of rivalry which is generally the result of such as this, had not manifested itself between these two houses.

On the evening following the arrest of Thomas Nashby, his brother John, aged twenty, a handsome, intellectual, pleasing boy, almost the counterpart of his brother as respects physical build, surrendered himself to the policeman admitting to have been the committer of the terrible deed instead of the other Nashby. Upon this admission the elder son was liberated and John was placed in the county jail to await the convening of the next court which would be four months from that time.

While in prison, he was entirely neglected by his kinspeople, especially by his brother who was never known to speak about him or visit the little, poorly ventilated cell which he occupied. However, there was one devoted friend of the prisoner, a low, chunky man, who made two or three trips a week to the jail in order to have a little chat with the youngster through the iron bars. The talk between these two was always concerning means by which escape would be possible.

Everytime this friend of the prisoner came, he would promise to have John set free in a day or two. Their conversations had not been in vain. Escape had at last come, and it happened just five weeks after the day he was imprisoned. The chunky fellow, had made pass-keys and selected a dark, dreary night about the midnight hour when he knew the town would be in silence, to go to the rescue of his companion. The work was well done, great care had been exercised. After giving John some money and advising him the course to take, in order to have permanent liberty, he bade farewell to him and cautiously and quietly went to his home and climbed the staircase that led him to the sleeping apartment.

Being afraid to take the train that passed by his home, young Nashby set out on foot for Porter, a little railroad station twenty five miles from Hitchfield, from which place he took the S. R. R. for F—, a thrifty town of South Carolina. He had hopes of getting some work in this place. He went up the street immediately after arriving and the first sign that attracted his attention was "David Rightwell, Druggist." This was a very familiar name to him, and passing over on the other side of the street he recognized Rightwell who was standing in the store door. Seeing it was the same man who had conducted an apothecary shop in his old home, and believing Rightwell had heard of his arrest, John turned hurriedly around the corner, and realizing the position he was in, decided to leave the state of South Carolina, and he headed for the railroad station around a different street. From this place he bought a ticket to Brandon, central Tennessee.

The first thing he did after getting off the car in Brandon, was to apply for a position in a large hardware store which was situated just opposite the depot. He introduced himself to the proprietor of the establishment under the assumed name of Robert Wilkes. The manager being an excellent observer, recognized the intellectual capacity

of Wilkes by merely conversing with him: but not having any vacancy in his enterprise just at this time, referred the applicant to the owner of Bastil Hotel, which was the largest building of its kind in the city. Robert thanked him very kindly for his reference, and walked out upon the sidewalk where everything seemed gloomy and desolate to him. Employment was necessary, as he was now penniless. It seemed that fate was working against him, yet he did not falter, but wended his way up the deserted street until he came to the beautiful park in which the sought for hotel was located. Everything around the place had the air of spring time, the people who were scattered here and there looked bright and happy. The vast difference between this scene and his own downcast mood, made the heavens to appear more cloudy, and the sweet song of the mocking bird came to his ear like the screech of the owl. All nature seemed dead to him. He slowly mounted the high steps of the "Bastil", carrying as it seemed to him a great burden which grew heavier and heavier at each step. On reaching the top he asked for the manager of the house, after waiting a few minutes he was admitted into the private office behind the Cashier's department. To a middle aged, half smiling man sitting in a large chair at a desk, he told his mission in coming there. While Robert was talking the eyes of the manager were firmly fixed upon him, and at the conclusion of his plea the stewart was directed to have Wilkes made clerk in the store-room. This was by no means a very low position, especially in a sporty and commodious house like the Bastil. The town itself had a good reputation throughout the entire state as being an excellent health resort and place to enjoy the summer months. It was situated at the foot of a towering mountain, and near it glided gently a magnificent stream.

Eight years had passed since Robert Wilkes first put foot in Tennessee, and these years had brought with them

several changes in his life; his face was now covered with a very dark mustache and side whiskers; he had met and made friends with the nicest people in Brandon and was now chief clerk in the same hotel he began work in. The summer of this eighth year was an exceptionally prosperous season—pleasure seekers were numerous. Among those who came to the "Bastil" in the delightful month of May was Miss Irene Jones, of Chattanooga. She was a very charming and refined lady, and was so attractive in Wilkes eyes, that he found himself in love with her. In a week's time he had such an awfully bad case that he neglected little duties around the office in order that he might dance with her in the Germans. The case was not altogether one sided, it could be seen that the young lady was gradually becoming attached to him.

The biggest ball of the season was to be given June 1, at the "Bastil," complimentary to the young ladies of Tennessee. Every one was anxious to make engagements for this occasion. Robert Wilkes was not to be left on this score. He was to dance with Miss Irene. Many had wired ahead of time for accommodations, and among the great number of arrivals that night, were ten eastern sports. The leader of these dandies, Thomas Nashby, was making inquiries from the night clerk concerning rooms, when the head clerk (Wilkes) came in to see how many wished supper. In glancing hurriedly over the register, he was startled to see the name of his brother, for whom he had sacrificed his life; and at the same moment, raising his eyes, he saw Thomas only a few steps away. His first thought was to run to him and speak, but having learned from the night clerk that Nashby had made preparations to remain there two weeks, Wilkes decided to wait and see if his brother would recognize him. This decision was to be carried out only under great strain and self control.

That night the brothers waltzed on the same floor and with the same ladies. They had met, but Thomas had not

shown any signs of recognition, but on the other hand had treated Robert very cool. Yet, the moment had not come when the head clerk was to make himself known to the new guest; he had firmly determined not to speak until there was no doubt in his mind, but what his brother had seen nothing in his countenance to remind him of the youngster who had played with him for many years in the old town of Hitchfield.

Three days had passed and these two men had not seen each other, the elder one spending the most of his time in the card room with friends. During this short time Thomas had begun to like Miss Irene also, and one afternoon he asked her not to allow the clerk to dance with her again, as he had heard several young men speak about a lady from Chattanooga allowing the company of a workman in the hotel. The insulting words would not have stopped here, had not Miss Irene, recognizing what Nashby was saying as being a falsehood, turned angrily away from him, leaving his presence. She was determined that Robert should hear every word this slanderer had said. Not many minutes afterward she went to the office counter and told Wilkes in low, quiet tones what she had heard.

Up to this time, he (Robert Wilkes), had been an affectionate brother, yet he was not so cowardly but what he would demand an apology for such words, even though they came from the angels. He tried to control himself, but it was not in his power, passion seized him. He went immediately in the lobby, and seeing Thomas Nashby reading a paper, he approached and unnoticed by any one sitting near, asked him what he meant by using such remarks as he had made to Miss Jones. Words began to be exchanged very rapidly between them, and soon several blows were passed. Before they could be separated, a revolver was seen to glisten in the hands of Nashby, and a sharp report was soon heard, and this was followed by another. The bullets found lodgement in Robert Wilkes' breast, and the

poor fellow reeled and gave a great cry in his immense agony. The terrible cry was followed by a short sentence which was heard by all who stood near the dying man, these last words were "Remember, Whetmore Greene and the man who admitted the crime." These words fell like thunderbolts upon the murderer who was now in the hands of policemen. Too late he realized what he had done and asked the privilege of seeing the man he had murdered. After scanning him closely, he saw that it was surely his only brother, and oh! how unnatural thought he, that I should at last have to find him by placing a bullet through his breast. And then taking a beautiful diamond ring out of his pocket which his mother had requested on her dying bed should be given to John if he should ever be found, he placed it quietly on John's finger, and in the presence of everybody told that the man he had killed was his brother who had surrendered himself to the policeman as being guilty of burning out a Mr. Greene in North Carolina, when he knew he himself (Thomas Nashby) had committed the crime. And that he had thought the reasons John had confessed was the love he had for him, and the hope of preserving his father's business which had been left in the hands of Thomas Nashby.

The murderer was then taken into custody to await the punishment that comes to all who do such deeds.

SOME FEATURES OF FORMER CHEROKEE LIFE.

BY J. R. COWAN.

In the estimation of such persons as have no precise knowledge of any of the Indian's characteristics, there is a common tendency to exaggerate his vices in proportion to his virtues. These would insist that his language is an unmeaning jargon, his methods of war cowardly, his ideas of religion utterly puerile. On the contrary, however, the enthusiastic student who has been brought into close contact with the Indian, and into intimate acquaintance with his language, customs, and religious ideas is sometimes liable to overlook aboriginal vices and to exaggerate aboriginal virtues. Forgetting that the Indian is a savage, with the characteristics of a savage, he exalts a primitive society to a level with that of civilized man. Likewise, in comparing the worth and position of individual tribes, the student who has long resided with any any one tribe, imbibes all the patriotism of that tribe and assigns to others a lower rank in the scale of civilization. In this connection it is well to remember that the Indian believed himself to be the result of a special creation by a partial deity, and insisted that his race was singularly a favored one; and so also when it came to his sense of tribal organization, he must esteem his own tribe as being somehow favored above all others.

I shall try to limit this paper to a brief consideration of some of the characteristics of the Cherokee Indian of the first half of the eighteenth century together with the changes wrought in his character by the first contact with white settlers. The old histories and narratives which present the only study of this period are now fast becoming rare. There are only a few later accounts, all of which are based more or less on these. And yet a study of the history of the great Cherokee Nation still retains all its fascinations. It is a field which is rich in romance,

it affords an instance on the one hand of a life beautiful in its pastoral simplicity, but on the other hand, when we consider their religion, their attitude to nature and animal life, there is all that wierd charm which is given by a touch of the oriental. If one is fond of adventure, in the narratives of the early Indian traders, the field is unbounded. If we are appealed to by the practical or the material, there is an interest for all in the study of the way the Indian's craftiness developed for him a genius for trade. So also the numerous peace conferences give us an idea of the Cherokee's genius for diplomacy. Lastly, we have an interesting comparison of the weight of influence which was brought to bear upon a savage people by two rival nations, the French and the English.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Cherokee peoples existed in their original conditions in one of the most inaccessible regions east of the Mississippi. The great Cherokee Nation embraced the highland part of what is now South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee. Logan thus describes the original limits of the Cherokee country:—"When the hunters and cow drivers first penetrated this region, there were considerable portions of it as destitute of trees and as luxuriant in grass and flowers as any prairie of modern times. It abounded in wild horses, buffaloes, bears, deer, elk, panthers, and other wild animals."* "Here," says Adair, "the Indians lived formerly in great happiness before the Indian traders had ruined them by their left handed policy, and their natures were corrupted by dim sighted politicians. Then the Cherokees were frank, sincere and industrious. Their towns abounded in hogs, poultry and everything sufficient for the support of a reasonable life."† About 1735 the Cherokees had sixty-four towns and villages and as many as six thousand warriors. At what time these tribes set-

*Logan: History of Upper South Carolina.
†Adair: History of the American Indians.

tled in this territory, we cannot say. It has been stated that the Overhill settlement, on the Tellico and Little Tennessee, were established in 1623, by a branch of the Cherokees, who had been driven from the Appomattox by the first settlers of Virginia. All such statements in regard to their settlement however are unfounded. Adair thus describes the boundaries of the Nation, as it existed during his sojourn among them:—

"The country lies in about thirty-four degrees of north latitude, at the distance of three hundred computed miles to the northwest of Charleston, one hundred and forty miles southwest from the Catawba Nation, and almost two hundred miles to the north of the Creek country. The Cherokees are settled nearly in an east and west course, about one hundred and forty miles in length from the lower towns where Fort Prince George stands, to the late unfortunate Fort London. They make two divisions of their country, one signifying 'low,' and the other mountainous."

The Cherokee towns were generally built wide of each other, owing to the scarcity of good situations on the rivers and creeks.

A Cherokee village was thus described by Bartram, the naturalist and traveller, who made an excursion through the Nation in 1776. "The town of Cowe consisted of one hundred houses, built near and on both sides of the Little Tennessee. The Cherokees constructed their dwellings on a plan different from that of the Creeks; they formed an oblong square building of one story, with notched logs stripped of their bark, and plastered the walls both inside and out with clay, mixed with grass, the whole was roofed with the bark of the chestnut or oaken boards, and partitoned transversely into three apartments, which opened into each other by inside doors . . . . . The council house at Cowe was a large rotunda, of a sufficient capacity to hold conveniently several hundred people. It stood on the summit of an ancient mound of earth that had been thrown up some twenty feet in heighth; and the building itself being thirty more, its pinnacle reaches an elevation of nearly sixty feet above the surface of the earth . . . .

A single large door gave access to the interior, and supplied all the light from without. The Indians harangued and deliberated in their town meetings by the light of their never absent council fires. Next to the wall, settees were ranged in several circles, one above another, for the accommodation of the people, who assembled in the town-house almost every night in the year, to enjoy some festival or their favorite dances and songs. The settees were covered with mats curiously woven, of thin splints of the ash or oak."

This country was first penetrated by three classes of white men several years in advance of regular settlers; these were the hunter, the cow driver and the Indian trader. "The hunter," says Logan, "served by his adventurous life many valuable purposes; he conciliated the jealous savages, impressed them, as Indians were easily impressed, by his romantic courage and unrivalled skill in the use of the rifle, with sentiments of respect for the character and prowess of white men; and brought back from his wanderings to the border settlements glowing accounts of Elysian spots he had seen in the wilderness." There was little romance about the cow driver aside from his association with the Indians. The business of stock raising gradully attracted men because of its profits. A cow-pen was quite an institution. It was usually officered by a superintendent and his sub-agents. But the Indian trader, says Logan, "was a far more interesting character than either the hunter or the cow driver. He was a man of high order of intelligence, and in more than one instance of education and learning. He advanced without ceremony into the heart of Indian settlements, and for the sake of pushing his lucrative business was content to live in many instances, a long lifetime deprived of the comforts of civilized society. . . . . In the prime of the trade, before the complete deterioration of the Indian character, the life of the trader was intensely fascinating.

The Indians, upright, manly and industrious, were no mean or disagreeable companions; and their esteem and affection for the honest trafficker knew no bounds. They watched for his welfare and were ever ready to defend him with their lives against any assailant . . . . . Having fixed upon a village or town suited to his purpose, the trader went to work, with the assistance of the Indians, and soon built for himself and his handsome Indian wife, a comfortable dwelling house. Its inner conveniences and furniture were not altogether rude or barbarous. The trader's pack horse trains, direct from Charleston, enabled him to gratify the variety of his copper colored bride with chairs and neat bedsteads, instead of the skins of buffaloes and bears, on which she had been brought up. After the completion of his dwelling house, the trader next built, hard by it, a store room for the reception of his goods and peltries, and for general business purposes. This was called his trading house. The erection of a poultry house, a corn crib and sweating oven for the use of his wife and half breed responsibilities, with which his cabin was soon well filled, completed his private improvements . . . . . Most of the traders from motives of expediency, adopted the dress and many of the habits of the savages. Indeed, we are told, that after a two years' residence in the Nation, those who loved their wild life so well as to desire to obliterate the last remains of their Christian bringing up, effected so great a change in their appearance and complexion by the strange dress they had assumed, by exposure, and the constant use of bear's oil on the skin, as to be almost undistinguishable from the native Indians."

The Indian trade, until 1716, was conducted solely under the auspices of individual enterprise. The system of exchange was exceedingly advantageous to the English adventurer; for a few trinkets, looking glasses, pieces of colored cloth, hatchets and guns of small value, he could

procure peltries which would command in Charleston many times their original cost. But in that year (1716) the Proprietory government of Carolina assumed the direction of all its affairs, and conducted the Indian trade as a great public monopoly. Of course, their object was in part to secure a better control of the Indians in view of the public safety. Next to the trader, the most interesting characters employed in the traffic, were the pack horsemen. These frequently consisted in part of boys; their life was one of exposure and hardship, and, not unfrequently of thrilling adventure. In peace and in war, and in every vicissitude of weather, they were found upon the path. Forts Moore and Congaree were the only garrisoned posts erected on the border by the government at this early period for the protection of the Indian trade. The first horse paths from Charlestown to the upper country, doubtless, touched at these points. From the various trading houses the Indians constructed trails of sufficient width and straightness for the conveyance of peltries and goods on the backs of "burdeners." Soon the Cherokees had grown so dependant upon the English for all the necessaries of life, that their greatly enlarged commerce required wider and more direct thoroughfares. It was then that the pack horse trains began to frequent what was known as the Keowee trail, which became a great central highway of communication between Charleston, the interior, and the mountain valleys of the Cherokee Nation.

The following extract from the instructions given out by the Board to one Dauge, an assistant agent among the Cherokees, will give some idea of the way the trade was established:

You are to proceed at once to the Cherokee Nation, and on your arrival, inform the Conjuror and other headmen that in a month or six weeks, we shall have a settlement at the Congarees, to which place they may resort, and procure whatever goods they may need; that we would have built the fort earlier than this, if some of our people had not run away with the

boat which had been prepared to carry up the men and implements necessary for its construction. Inform the Conjuror also, that we expect him to hasten down in order to meet at the Congarees with a supply of provisions, the train of pack horses, which is now on its way with men and tools to be employed on the fort, and with a quantity of ammunition for the Cherokees.

"At this period," says Logan, "Savannah Town and the Congarees often presented scenes more boisterous and busy than many a commercial town of the present, with far more pretension in situation and trade. On their outskirts are encamped numerous caravans of pack trains, with their roistering drivers . . . . . A large supply of goods has arrived from Charleston, and every pack saddle comes down from the Nation loaded with skins and furs. In the open air and in the trading house are congregated a motley assembly of packhorsemen, traders, hunters, squaws, children, soldiers and stately Indian warriors. The hunters from distant wilds want a supply of powder and ball, each squaw fancies some bright colored fabric, while the warriors and old men eagerly demand guns, ammunition and blankets . . . . . Finally the clamor subsides. The packs are once more made up; the goods for the Indian towns, and the skins for the market on the seaboard. . . . . It was a duty of the agents at these posts, that no hostile Indians were to be supplied with arms and ammunition, and none connected with the trade to be credited. This excellent rule was, however, never properly enforced; it soon fell into disuse, and many evil consequences, both to the whites and the Indians was the result. . . . . The winter months, with a portion of the spring, constituted the chief hunting season in which the Indians collected their peltries. The traders frequently accompanied them, encamping with them in the woods to the end of the hunt; their packs were usually made up by the first of May, at which time they set out with the trains for Charleston or Augusta, leaving their wives and the Indian fellows to begin the operation of planting the crop

of corn, beans and other vegetables for the year. The value of the peltries yielded by the Indian hunting grounds gradually assumed astonishing proportions. An old chronicler quaintly informs us of the extent and value of the traffic in its earlier periods: "They carry on a great trade with the Indians, from whom they get these great quantity of deer skins, and those of other wild beasts, in exchange for which they give them only lead, powder, coarse cloth, red paint, ironware, looking glasses and some other goods, by which they have a considerable profit."

"Great as were, however, the profits of the peltry trade, they began seriously to fall off as soon as the evil effects of the English policy, in its management had time to develop themselves. The irregularities and abuses produced by the licentiousness and rapacity of a few bad men engaged in the traffic, no doubt did it an injury, but so far as they immediately affected the character of the Indians, they had a decided tendency to sharpen their wits, stimulate their energies, and increase their self-reliance, while just the opposite influence was brought to bear upon them by the government monopoly. They were now taught to rely upon the strong arm of the colony, instead of upon themselves and their private traders. The whole affair had become a State concern, and neither trader nor Indian was any more free."* Another evil arose from the adoption of the method of conciliating the savages by frequent large distributions of presents to their women and head warriors. The most deteriorating influence of all, says Logan, was the scourge of intemperance. An insatiable appetite for intoxicating liquors was kindled and kept burning. His favorite beverage was rum; and this, despite all laws to the contrary, was supplied him without stint, as long as he was able to pay for it the required price. A few years were sufficient to develop the evil tendencies and fruits of such a system.

*Logan: History of upper South Carolina.

The most powerful of England's rivals at this time were the French. They were firmly established in Canada and Louisiana, and rapidly connecting these extreme points by a chain of military posts, stretching through the entire length of the Mississippi Valley. The design of the French was to secure possession of the great Valley, and having circumscribed the English colonists within their narrow belt along the Atlantic, when everything was ready for the blow, to fall upon them with the hordes of their savage confederates, and exterminate or drive them from the soil. It is interesting to note, on the contrary, that the English, even as late as 1720, had no definite impression of the vast reign to the west of them. To them it was an unknown world, shut alike to their view and to their enterprise, by the impassable barrier of the Alleghany Range. The difference between the French and English, in their manner of treating the Indians, was just the measure of the specific difference in the social habits of the two people. The one was ever characterized by the mildness and respectful consideration, so striking in the Frenchman, whether he is studied in Paris, or his rude village on the Illinois; the other, by that selfish bluntness, and utter disregard for the feelings of others, not unfrequenty pushed to the degree of brutality, equally inherent in the Englishman. Thus the French were enabled to penetrate into the very heart of the continent, and there form peaceful and flourishing settlements; while the English with all their courage and dogged hardihood, had scarcely advanced a hundred miles towards the interior from their first strongholds on the Atlantic coast. Governor Nicholson called the first council with the English, of the head-men and warriors of the Nation. This assemblage was striking and imposing compared with those that were held thirty years later. There was scarcely a town or village in all their settlements that was not represented; and the proud chiefs and warriors, and young females of

the Cherokee Nation of that period, dressed in the wild picturesque costumes of their race, presented the finest specimens of the physical man and woman to be found on the American Continent.

The events from the year 1721 to 1743 were most peaceable to the colony in their relation to the Cherokees. Then the Indian trader prospered. "Under the care of his thrifty Indian wife, his crib was usually well stored with corn; the yard swarmed with poultry, and the common pastures, with his swine, horses and cattle. Cherokee women of intelligence made the best housekeepers on the continent; in their habits and persons they were as cleanly as purity itself, and yet, knew from childhood what it was to labour with their own hands and provide every domestic comfort. . . . . The Cherokee towns weresoon swarming with the half-breed offspring from this opportune amalgamation of the vigorous, unadulterated English stock with the more beautiful and robust of the Indian females, and this generation grew up into a race whose physical and intellectual energies have been active and prominent in developing the civilization of the modern Cherokee." *

The seven years war, beginning in 1756, really began in America in 1754. The French were exerting every influence with the Indians. The British were pursuing a similar policy in resistance, but less extensive and with less success. Hostilities had begun in the northern provinces. Governor Glen, of South Carolina, in his peace conferences with the Cherokees made himself unpopular by his uncertain policy. Adair severely criticises Governor Glen for his conduct. "His Excellency, our Governor, neglected the proper measures to reconcile the wavering savages till the gentleman who was appointed to succeed him had just reached the American coast; then, indeed, he set

* Logan: History of upper South Carolina.

out with a considerable number of gentlemen in flourishing parade, and went as far as Ninety Six settlement, from whence, as most probably he expected, he was recalled and joyfully superseded. . . . . He neither sent before nor carried with him any presents wherewith to soothe the natives, and his kind promises and smooth speeches would have weighed exceedingly light in the Indian scale." *

The great body of the Nation were still friendly to the English; the great chiefs were opposed to war to the very last, and apparently did all they could to prevent hostilities, but the French emissaries were at work inflaming their resentment and furnishing the young men with arms and ammunition. Then parties of young warriors took the field, and rushing down upon the frontiers murdered and scalped all who came in their way. Governor Lyttleton was equally as incompetent as Governor Glen. He summoned the head men of the Cherokee towns for a "talk" with him. Upon being asked why they had killed the white people and declared war, they answered that the crimes were committed by young people who would give ear to no admonition, and who believed that the English intended to destroy them all and make slaves of their wives and children. The French had told them, they said, that when the English had once completed a fort in their nation and made settlements, they would withhold ammunition from them, and extripate all the men and enslave the women and children; and that the French were making great offers for the scalps of Englishmen. Finally the Governor told them that he himself was going with a great many of his warriors to the nation to demand satisfaction. The Cherekee chiefs were compelled to march with the Governor and his escorts: they were nothing less than his prisoners. They put on the appearance of contentment:

* Adair: History of the American Indians.

inwardly they burned with fury. Soon they no longer attempted to conceal their resentment. Their sullen looks and gloomy countenances bespoke their indignation. Govenor Lyttleton rushed into a war for which he was not prepared. His conduct was inglorious as it was unwise and unfair. His treatment of the chiefs, against whom no personal charge was made, and who had travelled so far to obtain peace, was little less than treacherous. Like many other officers, military and civil, coming from England, Governor Lyttleton supposed he knew more about Carolina than native Carolinians, and disregarding Lieutenant Governor Bull's advice he allowed himself in the end to be completely overreached by the wily "Little Carpenter," who shrewdly traded him out of the birds he had in his hands for those in the bush. He was removed from office, but it was too late: the fate of the garrison at Fort London was sealed. The massacres on the frontier were renewed with disastrous results.

Adair thus summarizes the change in the character of the Cherokees after their wars with the English:—

> Notwithstanding the Cherokees are now as a nest of apostate hornets, pay little respect to gray hairs, and have been degenerating fast from their primitive religious principles for above thirty years past; yet, before the last war, Old Hop, was helpless and lame, presided over the whole nation and lived in Chotie, their only town of refuge.

The rest of this paper shall be devoted to a brief consideration of the Cherokee religion and their theory of disease and medicine. The Indian is essentially religious and contemplative, and it might almost be said that every act of his life is regulated and determined by his religous belief. There is a wonderful completeness about the whole system which is not surpassed even by the ceremonial religions of the East. It is evident from a study of the sacred formulas that the Cherokee Indian was a polytheist, and that the spirit world was to him only a shadowy counterpart of this. All his prayers were for temporal

and tangible blessings—for health, for long life, for success in chase, in fishing, in war and in love, for good crops, for protection and revenge. He had no Great Spirit, no happy hunting ground, no heaven, no hell, and consequently death had for him no terrors and he awaited the inevitable end with no anxiety as to the future. * The religion of the Cherokees is zootheism or animal worship; but in the worship of things tangible it is the beginning of a higher system in which the elements and the great powers of nature are defied. Among the animal gods insects and fishes occupy a subordinate place, while quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles are invoked almost constantly. The *uktena* (a mythic great horned serpent), the rattlesnake, and the terripin, the various species of hawk, and the rabbit, the squirrel, and the dog are the principal animal gods. Among what may be classed as elemental gods the principal are fire, water, and the sun, all of which are addressed under figurative names. The sun is invoked chiefly by the ball player, while the hunter prays to the fire; but every important ceremony—whether connected with medicine, love, hunting, or the ball play—contains a prayer to the "Long Person," the formulistic name for water, or more strictly speaking, for the river. The personage invoked is always selected in accordance with the theory of the formula and the duty to be performed. Thus, when a sickness is caused by a fish, the Fish-hawk, the Heron, or some other fish-eating bird is implored to come and seize the intruder and destroy it, so that the patient may find relief. When the trouble is caused by a worm or insect, some insectivorous bird is called for the same purpose. The lover prays to the spider to hold fast the affections of his beloved one in the meshes of his web, or to the moon, which looks down upon him in the dance. The warrior prays to the Red Warclub, and the man about to set out on

* Report of Bureau of Ethnology, 1885–'86.

a dangerous expedition prays to the cloud to envelop him and conceal him from his enemies. Each spirit of good or evil has its distinct and appropriate place of residence. The Rabbit is declared to live in the broomsage on the hill side, the Fish dwells in a bend of the river under the pendant hemlock branches, the Terrapin lives in the great pond in the West, and the Whirlwind abides in the leafy tree tops. It must be stated here that the animals of the formulas are not the ordinary, everyday animals, but their great progenitors, who live in the upper world above the arch of the firmanent. *

With the Cherokees disease originated in this way. In the old days quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects could all talk, and they and the human race lived together in peace and friendship. But as time went on the people increased so rapidly that their settlements spread over the whole earth and the poor animals found themselves beginning to be cramped for room. This was bad enough, but to add to their misfortunes, man invented bows, knives, blowguns, spears, and hooks, and began to slaughter the large animals, birds and fishes for the sake of their flesh and skins, while the smaller creatures, such as the frogs and worms, were crushed and trodden upon without mercy, out of pure carelessness or contempt. In this state of affairs the animals resolved to consult upon measures for their common safety. After the different members of the animal creation had met in council in their town houses they began to devise various diseases. But in the meantime the plants, who were friendly to man, heard what had been done by the animals, and determined to defeat their evil designs. Each tree, shrub, and herb, down even to the grasses and mosses, agreed to furnish a remedy for some of the diseases named, and each said: "I shall appear to help man when he calls upon me in his need." Thus did medicine originate, and the plants, every one of

* James Mooney; The Sacred Formulas of the Cherokees.

which has its use if we only knew it, furnish the antidote to counteract the evil wrought by the revengeful animals. When the doctor is in doubt what treatment to apply for the relief of a patient, the spirit of the plant suggests to him the proper remedy.

Like most primitive people the Cherokees believe that disease and death are not natural, but are due to the evil influences of animal spirits, ghosts or witches. Haywood, writing in 1823, states on the authority of two intelligent residents of the Cherokee nation:

> In ancient times the Cherokees had no conception of anyone dying a a natural death. They universally ascribed the death of those who perished by disease to the intervention or agency of evil spirits and witches and connection with the Shina or evil spirits.*

While the Indian could not be entirely ignorant of the medicinal properties of plants; still in accuracy or extent we cannot compare for a moment his knowledge with that of the trained student working on scientific principles. Cherokee medicine is an empiric development of the fetich idea. For a disease caused by the rabbit the antidote must be a plant called "rabbit's food," for inflamed eyes a flower having the appearance and name of "deer's eye," a decoration of burs must be a cure for forgetfulness, etc. "It must be evident," says Mr. Mooney, "that under such system the failures must far outnumber the cures, yet it is not so long since half our own medical practice was based on the same idea of correspondences, for the mediaeval physicians taught that *similia similibus curantur*, and have we not all heard that 'the hair of a dog will cure the bite?' "

In addition to their herb treatment the Cherokees frequently resort to sweat baths, bleeding, rubbing, and cold baths in the running stream, to say nothing of the beads and other conjuring paraphernalia generally used in connection with the ceremony. The person wishing to make a trial of the virtues of the sweat bath entered a small

* Haywood: Natural and Aboriginal History of East Tennessee.

earth covered log house only high enough to sit down. After divesting himself of his clothing, some large bowlders, previously heated in a fire, were placed near him, and over them was poured a decoction of the beaten roots of the wild parsnip. The door was closed so that no air could enter from the outside, and the patient sat in the sweltering steam until he was in a profuse perspiration and nearly choked by the purgent fumes of the decoction. In accordance with general Indian practice he plunged into the river before resuming his clothing.

I will close this discussion with Adair's graphic description of the first appearance of smallpox among the Cherokees. It was carried up by a pack-horse train, whose goods were infected with the disease.

At first it made slow advances; and as it was a foreign, and to them a strange disease, they were so deficient in proper skill, that they alternately applied a regimen of hot and cold things to those who were infected. The old Magi and religious doctors who were consulted on so alarming a crisis, reported that the sickness was caused by a violation of their ancient laws of marriage. . . . . Immediately they ordered the reputed sinners to lie out of doors, day and night, with their breasts frequently open to the night dews, to cool the fever. They were likewise afraid that the disease would pollute their houses, and by that means cause all their deaths. Instead of applying warm remedies, they at last in every visit, poured cold water on their naked breasts, sung their religious mystical song, "Yo, Yo," etc., with a doleful tune, and shook a calabish, with the bubbles, over the sick, using a great many frantic gestures by way of incantation. . . . When they found that their theological regimen had not the desired effect, but that the infection gained upon them, they held a second consultation, and deemed it the best method to sweat their patients, and plunge them into the river. The rivers being very cold and the pores of their bodies being open to receive the cold—it rushing through the whole frame—they immediately expired. Upon this, all the Magi and conjurors broke their old consecrated physic pots, and threw away all their other pretended holy things which they had used as medicines, imagining they had lost their divine power by being polluted. A great many killed themselves, for being naturally proud, they are always peeping in their looking glasses, by which means seeing themselves disfigured, without hope of regaining their former beauty, some shot themselves, others cut their throats. Many threw themselves with sullen madness, into the fire, and there slowly expired, as if they had been utterly divested of the native powers of feeling pain.*

* Adair: History of the American Indians, p 232.

A CONVERSATION IN THE KITCHEN.

BY KERCHNER.

". . . . . He may live without books,
But what civilized man can live without cooks?"

I had always said that I would never marry into that peculiar tribe of the feminine race known as the "new women." When I met Angelina, however, I at once began to experience a change of heart, and in a wonderfully short time I was entangled in chains so pleasing that I looked upon escape from them as a calamity. As for my ideas of woman's rights, to my infatuated mind Angelina seemed so sweetly reasonable that I blushed at the memory of things I had said about the new woman, and by way of atonement I delivered a few speeches before some clubs of which Angelina was a prominent member.

As a natural result of my state of mind it was not long before Angelina and I had made our vows at the altar and were off on our honey-moon. I fondly believed that a life-time of bliss was mine. Alas for the illusions of hope! May this account of my present state be a warning to my brothers lest they also fall into a similar condition of torment.

When at last we set up housekeeping and the "hum-drum life began," slowly and with much pain to me the delusions that had crept into my mind during the happy days of court-ship began to make their way out. Affairs in our household reached a climax one morning when I was in a great hurry to get to my office. The breakfast bell did not ring at its usual time and I began to feel that something was radically wrong in the department whence issued my daily bread. I went as near as I dared to the kitchen door and listened for any sounds that might give me a clue to the condition of things within. I could hear occasional peals of laughter. Thoughts of breakfast being uppermost in my mind, I allowed my hunger to overcome my discretion and walked boldly into the kitchen—a place sacred to the cook, and under the direct

supervision of Angelina without any of my assistance, she had given me to understand. This was my first invasion and I felt somewhat nervous as I crossed the threshold.

Great was my surprise to see my wife, sleeves rolled up, an immaculate apron reaching to the tips of her dainty toes, bending over the table on which there was evidently something of absorbing interest. I drew a step nearer and saw that she was reading and attempting to cut out biscuits at the same time. One hand with the biscuit-cutter rested gently on some soft dough, the other hand kept open one part of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," the rolling-pin holding the other side of the book on the table. Now I was desperately hungry, and the fact that the biscuits were not yet in the stove stirred up my wrath a little, but I began very calmly: "Angelina, where is the cook this morning? Has she left us?"

Angelina disengaged her hands very leisurely, marking the place in her book with a cold batter-cake lying near, and proceeded to answer me. "John, I thought you knew that once a week I let Jenny read our club essays while I get breakfast. She, poor girl, has so little time to read and study, and you know one of the mottoes of our club is—" but I interrupted her—"Yes, I think your motto is kindness to servants and neglect of husbands. Here you are working away at breakfast as if you had all day, the cook upstairs reading your last essay, and your husband has been eating the margin of his newspaper for the last hour and swearing softly to himself."

I spoke with some animation and she paused to look me in the eye a moment before she proceeded to demolish my argument. I took advantage of this silence to ask a question which I thought might save me from a discussion of the servant question. "My dear, what are you making anyway? Is that the receipt book I bought for you?" I knew it wasn't.

"That," said she, "is one of the modern novels you have so little use for. I consider it far superior to the classic novels, as you call them."

I answered this remark with nothing more than a smile, and called her attention to the fact that I was chiefly interested in breakfast at present. I dreaded the discussion of the novel with her at all times, and now, hungry as I was, I desired above all things to escape it. But the smile had not been lost on her and she took up the question while hope of breakfast died within me.

"You may smile," said she, "at my enthusiasm, but it is more than you can do while reading, for instance, George Eliot. Her digressions and sermonizings are as sophorific as a three hours' sermon on a hot June day. She and the rest of the old school novelists go into such minute details in the investigation of character that the reader thinks he is reading the archives of some mental dissecting-room instead of seeking recreation and amusement. A psychologic cause must be given for every act until one expects a dissertation on the influences that lead the hero to put on a blue tie instead of a white one on a particular morning."

She emphasized her remarks with such an attractive pout of her lips that under any other conditions I would fain have ended the discussion with a kiss. But I felt that I should speak in the interests of truth. So I said: "I suppose, Angelina, that you consider the art of amusing to be the only one necessary for the novelist. And if he makes use of anything besides wit you say that he has failed in his attempt to write a good novel. I admit that the old writers sometimes take the reader by a round-about path to reach their wells of mirth, but the draught is all the sweeter for a little thirst along the way, and one does not get a surfeit of wit as when reading some of the modern novelists whose wit is their only stock in trade, and that often of an inferior quality."

During the conversation we had unconsciously moved over to the wood-box and had taken our seats on it. The cook had heard the clash of arms from the distance and had come in unnoticed and was rapidly getting breakfast on the table. Looking round I saw this with joy. So to end the discussion

as well as to get my breakfast, I proposed to my intellectual wife that we go into the dining-room. She gladly consented, knowing that once at the table she could close the dispute in her own way without interruption from me. For an hour I ate steadily and silently while Angelina picked flaws in the style of Dickens and Thackeray. Finally, to divert her mind, I remarked that biscuit strictly means twice cooked, but as for these—here she stopped me with such a look from her calm blue eye that I finished my coffee hastily and made my escape into the street while Angelina stood smiling in the doorway.

I wish to ask that what I have related be kept as exclusively as possible within the clubs of the masculine population yet unmarried, for whose benefit it is written. If my wife ever lays eyes upon it I shall be led to regret that I ever penned it.

SONNET.

BY E. C. PERROW.

How hard it is to value things aright,
To see amid the ever-shifting Here
Th' eternal things of God. Our hearts in fear
Oft cow before some trifling grief so bright
So like a passing shadow of the night,
We hide our heads in shame. Year after year
We stake our lives on baubles all too dear
On joys that vanish ever from the sight.
From transient things God helps us lift our eyes!
From gazing ever on the restless tide
In which the shadows dark of clouds we see
Or catch but glimpses of the star-lit skies—
—Of stars, O God, by whose dim light we guide
Our life-barks through the darkness unto Thee.

D. D. PEELE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

One of the most encouraging features of the college community at present is the great increase of interest in the work of the literary societies. It is seen on all hands. One can hardly take a walk through the pines without coming in contact with some one who is out practicing his speech, and causing the speaker to leave a sentence unfinished in his embarrassment as he realizes that he has been heard by an unexpected auditor. And some have been complaining that their sweet, midnight slumbers have been broken into by the muffled voice of the debater as it passes from room to room through the heat-registers. As a result of this persistent work during the week, the societies are no longer adjourned by 8:30 o'clock but often remain in session till nearly, if not quite, eleven.

The work is not confined to the upper classmen, but members of both the Freshman and Sophomore classes enter into the work with a vigor that makes it impossible to think this increase of interest is merely a temporary one. Several causes are at the root of this. When the term closed last June all the boys went home feeling that something must be done for society spirit and they returned in the fall determined to make the literary societies more of a leading feature than ever before. They began work in earnest. The victory in the inter-collegiate debate on Thanksgiving day encourged them. Later it was decided to have a public debate between members of the Sophomore class to which the two literary societies were to

be invited. Then an inter-society debate was planned, making in all three public occasions during the year in which the students of the College appear to test their strength in a debating contest. Perhaps the day of oratory is gone, but if this spirit continues, as it will, that day will soon return.

There is more or less of the pathetic in all life, and even in college we see occurrences that almost bring tears flooding to our eyes. The story of these four years is indeed a sad one. Here we see air-castles built to be overthrown by the passing breeze; high ideals set, never to be attained; and, worst of all, some of the wisest theories are advanced on the college campus only to be forgotten or entirely disregarded.

In brief the general story of student life is this:—The Freshman comes from some primary school where he has been recognized as *the* one and only one. For the first few months he works manfully, silently waiting to see who will be the first to recognize the angel the community in entertaining unawares. Everybody is stupid; no one sees his true worth and the Freshman, now going through the chrysalid stage that is to turn him out a Sophomore, determines to stulify the whole community by making a revelation of himself. He begins to air his wisdom. He shows how everything is out of gear; every phase of college life reveals the weakness of those in charge. Of course, the athletics are in a condition of stagnation, and if he were only manager of the ball team he would reorganize the whole affair and put a team on the diamond that would raise a mighty dust. The literary societies also are dull and the president ought to make every member perform full duties or else "keep him in at recess," in the critics own words. As for himself he cannot declaim or debate, but he thinks he would make a good president. And when he comes to speak of the college monthly, so wise and practical are his theories that the editor who hears

them quietly retires to his sanctum, seriously considering a resignation in favor of his friend, whose remarks are about to have an effect on him like to that of ipecac. But the hero of our story lives on, and on the day of graduation, he shakes the dust off his feet; and as he boards the home-bound train offers a silent prayer for a community which is so stupid that a man of his matchless greatness can live in it for four years without being recognized. He is now on the borders of manhood and the world still moves in its old course; it still takes the earth twenty-four hours to turn on its axis, and a whole year to follow its egg-shaped orbit about the sun. Why not have a round orbit? It would look better on the charts and perhaps the years would be shorter. Alas! Alas! 'tis a pity, four years wasted. But such is the tragedy of life.

Of course this is an age of co-operative work and we of the South must not be left behind in this respect. We are beginning to see the truth of the old adage, "In union there is strength," and as a result we see organizations to represent almost every phase of life, and conventions being held in rapid succession, which are characterized by an ominous seriousness. The plain and outspoken manner in which our industrial and social leaders met and discussed the leading problems of the day, in a recent convention held at New Orleans, shows that our people are learning to look facts squarely in the face, and take deep interest in many problems that were once left to the care of biased and prejudiced mobs. This is the direct outcome of an attempt on the part of educators to raise the people to a higher plane of living and thinking; and this attempt is still being kept up. The great gatherings of the educators of our country such as were recently held at Richmond, at Vanderbilt on the occasion of its anniversary, and the one soon to be held at Winston-Salem cannot be without their results, and the people have a right to expect great things to come from them.

MAUDE E. MOORE. - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"The April *Atlantic* will contain two poems by well known authors: 'Two Schools' by Henry Van Dyke and 'The Trailing Arbutus' by John Burroughs. In 'The Passing of Mother's Portrait' by Roswell Field, we shall have a clever satire on American social evolution."

Mr. Housman's story "Blind Love" has been reissued by the Cornhill Press of Boston. The present issue of the story is made especially interesting by the fact Mr. Housman has recently been declared by some to be the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters."

Mr. Barry Pain's parody on "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," "An Englishman's Love Letters," is just out. The letters are ostensibly written by the man to whom the Englishwoman's letters were written and in the scheme of the book Mr. Pain has an opportunity to parade weak points of the Englishwoman and her letters.

"Joscelyn Cheshire," a romance of the Revolutionary period in the Carolinas, will soon be published in book form by the Doubleday, Page & Co. Another historical romance, "Montayne: or, The Slaves of Old New York," by William O. Stoddard, is now being published by the Henry Altemus Co.

By some "Kine" is considered the best thing Mr. Kipling has done so far. It is very original and no one can find fault with him "on the score of his canvas not being large enough."

Lyman Abbott's "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews" will be published next week by Houghton

Mifflin & Co. The book is a study of the Old Testament from the standpoint of a reverent modern critic.

Readers in general have come to realize that the present time is remarkable in the matter of the large demand for popular books; but very few we think, realize fully the significance of the great sales which are being exploited by publishers. There are now in full swing of favour eleven books which have averaged a sale of almost one hundred thousand copies. Adequately to appreciate what this means one must go back a few years and consider the favorites of a not very remote past. All of us remember Mr. DuMourier's "Trilby" and its vogue. There has been no individual novel recent years, perhaps, of any years so much written about and discussed. The cartoonists made merry over it. They builded their drawings about political Swenyalis and political Little Billies. Eccentrics delighted in walking down Murray Hill arm in arm, attired like certain characters of story. It exerted a positive and definite influence on dress. Certain of its phrases became assimilated into our every day talk. And yet Trilby which was, practically speaking, without a rival, and with all its extraordinary vogue, has reached a sale of but one hundred and ninety thousand copies. Compare with this the figures on the following list, from which the books which were published more than fifteen months ago, such as David Harum, Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith, and even To Have and to Hold which appeared last spring have been omitted.

Eben Holden	250,000
Alice of Old Vincennes (about)	175,000
The Reign of Law	130,000
In the Palace of the King	105,000
The Master Christian	90,000
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box	70,000
Eleanor (about)	60,000
Tommy and Grizel	60,000

F. S. CARDEN, - - - - - - MANAGER.

The *Criterion* is one of the best, if not the best, magazine representing a female college among our exchanges. Instead of devoting several departments to art, music and little locals it fills its pages with good poetry, essays and fiction. The literary department of the March number is full of good reading matter. The essays are well prepared and interesting but the story "An Autograph Album" is not so good. There is a lack of *unity* and reality in the plot.

The March number of the *Tennessee University Magazine* contains two good stories, "The Angels of the Darker Drink," and "A Strange Epitaph." The style of the former is smooth and the plot is unique, though not so full of life or action as it might be. The interjections or remarks thrown in by the listener in "A Strange Epitaph" are inappropriate and unnatural. When a man is confiding a dark sorrow of his life to a friend the latter—if he is sensible does not show his eagerness by such exclamations as "Go on, Go on." There is an ease of style and lightness of subject about the contributions in this magazine which make it interesting reading. The article "Historic Wall Paper," is very interesting and valuable as a historical contribution.

The last number of the *Emory and Henry Era* seems to be a fiction number, though not so named. The first story —"Five Minutes too Late" is the best. The style is easy

natural, the description good, and the plot well worked up. The poetry with the exception of "To *Squire Henry*" is good. The exchange department is fully and carefully worked up but if the ex-editor would examine into matters a little more closely he would find that the "quill battle" which he says is being waged to disgraceful extent between the editors of the *Archive* and the *Gray Jacket* is a creation of his own fancy rather than a reality.

The *Ozork* is one of the best college magazines in the West. The February number is a happy mixture of poetry, fiction and essay. The opening sonnet is very good in deed.

Some college magazines persist in devoting several pages to worthless little locals which are meant to be humerous. It is perhaps a hackneyed subject and the more it is preached on the more hardened becomes the sinner, and there are some editors who even bristle up and show fight when such sacred ground is trod upon, but I wish to drop a parting word, notwithstanding the danger involved. Why such insipid, pointless, senseless little "jokelets" should encumber the typesetter, the magazine and its readers is a hard matter to understand. A good joke always has its place—in Puck or Judge—and is read with pleasure but many little locals which appear in some college magazines are devoid of anything which can be understood by any one except their author and the honored subject of his joke. For example one of our contemporaries asks the profound question "What become of Reddy Jones' collar button?" Will some one please solve the mystery? Another magazine gravely imparts to the college world such interesting items as: "Freshman——appears to be very fond of onions." Still another magazine asks, "Can you do the high dive?" As yet no answer has appeared to this question and we are waiting with interest its solution. Another little blue-back visitor arrives with

the pert question "Arn't you glad to hear from us?" If the answers of all the exchange editors to this question could be had I fear they would be overwhelmingly in favor of the negative side.

The above are examples of what constitutes the bulk of the local departments in some college magazines. They speak for themselves and answer the question as to whether any serious and worthy magazine should admit such 'bosh'.

Y. M. C. A. Department

J. C. BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Dr. Mims addressed the Association on Sunday afternoon, March 3. He brought to us an inspiring message from the life of Phillips Brooks.

* * *

At our regular devotional meeting on Sunday afternoon, March 10, we had three short talks on "The Advice of Great Men to Young Men." Mr. E. S. Yarbrough spoke of the advice of St. Paul to Timothy; Mr. W. H. Brown made a practical application of Christ's advice to the rich young ruler; and Mr. W. R. Royal drew us a very profitable lesson from David's last words to Solomon.

* * *

On March 17, the Association was gratified at having Dr. Cranford speak to it. His subject was, "Christ's Temptations in the Wilderness." He made it plain how that those very same temptations come to all of us in our every day life.

* * *

Mr. E. O. Smithdeal spoke before the Association on Sunday afternoon, March 24. Mr. Howard also made a short talk, imparting to the members some of the inspiration he had gained while in attendance upon the Y. M. C. A. Convention, which was then being held in Wilmington.

At a business meeting, held just after the service, it was decided to raise, at once, as much money as possible for the missionary whom we for some years have been attempt-

ing to support in China. Those present were called upon for subscriptions and responded to the amount of eighteen dollars. Let each one give as freely as he can to this good cause, and let us see if we can't raise the sixty dollars which our missionary asks of us.

* * *

On the afternoon of March 31, Messrs. W. A. Bivins, and E. M. Hoyle, two of the delegates who represented our Association in the Convention at Wilmington, made their reports. The work of our Association seems to have compared favorably with that of any of the college associations of the State; but, as our delegates suggested, there is a need that we should bestir ourselves to more vital action.

S. G. WINSTEAD, - - - - - MANAGER.

Dr. Kilgo was absent from the Park the last week in March. He spent several days in Charlotte, N. C., where he delivered a series of lectures on The Inspiration of the Bible, from there he went to South Carolina in the interest of the college.

Rev. Harold Turner, class of '97, who is pastor of Burkhead church, in Winston, was united in marriage a few weeks ago to Mrs. Shaw, of Hot Springs. This was quite a surprise to Mr. Turner's many friends in Durham, and elsewhere. However we all extend to the couple our best wishes for their future welfare.

The Senior class regretted very much to give up Messrs. Flowers and Scroggs, who on account of sickness, were compelled to give up their college work. Our loss is the Junior's gain, and we congratulate the Junior class in being able to count both Jim and Horace in their number for 1902.

The Sophomore debate Saturday evening, March 30, was a success to say the least. The question discussed was, Resolved, That there should be an amendment to the constitution of North Carolina providing for a graduated tax on all income over $4,000. The following were the speakers in order:

Affirmative—W. T. Dixon, D. F. Giles, E. W. Cranford.

Negative—E. W. Spencer, T. W. Smith, E. C. Perrow.

Mr. Giles on account of sickness was unable to speak, and while his two associates did their part in holding up the affirmative, the discussion was rendered in favor of the negative. At the close of the debate Dr. Mims announced that Hon. James Southgate had offered Burk's Complete Works to the one who delivered the best speech. In the estimation of the committee Mr. Perrow deserved the prize.

Dr. Kilgo delivered a lecture in West Durham, Thursday March 14. Subject, Invisible Wealth. Also Prof. Durham, March 21, on Christian Co-operation, and Dr. Mims, March 28, on Robert Burns.

At the last meeting of Science Club, Prof. Lake, of Wake Forest, delivered a very interesting lecture on "Physics in the 19th century."

Dr. Grissom spent a few days on the Park during the month of March. Dr. Grissom is writing a History of Methodism in North Carolina.

Mr. L. A. Rone, of the Senior class, was called home a few weeks ago on account of the sickness of his brother, whom we regret to know died a few days after he reached home. The "Archive" and college community extend to Mr. Rome and the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

Rev. Mr. Giles, father of D. F. Giles, of the Sopomore class, spent a short while on the Park a few weeks ago.

Mr. Ed Hunt, an old student of Trinity, who is now living in Oxford, N. C., spent a few days on the Park several weeks ago, visiting his friend, Mr. Breedlove.

The faculty and students of Trinity received an invitation from Greensboro Female college to attend their Easter reception. This is a special privilege granted the Trinity boys about once a year, and while it was impossible to attend last year on account of a conflict, we venture to say that the college will be well represented this time. We

extend our appreciation to the faculty and students of our sister college, and trust that the precedent which they so thoughtfully established will never be abandoned.

Prof. Dowd, of the Social Science Department, spent a few days at his home in Charlotte, N. C., sometime ago.

The two societies have arranged for an inter-society debate to be held May 3. The speakers for this occasion are confined to the under class-men. Messrs. Cranford and Webb, of the Sophomore and Junior class were elected by the Columbian Literary Society to represent it in this contest. Messrs. Howard and Giles were chosen from a preliminary by the Hesperian Society. The question to be discussed, Resolved, That labor organizations have been more beneficial than injurious. The Columbians will uphold the affirmative, while the Hesperian the negative.

Trinity Base Ball Team has shown up well so far. The season was opened with a game between Horner and Trinity, March 23, which resulted in a score of eleven to one in favor of Trinity. The game between Lafayette and Trinity closed with a score of 6 to 4 in favor of the visiting team. This game of course will not be counted against Trinity, as Lafayette is not included in the association of pure athletics. Our boys whipped the Mebane team April 1, by the enormous score of twenty-five to 1. The next game will be played with Wake Forest, April 5, which of course promises a very interesting contest.

Prof. Mathews, Dean of Theological Department of University of Chicago, spent a few days on the Park during the month of March, and while here he addressed the student on the subject of 'The Christian Scholar in the Age of Transition.' Prof. Mathews is a profound thinker and in every respect an able and impressive speaker.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE NO CAROLINA

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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HON. ROBERT OSWALD BURTON; A STUDY.

BY DR. J. C. KILGO.

"Nothing is more rational than the tribute we pay to the lives of great men. They really represent the history and toil and trial and struggle of the nations to which they belong. It is well for us to learn that the States of the American Union are not to find their support and their future permanence in their real estate or in their great cities, but in their men."

Man is the sole standard of all values, and whatever of greatness any form of society claims for itself it must make good the claim in the character of its men, for personality is always and everywhere supreme. Such general views are sufficient warrant for all biographical

studies that seek to save the best of a generation for those who are to come after it. Robert Oswald Burton was a man whose life taught lessons, and these lessons deserve to abide among us as his message to men.

This man was born January 9, 1852, in Halifax county, North Carolina, a county of historical dignity in the State. He was born at the home of his grandfather, Colonel Andrew Joyner, near Poplar Grove in the northern part of the county. Near his birthplace was Wyandoke, his father's home, which had been given his mother by her father. There is something ideal in the surroundings of Robert O. Burton's childhood. It was not the ideal of the mountain home, nor indeed of the hill regions, but it was the ideal that belongs to nature's successful blending of the hill, the plane, the forest, the swamp, the river, and something of the sea. Gilmore Simms points out the deep solemnity of the swamp and forest as the sublimity of quietude. Yet in the region of Wyandoke there was not this oppressive stillness. The deep moan of the pine forest, the heavy scenery of the plane and quiet of the swamp were relieved by the hills that rise from the river to the high plane which stretches back toward the hill country. The Roanoke here is not the silent stream of the deep swamp, moving without a sound or ripple, but it dashes over rocks, roaring and foaming in its rush toward the sea. The sound of its waters is a perpetual song of might that stirs the heroic virtues of character, and those who knew Robert O. Burton in his full manhood and activity can see in him something of all these local features. There was the deep stillness of the forest, the heavy tone of the pine, the high level of the plane, and through all of these sounded the voice of strength as the roar of dashing waters. Scientists, since the days of Darwin, may credit too much to the physical circumstances of life, but no man can get rid of all the hills, meadows, streams, forest, and hills that furnished the

scenes of his boyhood years. There is something higher and nobler in every fact than physical measurements and chemical elements, and this something comes forth to abide in the virtues of a noble spirit. So this man from his boyhood was most companionable to this subtler thing.

Rev. Robert O. Burton, D. D., the father of Robert O. Burton, was a native of Virginia, having been reared in Campbell county. Virginia is the home of American aristocracy, and its early contributions of men to the nation's life only tended to foster this spirit. The aristocratic spirit is not in itself false, but it throws about traditions and men of personal dignity and superior talents a protection that secures society from the vulgar, and maintains high ideals of social and civil relations. The Presbyterians and Episcopalians set large value on this type of Virginia life. The parents of Rev. R. O. Burton were Presbyterians, and he grew up in the faith and social atmosphere of this people. He was educated at West Point, and it was the desire of his father that the son should become a lawyer, the profession then of chief dignity and promise. But there is a force in the moral value of life that often sets directions otherwise than human choice, and so the West Point student became a Methodist preacher at a time when parental pride and plans would be painfully hurt. He was built of strong material and his military education added to this strength. Duty was to him a strong word, and he allowed no consideration to divorce him from it. His sense of filial honor was showed by his refusal to claim an heir's share in his father's estate because he had not been able to follow his father's wishes. That was an act of rarest loyalty to a sense of filial relations, as well as to a sense of personal freedom.

Dr. Burton married Miss Elizabeth Joyner whose father, Col. Andrew Joyner, was prominent in the public affairs of his county, and represented it in the Senate and Gen-

eral Assembly. He was a man of strong character, representing that type of dignity peculiar to a Southern gentleman in ante-bellum days. The mother of Mrs. Burton was a woman of very superior qualities of mind and character, and had been very prominently associated with national history. Her first husband was Hon. Hutchines G. Burton, a man of marked leadership in the State during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Besides serving a number of terms in the House of Commons, he was six years a representative of his district in Congress, and was elected Governor of North Carolina in 1824. President John Q. Adams also appointed him Governor of Arkansas, but a change in the national administration prevented him from assuming the duties of the office. With all of these duties and social relations Mrs. Burton was associated, and she brought out of them the best influences. After the death of Hon. Hutchins G. Burton she married Col. Andrew Joyner. The mother of Robert O. Burton was their daughter.

This family history tended to create a sense of family distinction and dignity. The honorable positions attained and successfully filled committed the family to a sacred regard for the past. Nothing is more wholesome than the feeling that comes from the knowledge and esteem of a good family record. It inspires hopes, binds consciences, and commits men to the best things. The spirit of so-called democracy that asks men to forget the deeds of ancestry, and condemns the esteem of family distinctions, seeks rather to create a sorry commonality than to develop society. The world must always deal severely with the betrayer of all that was noble in his parents, though the advantages one gets from history must be secured by a worthy response to all that made it great. From both father and mother Robert O. Burton inherited strong family influences and ties. There was high and vigorous life lying behind him, the sort out of which men will come.

The church and state blended the spirits of sincere days in him, and they uttered through him sincere words. Every man who knew Robert O. Burton felt that he was listening to the voices of the past and hearing the words of the future. Reverence and hope are immense energies when they meet within the character of a single man, and here they had a good meeting ground and the happiest union. He was not so much of the past as to make him the shallow devotee of historical fads; nor was he so much of the future as to make him a heretical vandal. Poise is the power of character, and this he had as few men have it.

Childhood is always interesting because it is the period in which formative ideas and principles make their entrance into history. Then every thought, every influence, and every scene makes distinct impressions. The plasticity of nature seems to respond to every touch. There is no ear and no eye like those of a healthful boy. Yet there are some men whose great dignity and serious conduct make one doubt whether they were ever boys. Did they climb trees, roll in the sand, trap birds, swim in creeks, and play pranks? So one who knew Robert O. Burton as the deep and patient student, the serious citizen, the reverent worshipper, and the great attorney found himself involuntarily building in his mind an ideal man too great for the boy's playground. However, Mr. Burton had been a genuine boy and had the history of sincere childhood. When he was a boy much less thought and effort were given to child life than are given to-day, and the ideal of the Methodist preacher's home at that time was much simpler and stricter than it is now. So there were certain limits beyond which the preacher's boy could not go. Games had to be above moral suspicion to get into his home. Yet inside of these limits Robert Burton and his brothers had a jolly boyhood. He was full of fun, always enjoying a good joke and a live game of ball; though he did not belong to that class of boys who had no

taste for anything except play. One of his brothers says, "He would contract to play only so long, and when the time was out he would return to his books."

The mention of books seems to introduce the Robert O. Burton known to the world of toil and push. The love of study and books is such a high virtue that the discovery of the real sources of it is among the chief problems of education. Is it the birthright of a few men, or is it the product of cultivation? May all men be students, or is there something in nature that limits the number? These are difficult questions, and probably cannot be answered with definite assurance, but the fact remains that there is a large class who look on books as dull and burdensome, while there is a class who find them a world of sunlight and gladness. "Robert always loved books" is the record of his brother. Had his childhood fallen in the last two decades of the nineteenth century he would have found literature made for boyhood, and embellished with those features most attractive to the youthful mind. But the storms of war raged about his boyhood, and the Southern home did not have a favorable opportunity to cultivate the literary spirit. Besides, the Methodist preacher's library was a serious one. "Wesley's Notes," "Watson's Theological Institutes," "Paley's Evidences of Christianity," "Butler's Analogy," "Clark's Commentary," "Horne's Introduction" and their kind made a library look like a workshop. But in literature Macaulay's History and Essays, Gibbons' Rome, Boswell's Johnson, and the poems of Shakspere, Cowper, Wordsworth, and others furnished some relief, while the current literature of the church, and sometimes one or two good magazines found their way into the preacher's home. It was a library of this order that furnished reading for young Burton. There are those who regard such limitations among the misfortunes of life. But the small library for a reading boy is a blessing, as he must re-read, and besides the better acquaint-

ance he gets with the authors, he secures what is of highest value to a student, the habit of knowing well rather than the pride of reading widely. The modern fad of literary pretensions which finds its boasts in the length of the list of books read creates a shallowness of thought and lameness of character incapable of anything more than a gaudy play at knowledge. The country boy who must stay with Shakspere, Macaulay, and Wordsworth for a number of years is no object for pity. He is indeed the blest of boys. The books young Burton read came out of master minds, and they gave him the ideal of a genuine power. He put their best sentences into the stock of his ideas, and they became general centres of his own thinking. Joseph Parker says, "No man can be lonesome whose mind is stored with the sentences of great thinkers." It is a great thing when a man finds himself good company for himself, though it takes years of hard work to get to such a point.

If the preacher's home was restrained in some things it was not in other things. The father, as the central figure, represents the most serious work given to men, and is a constant reminder of the surest things in life. Life does not come out of the things we handle, but out of the ideals we feel. An idea is before a machine, and words make life. There is a wideness in the feelings and companionships of the preacher that does not belong to the ordinary professions of men. He thinks works for the world, and the parsonage is the centre of a large movement. These things are poured into the thoughts of the preacher's boy from the beginning and his mind feels the force of their extension. Besides this source of influence the parsonage was given to large hospitality, especially to men of the church. Extraordinary men came to his father's home. Such men as Dr. W. A. Smith, Dr. Jas. A. Duncan and Bishop George F. Pierce were guests at Wyandoke. Among all the men who have lived in the South there were never any

superior to these in greatness of mind and loftiness of spirit. They were men who made a boy long to be a man. And there is not a diviner experience than the glow that lights up the soul of a genuine boy as he dreams of the day when he will become a man after the type of a great soul that has touched his life and fired his spirits. No other vision can cross one's path that makes an impression equal to the vision of a true man. He is more magnificent than mountains, temples, or even the splendor of a cloudless night. It is not difficult to understand what the visits of these men to Wyandoke meant to little Robert. Probably he did not understand much of the logic of the conversations, but he noted the flash of the eye, the tones of the voice, and felt the warmth of the spirit, and these were worth more to him than the logic. How much the manly walk and force of speech that marked his full manhood were the fruitage of those early examples and emotions cannot be measured. He often spoke of men he knew in his early years and his esteem for them showed that he received from them no ordinary impressions. There is no higher order of genius than the ability to perceive the true and be impressed by it, and this he had from his early years.

Robert O. Burton was nine years old when General Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter. Of the meaning of this incident he could have known but little, yet it was the beginning of a strife that beset his education, for he belonged to that great host of Southern boys who were denied educational advantages at the time they most needed them. But the Methodist preacher regards the education of a child the most sacred duty he owes to God, and whatever the world may say of him and his boy, he has never cast an illiterate son on the mercies of the world. Neither poverty nor inconvenience have hindered him. Dr. R. O. Burton could not ignore this duty though the stress of war was on his home, and he employed a lady

teacher for his children, there being at that time no community school. Duty is not a community problem, but belongs to the individual conscience, and an attempt to ignore it by pleading a lack of community help is a weak effort to cover a deliberate betrayal of a sacred trust. Education is a parental duty and cannot be made anything else. It cannot be made a political task. The further it is removed from the parental conscience the more feeble it becomes in its methods and ideals, and the less concern for it is felt. Compulsory education is a righteous policy, but it should be the compulsion of a parental conscience instead of the compulsion of the law. It was in the home that Robert O. Burton got his primary education.

After the war he entered a country academy taught by Mr. William A. Archer. Going to school at that time was work. Everybody so regarded it. The teacher was a worker and his mission was to make workers. He talked much about men of large success and exerted himself to inspire true ambition in his students. He was brave in spirit and never allowed the idea of ease to enter his realm of ethics. When he could not inspire his students he was a genius at another method, not comfortable but generally efficient. The teacher in the country academy of that time has not been improved by all the methods of these last days, and a comparison of the products of the schools then and the schools to-day more than warrants the statement. Modern educational methods could not have handled Robert O. Burton at the age from sixteen to nineteen years. He was too vigorous for their rigid and slow moving machine, and needed the room furnished a boy in the old time academy. It would have been death to his mind to have set narrow limits for it. He was such a boy as made the ideal of these old schools. At the age of nineteen he was prepared for college. That is the point at which the second period of a man's history begins. It is the first step away from home, and is the act that inaugurates his manhood in the thought of the family.

He was only four years old when his mother died, so he grew to manhood without the knowledge and benediction of his mother's love. Standing at the gate of his childhood home through which he was about to pass into the world of harder tasks, no mother enters the scene with her kisses and final words of warning. He was ready for college, but in the disasters of war all the property left by his mother and intended for the expenses of her children's education had been lost. The young fellow was ready without a purse, a condition when poverty seems to hinder progress. However, opportunity is rather a question of personal character than favorable circumstances. Men who have been nursed in the lap of dependence hunt easy tasks and feel themselves fully excused for any failure growing out of the lack of a ready and bountiful purse, but such weakness made no appeal to young Burton. His mother had left him money, but it was gone; she also left him a strong spirit and it was in full strength. Her babe had come to young manhood, and his soul was full of faith and purpose. Such a man can go anywhere a true man should desire to go. So Robert O. Burton left home to secure by work sufficient means to go to college. He secured a school at Ridgeway, N. C., which he taught for a year. During this time he boarded in the home of Thomas Carroll, and his superior character and charming manners soon won for him the high esteem of the family. To be a "good boarder" is no small art, and only a noble nature is equal to it, but Mrs. Carroll found her boarder an artist in agreeableness. Miss Mary Carroll was at that time a student under Dr. Riddick at Kittrell, N. C., a school for young ladies which then had considerable prominence. When she returned home she found a tall young man with elegant manners and mag netic social qualities. Her mother had written her of the boarder; she found him all the mother had claimed for him. To her his companionship was as profitable as it

was pleasant. He was fond of English literature and had read the better authors, and the young woman from college found herself in a companionship of value equal to her teachers. The year at Ridgeway passed, and in the spring of 1872 Robert O. Burton entered Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Virginia. How much money he had at this time is not definitely known, but the amount was so limited that the wisest economy was necessary. This young student knew how to handle this situation. He did not fall before it and make his financial limitations a plea for special considerations. No man is compelled to compromise his manhood because he lacks a comfortable bank account.

At that time Randolph-Macon College was in sore distress. It had not been long at Ashland, and the bitterness incident to the removal of a college was still vigorous. No college in the South had a better history than this one, but when young Burton entered it he was a struggling man attending a struggling college. There are pains in such a situation, but they are the pains of a new birth. Dr. James A. Duncan was at the head of the college and the conditions called into action all the powers of his mighty nature. He shook Virginia with the inspired appeals of his heroic soul, and was the centre of every strain upon the institution. To have been a student under this man at any time was a high privilege, but at this period it was supremely so, for he was laying out his manhood in strokes that hurried him toward the grave. To see a man live a dying life is to witness the sublimest revelations of human character. Robert O. Burton was already set in that way and the current of Dr. Duncan's spirit swept him out into these high ideals of life. The chief quality of a successful student is the ability to get the best things out of a teacher. Such a quality is a union of several faculties, the leading one of which is faith in the teacher. Dr. Duncan never had a student

who believed more in him than did this young man from Halifax, N. C. Within a few weeks of his end he related to a company of friends incidents of his college president's character, all of which showed how deeply this man had put himself into the life of his student.

Mr. Burton did not belong to that class of students who led in the social life of the college. He was a worker. He had the elements of a college leader, but his energies were directed toward other ends. Like Phillip Brooks in Harvard all honored him as a man moving in a realm above the common student. Just what such a man means to a college can only be known by those who have seen him and felt him on the campus. There is something of the mysterious about him, for he seems to be the centre of a great secret. This class of men do not dislike company, but to them success does not lie in the multitude they may gather about them. The individual to them is a universe in which all movements take place, and young Burton was of this type. His work was of a high order. Outside of his class room work he gave much attention to his literary society, a department of college work which was then highly esteemed in public sentiment as well as college sentiment. His ability as a speaker was marked, for he had a commanding figure, a deep and musical voice, an expressive eye, easy command of his body, a richness of expression, and loftiness of thought. He did not take his college degree. He was preparing himself for the study of law, and economy laid the demand upon him to quit college before graduation. Necessity was a formative factor in his early life, and he usually submitted to it with commendable grace. He brought from Randolph-Macon a well trained mind, the habits of a student, an assurance of faith in himself, a lofty ideal of success, and an inspiration that filled him. Here he entered upon the third and last period of his honorable life. He was now to make himself a lawyer, and in this profession work out his mission in the world.

When he left college in 1873 he taught school, not only for the purpose of a livelihood, but to pay some debts which he had made while at college. These obligations were met and soon he was out of debt. At this time he began the study of law, employing his spare time, both day and night, in the study of it. He was not a graduate of any law school. In 1874 he was admitted to the bar and located in Halifax, N. C., the county seat of his native county. Halifax is a small town with a State history that gives it prominence, is located in a region of large agricultural enterprises, and is blest with the culture peculiar to the better class of Southern farmers. But after all has been said that can be justly said of this people and their town, it remains true that Mr. Burton's selection of a place in which to practice his profession shows that he was governed by a modesty, which saved him from entering the competition of larger centres. He did not commit the blunder of over-measuring himself. He realized that he was still a novice in a noble profession. To fear a task is not always a sign of weakness. It may be the high estimate one puts upon his work. Moses hesitating in the presence of a call to lead in Israel's liberty was a strong man in the face of a great undertaking. So Mr. Burton began in a modest way to practice his profession in a small town.

Robert O. Burton became a leading lawyer, and many of the wisest members of his profession regarded him, at the time of his death, the leading lawyer of North Carolina. The historical facts of his life as a lawyer are few and simple. He was admitted to the bar and practiced law at Halifax for fifteen years, when he moved to Richmond, Virginia, thinking it offered him better opportunities. He remained in Richmond one year, and then came back to North Carolina and located in Raleigh, where he died December 27, 1900. The growth of his practice from the small interests trusted to a young lawyer to the

large and intricate problems of corporations that tested the Supreme Court is a matter of detail involved in the growth of the man and explainable in those traits that made him what he was. Robert Burton was the cause of his own success. Some men succeed by chance, some by manipulation, some by questionable shrewdness, and some by the power of personality. This last alone brings genuine success. What comes from personal strength of mind and character comes to stay. In the world there is no energy that is higher than that which goes into true character, and what the world gets from it stands as its best possession.

The leading element of strength in this man was moral force. He had a high order of mind, the chief type of which was massiveness. Its movements were massive and it carried within its grasp wide sweeps of thought. It was not quick in action, but, like a great machine, there was an apparent hesitation before enough energy could be brought to produce movement. He paused, there was a far away look, then a moment of resistance, a kindling of the eye, and in slow and measured terms he began to speak. All of the preliminaries were explained when his mind moved—they were the preliminaries necessary to the motion of a massive nature. Many men thought him unnecessarily quiet, but he could not avoid it. As well blame the Mississippi river for the stillness with which it pours its waters into the Gulf. But behind this mind was a moral force that gave it energy and direction. The world's philosophers have been indifferent to the value of moral power in high intellectual action. They have assigned it to the sphere of social conduct, and attributed to it the quality of goodness. But mind, a high order of mind, that has not behind it the dynamics of moral character moves in a sphere below the highest, and will never realize all of its resources and reach its true heights till driven upward by the force of moral energy. In intellect

Erasmus was far superior to Luther, but his intellect had no great character to send it upward to the loftier regions of things. Bacon and Milton illustrate the same truth. If, indeed, it needed proof and illustration they may be found anywhere. The strength of reason manifest in the methods of logic is not the same in its conclusions as when it is moved upward by moral inspiration into a region where conclusions are no longer accurate ideas, but authoritative truth. When Mr. Burton stood before a jury or a justice of the Supreme Court all felt that something more than legal propositions was being accurately set forth. There was the voice of moral integrity crying out in every word and a glow of moral inspiration flashing from every sentence. Said one who heard him frequently, "There is more in what he says than there is in the same thing said by others." That something more was Robert Burton's sense of truth and righteousness. He was eloquent, rising at times to heights of eloquence that quivered through his hearers with the rush of electricity, but it was not the eloquence of the rhetoritician nor of the platform artist. It was that order of eloquence with which the famous son of Tarsus shook Festus and Aggrippa, the eloquence that comes from the inner explosions of spiritual impulses, breaking in rapid succession and sending sentence after sentence glowing into the region of great feelings. This sentence from his lips illustrates the rise of his own soul under the sense of moral truth: "Can men get pleasure in delving deep into sewers of scandal and gossip, when they can move in the fragrance and richness of the upper air, through fields radiant with flowers and sunshine and perfumed with the breath of God?" No man stops to parse that sentence, to admire the striking balance of words, or enjoy the rhythm of its movement. The hearer quivers, swells and feels a sense of moral conviction take hold of him, for it came out of a moral centre and is an appeal for moral decision.

Moral power, like intellectual power, is a development and not a gift. True the talent is natural, but its activity and development are cultivated. It is a misfortune that somehow we have come to regard moral talents outside of education, but where there is right character there must have been correct training in moral truth. So Mr. Burton was not a prodigy of nature, but the product of effort, long and serious effort. Few men devote more time to moral culture than he did. Nor was his morality that type of correct conduct that seeks social respectability and professional confidence. It was founded in a strong and sure faith in Christ. He was a Christian with all the meaning of it. Being the son of a preacher one naturally supposes that his Christian life began in childhood, but he was a married man when he openly professed faith in Christ and united himself to the Methodist church, the church of his father. He had always been correct in his conduct. A brother says of him, "I never knew Robert to use a word of profanity, take a drink of intoxicants, or utter a sentence of vulgarity." With such a record most men would be entirely satisfied, yet he doubted the motives that were behind this exceptional rectitude and was conscious of spiritual necessities not satisfied by outward morality. His father had taught him the doctrines of spiritual fellowship with God, and these he felt to be the necessity of his own spirit. His intelligence would not allow him to rush into a faith without a sure basis for it. He had no tendency to skepticism. The question of his religious life occupied his thoughts, till he worked his way to a sound faith, and under the pastorate of Rev. W. L. Cuninggim he joined the church. Usually men of large professional duties excuse themselves from church duties and privileges, and really feel that a hard lot makes it impossible for them to give proper attention to the cultivation of their religious faith, but Mr. Burton had time to attend regularly the prayer meetings, and other ser-

vices of his church. He was what preachers call "a great listener." Men who have preached to him can never forget the upturned face of holy reverence, the eye in which could be read an earnest petition, and the tear that often told the deep emotions of his heart. He gave patient thought to the church duties of his wife and children, advising in matters concerning the church societies of which she was a member. The last case he had in court involved an institution of his church, and those who heard him speak on that occasion will scarcely forget the cry of his soul when he threw it into the defense of the church whose ministry had sung, as he quoted, for more than a century,

> "No foot of land do I possess,
> No cottage in this wilderness."

Such an example of humble loyalty to his church is a standard that will abide in the minds of this generation of members who knew him as a worshipper in Edenton Street Methodist church in the capital of his native State.

Mr. Burton had the ability to be alone. He was seldom seen on the streets of Raleigh, except as business required. This trait of character appeared in his childhood and was one of the elements of his strength throughout his life. It is the mark of a balanced mind and well settled character. The restless mind hunts the crowd and revels in the excitement of it. The worst result that comes from such restlessness is not the loss of time, but the demoralized condition of mind which unfits it for work, for there is a condition as well as a strength that enters into a great mental work. A man cannot go from the noise and rush of a crowd to a great task. He must come from solitude if he would do a great work. Be afraid of that man who stays much in his own company. He is well armed. The highest training which God gave the men who show the greatest strength in the history of the Bible was given in solitude. Moses was taken from

the revelry of Pharoah's palace and hid behind Horeb for forty years. There he gathered strength and found his mission. Elijah came from the hills of Gilead, as John the Baptist came from the wilderness. Nothing of worth has been done before men that was not first done in the closet; and is a private rehearsal of great deeds before they are given to the public. The eye sees the most of the world when it looks from the stillness of solitude. While other men were busying themselves with the gossip of public affairs, Mr. Burton was in his office or the State Library. There was no inner call from his work. When the day of work was ended, he quietly went to his home, and entered into the quietude of the family circle. He did not carry his office into his home, nor did he throw the home into the excitement of the street by retailing its gossip to the family. As he passed along the streets to his home men involuntarily recognized that disposition to stay with himself, so in the sense of being "the best known man in town," he was among the least known. But when his opinion on any matter came to the public ear, everyone knew that it was not the hasty work of a loud speaker, but a sober word coming out of the careful mind which had conceived it without a mixture of street prejudices. It had weight. "Burton says" was signal enough to make judge, preacher, lawyer, merchant, and drayman listen with an assurance of getting the best thought. What greater position could a man covet than this? The expression "sanity of thought" marks a real distinction, and all men bow to the sane thinker. Mr. Burton never cheapened his name and character by a common publicity. So little was he on the streets that prominent men in Raleigh did not know of his last illness till he died. That death should have come to him when no one was in his room at the hospital has something of an appropriateness in it, for alone he had met all other difficult tasks of his life, and this last issue should be the

contest of the same solitude. A man brave enough to live in the solitude of duty was brave enough to die in it.

Why Mr. Burton selected the profession of law for his life-work is not known. Probably no man is able to recite all the details that influenced him in the selection of a life-work, yet more depends upon the minor details of ambitions and tastes than ordinarily is credited to them. The popular belief of a divine call to the ministry is well founded, but it does not exclude the reasonableness of a belief in a divine call to some other line of work. There is certainly something in the affections of a man for his profession that belongs to a higher order of emotions than spring from a business calculation. A man like Daniel Webster was not a lawyer because it promised him a fee, nor does anyone think of Henry Grady as a journalist driving a commercial bargain as the ideal of his life. All who have wrought grandly have been moved by unselfish motives. So in the whole round of human callings those who have worked best have answered motives lying beyond the immediate benefits of their labors. There is in the world a mystical voice that speaks within men, and the noblest examples of success have not been inattentive to its words. Cold natures may discard all belief in this mysticism, but there are men who cannot deny the facts of their own consciousness, and they know that there is something other than self that is helping them to conclusions and lines of action. Doubtless Mr. Burton felt in early childhood a drawing toward the legal profession, and often fancied himself pleading some cause before judge and jury. Children live in a fairy world where they plan and work with enthusiasm and sure success. It is well known that he had settled the question of his life-work before he went to college, and all his plans were directed toward a preparation for it.

Very much of his success was due to the faith he put in his profession. He believed in it. He was a man

who had to get the consent of his whole mind before he undertook a task, but when he felt it approved by his whole spirit he gave himself to it without reserve. He believed that law had a divine mission in the earth. It was to him an instrument for reaching a true end. Human liberty and progress are fostered by it, and practice of it to him was an endless search after the truth that justice might be done, for justice is nothing more than truth applied. A man given to falsehood is incompetent for such a calling. Hypocrisy can never find truth, for it is a hidden secret to an insincere mind. It is refined and sensitive and only comes to minds akin to it in their character. From this point of view it is easy to see why Mr. Burton would not espouse a cause in which he did not believe. He was not practicing law for money, but in the interest of truth and life. The sign, "Attorney at Law" means a substitute at law, an office that cannot be successfully mocked, for the man who assumes to do such a work is a mediator, and a mediator is not made by a few shekels. He is the creature of a deep soul that knows how to take into itself the pain of a fellowman's heart, and bear it before tribunals in its plea for just dealings. Many men may play at such a task, only the great can perform it.

These duties make the legal profession a sacred profession. No profession is expected to perform more sacred offices. Yet small men have wrenched it from its high plane of honor, and stained its name among men. They have learned its sacred arts that they might play small games with truth. This class of men search old records and make painful confusions out of misplaced commas. They find in accidental hurts fine fields for speculation, and have their flush times in periods of many accidents. They depend more on the passion of a juror than they dare risk to the claims of truth. The legal demagogue has created a mistrust in the integrity of civil justice and tempted men to wicked devices to secure it. Robert O.

Burton was no party to such schemes and hurtful tendencies, and if, in the public mind, there is a growing distrust of courts and the legal profession, no blame can be charged to him. He did not find his chances, financial chances, in bad punctuations, broken limbs, and inflamed jurors. Some one said, "Burton is too good to be a lawyer." Probably he was if a lawyer is expected to do as some do who have license to practice law and are not able to discern the difference between law and trickery; but he never thought himself good enough to practice it, not because he was extremely modest but because he had such exalted ideas of it. His life is a loud call to lawyers and laymen to save this sacred profession from the shame that bad men may bring on it. There is no reason why it should not be as sacredly guarded against desecration as the ministry of the gospel. A school of law bearing the name of R. O. Burton and standing for his spirit and ideals would be a defense of truth and a throne of justice. No man who knew him will dare say that he was less than an ideal lawyer.

Many men have expressed surprise that he never entered politics. Such expressions come from men who knew of him, but did not know him. He had no fitness for a political career, especially after the order of modern politics. In saying this no reflection is intended on men who are in politics and whom Mr. Burton thought better men than he was. He did not need to supplement a small income with the salary of an office, nor was it necessary for him to increase his personal influence in order to increase the number of his clients. But beside these considerations he had no taste for the hustings. In fact he shrank from the idea of popular speaking, and steadily declined invitations to deliver addresses before colleges and other public assemblies, always saying, "I am not fitted for such a class of work." It is to be regretted that he took this view of the matter, for no other man has

lived in North Carolina within the last decade who could have stirred deeper emotions and inspired truer ideals in young men than Robert O. Burton. This word of complaint is just, though it may appear harsh since he cannot now amend the record. He was one of those noble characters which Providence half hid from the view of the public. In this land where pluralities count for everything in politics and far too much in social morals and personal influences, it is a grateful relief to find a man in whom great resources of mind and character found a modest outlet in the accomplishment of large results. To the young lawyer who seeks to hurry his professional success by including a political career as an incident, this man's record shows that a great lawyer is not made at the ballot box but in the student's closet. Great interests did not seek Mr. Burton's professional services because he could carry an election, but because he knew law and how to apply it. The fewest men can succeed at two things; Mr. Burton was too great to make the experiment.

The history of Mr. Burton's manhood falls within three spheres—his profession, his church, and his family. For sufficient reasons his place in the circle of his home has been left for the last of this study. It has been related that Miss Mary Carroll found him a boarder in the home when she returned from school for her summer vacation. She was timid in his presence, especially when the conversation turned into a discussion of authors and their works. Her age and his striking knowledge of literary subjects made her esteem his superior talents. But her simplicity of character and brightness of mind and spirit wrought in him that mystical influence which his manliness produced in her. He could read a girl as well as a book, and what he saw of her that summer was the beginning of a love that led to their marriage May 29, 1878. Mrs. Burton filled the duties of a wife of such a man, and performed the tasks as the mother of his children. Probably there

are among human duties none more difficult to perform than those that belong to the wife of a growing man, and the rapidity of his growth only increases the difficulties. For a woman who cannot grow to become the wife of a man who promises large growth is to commit a blunder that must lead to misery and hurt. A married man without a wife is only equaled in misfortune by a married woman without a husband. When intellectual and spiritual sympathies have been separated between man and wife, there is divorcement—real divorcement—which social standing may cover but cannot cure. He kept himself in touch with the questions of her life; she kept her sympathies alive to his tasks. Their letters show how closely she followed him in the court house, rejoicing in his success and finding laudable reasons for any temporary defeat. The history of the children was preserved for him, even the little sayings of childish wit. She read the books of general literature that most interested him, and gathered from them the thoughts and sentences most likely to impress him. Why Robert Burton was such a home man finds in all this a striking explanation.

In the impulses that belong to fatherhood are to be found the most sacred duties and the strongest motives. These impulses lie back of human history and are intended to start life in the right direction. If they cannot be trusted, what can be? Shall some limping law of social order be set forward as a substitute? When God's plans fail, men will scarcely find a sure remedy in ideas of their own making. On entering a home the chief thing to be looked for is the fatherhood in it. It is apparent, or absent, on the walls, the tables, the floors, and in the chairs. The real father never ceases to feel the throb of a child's young heart beating out its spiritual energies, nor to hear the cryings of the young mind begging for those things that give it life. The supreme social problem is here. How will he answer these voices? Will he give bread instead

of thought? A visit into the home of Robert Burton tells his answer to these things. Here are books, pictures, papers, magazines, musical instruments, and all that measures the distance from the cradle to manhood. "These are the children's books," explains the intent of a section of the library. The books that fill these shelves show that a strong conscience was behind their choice. "He looked after the reading of the children," is the memory of the home. Men of this kind are the men who rank as master builders in a nation's life.

His parental heart had in it all that a child could ask, from the sterner to the most delicate virtues of fatherhood. A sad household experience put him to test. The first son born to him was a handsome little fellow with all the strong features of his father. It was appropriate that he should be given his father's name, so he was the third Robert O. Burton. Friends who knew the little fellow tell of his wonderful endowments of mind. He was such a child as takes a mysterious hold on the affections of a home and a community, for he had those unexplained powers to rule without an effort. He had reached the ninth year of his life when death took him out of the home. The father was shaken to the foundations, but out of the storm he brought a surer belief and wider interest in suffering men. When Mrs. Burton was looking through the papers left in his office safe, she came on an envelope across which was written, "My little boy's hair. A memory of the sweetness and the beauty gone from earth forever." For thirteen years he had kept this little relic in his safe and not until his wife found it did she know that he had quietly, on the morning of February 11, 1888, clipped it from the brow of the sleeping boy. With all the great talents of mind that took hold of the hard problems of the courts and the world of toil and strife, there was the holy affection of a father nursing the simplest relic of a child's beauty. These are the talents that make the richness of character.

His social influence in the family was one of the marked features of the home. The public did not know Mr. Burton as a humorist. True there was a quizzical expression in his eye that always more or less puzzled men who met him, and just what it meant did not appear to the world. It was a well governed humor which he kept for his home and most intimate friends. It had in it an element of teasing, which is a rare element of frankness and affection, for an insincere man cannot tease, and a sincere man never teases others than his most admired friends. He carried much good fun to the wife and children, and made his home life attractive to his friends.

The strongest men have points of weakness. Mr. Burton's chief weakness was his inability to judge his strength. During the summer of 1900 he had a severe attack of fever which greatly reduced him. Years of heavy strains had been slowly unfitting his strong body for the resistance of this sickness. He had not learned that there were limits beyond which he should not go, and though he recovered slowly from the fever, yet he did not become his former self, and he took too soon a weak body back to a heavy work. It is bad for conscience and physical weakness to be at war. But he had important interests committed to him, and he put them before self. There is an ingredient of suicide in the death of all men who carry large burdens. Friends did not like the pale face and other expressions of a weak body attempting work. "He will kill himself," was a careless phrase handed around among them. He did not complain at this lot, but like a brave man continued to serve with misgivings as to the wisdom of his efforts, not as they concerned himself, but his clients whom he believed had a right to the best work of a strong mind.

When the writer first made the acquaintance of Mr. Burton he was in the full vigor of his mature manhood. His personal appearance was in keeping with the type of

his character which this study seeks to set forth. Few men show such harmony between body and mind, act and spirit as belonged to him. He was tall, yet the proportions between his height and weight were so well balanced as to make a figure most pleasing to the eye. There was nothing pretentious in his dress—neatness and simplicity governing his taste. He generally wore a business suit made of black cloth, the coat being a double-breasted sack, always unbuttoned. His neckwear was a turned down collar and black cravat. In his dress and appearance there was nothing of the professional, nothing of the official, nothing of the military. He was erect without attracting attention or indicating that he held his body in a chosen line. His step was deliberate, firm, and even. Sometimes he carried one hand in his coat pocket, but usually he let his hands hang with ease at his sides. His head was large and symmetrical, and in harmony with his full chest and square shoulders. His hair was rather dark, with a slight appearance of gray. The forehead was high, broad and smooth, making the impression of massiveness, while all the other features of his face were in keeping with his forehead, they being regular and full of strength. He wore a mustache which added to rather than weakened the general expression of his face. But the chief feature were his eyes. They told more of the real spirit than all the other features combined, and had in them those things which will not go into words. They did not impress one as being of any single color, but combining several colors, with gray as the strongest. They were well set beneath a strong brow, and were not what is usually called restless eyes, though they were far from being stolid and fixed. They moved easily, but always with a balanced dignity, never showing any signs of nervousness. They were very expressive. There was a flow of sympathy passing from the soft sunlight that pleased the child to the deep sorrow that told of a companion in pain; there was the piercing

gaze of a penetrating mind that read beyond the spoken word or the open deed; there was the serenity of deep meditations and the far away look of the prophetic gazing in thoughtful wonder on some new vision just entering his horizon; there was the flash of an honest spirit burning with indignation at some attempt to outrage justice and truth; and there was that imperial daring that belongs to the master and leader of men. This is the merest outline of a man whose face and personal bearings marked him for trueness and bravery.

The last case in which he was engaged was in November, 1900, and concerned Trinity College, an institution of his church. To this college he had made the first gift of the Twentieth Century offering. His associates in this case were Messrs. Winston & Fuller, Durham, N. C.; Charles B. Aycock, Goldsboro, N. C.; T. T. Hicks, Henderson, N. C.; W. J. Montgomery, Concord, N. C.; and Royster & Hobgood, Oxford, N. C.

He doubted whether his strength was equal to the work upon him; but he yielded to the judgment of his associates and gathered up all possible resources of mind and body, and never excused himself from any demands made of him. His interest in the case was consuming, and in the morning of the day he was to present his argument he said to a friend: "I do not usually put much stress on speaking, but sometimes when I have had a night's sleep and my whole heart is in my work I can speak. I have had my night's sleep and my heart is in my work." What this meant can only be known to those who saw him and heard him pour out his heart in that hour. After his usual manner he began in a deliberate tone to open the way for his argument, and as he approached his subject there came a deeper richness in his voice, a stately poise of his body, a growing light in his eye, and a general expression of mastery in his movement. Burton was at himself for the last time before a jury, and though no one knew it, yet

every man could but feel that he had reached a good dying point, and since his death the speech on that occasion stands as a worthy exit of him from the scenes of his profession. He went from the court-room drenched with perspiration, shaken by the tremendous strain, and carrying a pale face, though his spirit was still in the contention. To the last, though with fever, he stood at his post, and when he could do no more, he quietly went to his home, took his bed to battle against a sickness that had the advantage over him. His friends were anxious, but not alarmed. One day he proposed to go to the Rex Hospital that his family might be relieved of nursing him, and though the family did not like the idea, his unselfish concern for them prevailed. He and they thought he would soon be well. He had been at the hospital only three days, and apparently was doing well. His nurse had retired from his room that he might sleep, but when she came back to him, death had made its final rush on him and he was going down before it. The clock over Metropolitan Hall had just struck the still hour of one in the morning. Raleigh did not wake to see the flight of this noble spirit as it passed to the eternities, but Robert Oswald Burton had died as quietly and grandly as he had lived. Thousands of men and women bowed their heads in deepest sorrow when the morning greeted them with the words: "Robert Burton is dead." From the North, the South, and the West by telegram and letter hosts of weeping friends spoke their words of distressed sympathy to the smitten wife and children. These messages tell how far he was known, how highly honored, and sincerely loved. North Carolina, conscious of its loss, asked: "Who will take his place?" Others will get his practice, none will fill his place. The God who fashioned him by lines of tedious influences, can make other great men, but He will not make another like him. Each man has the right to be himself, and each life is a finished book. There

are no second editions. Out of the infinitude of truth there are coming new expressions of it into the world, giving new revelations of the inexhaustible secrets of it to men, and each life has its own mission with its distinct story to tell. Robert Oswald Burton sung his last song, spoke his last word, and uttered his last groan, and "the book was sealed." The world will welcome a new song and a fresh word, but it loves a true character too faithfully to have it dramatized by mocking men. Let Burton live among us, but let him live in his own words and deeds.

THE GHASTLY HAND.

(With apologies to Poe.)

BY X. Y. X.

One month ago I was a free man. I went in and out among my friends, transacted business, and exulted in the joy of living just as you do. To-day I am a criminal chained in a dungeon where the darkness is never broken whether it is midnight or noon. And to-morrow when I again go forth into the light of day it will be to mount the scaffold and die before the eyes of the people among whom I wrought my hellish deed.

* * * * * * *

Henley, my law partner, and I had just finished the prosecution of a notorious murderer and had secured his conviction. The strongest evidence against him was a statement of his made in a moment of fear and weakness. As we sat in our office reviewing the case Henley remarked that it was another illustration of the often repeated "murder will out." "It has been my observation," he continued, "that murderers are almost invariably convicted by means of some word or act on their part in an unguarded moment. It seems that God has ordained as a fitting retribution that the man who takes his brother's life shall be detected through the workings of his own conscience. The Almighty placed a brand upon the first murderer so that he should be known of all men, and every murderer since the time of Cain has found on himself a mark that he has tried in vain to conceal."

This conflicted with a theory that I had long held. It seemed to me that the idea of inevitable self-conviction through remorse excluded all possibility of the mind's working independently of the affections and passions.

"In a majority of cases," I replied, "I grant what you say. I believe, though, that a human life can be taken under such conditions that the murderer will feel no sense

of guilt, and consequently will have no secret burdening his soul. For instance, a scientist might slay a fellow-man purely in the interests of science and feel no remorse. It is the reaction of such passions as hatred, envy, cruelty, that makes the homicide's life intolerable and drives him to a confession. To deny this is to deny what I suppose would be called the impersonality of the intellect."

We discussed the question far into the night, and when we separated I had determined to put my theory to the test, and to make Henley my victim. I felt sure that I could kill him merely as an experiment. Not one evil passion did I cherish in my heart against him. We had gone through college together, and were now making our way in the world together. Long into the night I planned the details of my friend's death, and when at last I fell asleep it was with confidence in my success.

The next morning I went to the office early and concealed in my desk a long dagger given me by an Italian friend. No doubt it had served in many a bloody feud.

I was invited to a ball on the night after I had determined to kill Henley. I was out until late, and returning home I saw a light still burning in the office. Henley was in there at work! This was my hour! I would kill him, oh so easily! I would establish my theory. Why had I never thought of an experiment before? Leisurely I walked into the office and lit a cigar. Henley, laying aside his work, chatted with me for awhile. At last I declared my intention of going home. I sauntered across the room to my desk and played with the papers. Henley took up his book again. Humming a waltz that was still ringing in my ears, I opened the drawer and pulled out the dagger. Then I turned to look at my victim.

He sat back comfortably in his office chair with a volume of reports in his hands. The electric globe above him sharply defined his strong, manly face; the smooth, broad forehead and wide temples; the strong, well-formed nose;

the firm, smoothly-shaven chin—and below the chin, just above the white collar, I could see the pulsations of his heart. My own beat no faster as I slowly and carefully approached his chair. Very stealthily I drew near. Not a slip did my foot make. He would look around perhaps in a minute, but before that minute was out I knew he would be a corpse. Now I was behind his chair. One quick movement of my arm and his head was pulled violently back, and like a flash the dagger went down inside the white collar. Slowly I withdrew the long blade and the red blood spouted and spirted.

Then was I seized with fear or remorse? Not I. I held my hand in the gushing life current; how warm his heart's blood! My next move was to pull out all the drawers in the desks and in the safe, to create the impression that burglars had been in the room. Then I went home, and after carefully cleansing myself from the stains of blood, I fell asleep and slept soundly.

In the morning I went up town rather late, and no man was so horrified as I at the terrible scene in my office. I offered liberal rewards for the apprehension of the murderer, and my conscience moved not at all.

At the coroner's inquest I was a witness to tell of my last meeting with Henley. While I was speaking regretfully, to all appearances, of my last interview with my friend I happened to look down at my right hand. *It was covered and dripping with blood!* Unspeakable fear seized me. I could not speak. I attempted to conceal the awful hand; friends crowded around me with sympathy in their faces. But when I could speak I threw myself at the coroner's feet crying, "I confess! I confess!"

PHILLIPS BROOKS: THE MINISTER AND THE MAN.

BY J. F. BIVINS.

II.

I have in the first part of this paper given a somewhat detailed account of the youth and preparation of Phillips Brooks, because I felt that this would be more beneficial to THE ARCHIVE readers than a mere outline. In the remainder of the paper I shall speak more briefly and more generally of the public ministry and the characteristics of the man.

His first work was in the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia, of which he took charge July 10, 1859. This was a rather important work for so young a man, but he soon became very popular as a preacher and as a pastor. The people of Philadelphia soon recognized that a man of unusual power was among them. Ere long he received a call to the Church of the Holy Trinity, the first church of the city. After one positive refusal, he accepted the second call. He had charge of this church during the war. One of his most intimate friends in Philadelphia was Dr. S. Wier Mitchell.

It is needless to say that the war had a great influence upon him; it helped to make him great. He was not a man to drag behind his age. Whatever great questions were occupying the minds of the people of his country and time were in a peculiar sense his problems. He brought his giant intellect to bear upon them in his effort to solve them. In the case of the war, it gave him a great opportunity to reveal the greatness that was in him. He took its problems upon himself as did no other of his compeers, and became the mouthpiece of his country in the time of the great crisis. He was strongly opposed to slavery and was thoroughly in sympathy with the war on that account. At the outset the North was much divided on this question, and a great many people shrugged their shoulders at Lincoln and his policy and withheld their support from the administration. Phillips Brooks did not like this spirit and he publicly denounced it,

at the risk of popularity. He was a strong believer in the doctrine that the pulpit should be carried into politics—not for partisan purposes, but in order that it might use its force for purity and righteousness in national life. So he was a faithful supporter of the administration, and a denouncer of disloyalty. He was strong in his condemnation of slavery. His views may not at first be well received by patriotic Southerners. But on a close study of the man's attitude toward slavery, one cannot but admire him for it. He is not swayed by sectional prejudice at all, but denounces slavery because he sees that it is a corrupting stain upon the national character, a galling and damning yoke upon the whole people North and South, and he longs to see the blessings that must follow its removal. The following sentences from a public prayer made upon hearing of the surrender of Richmond, shows his attitude toward the question: "We stand in the presence of this victory, O Lord, and anew, deliberately and solemnly and to the end we pledge ourselves to Thee. Take us, our strength, our means, our all. Us and our Land for Thine. We dedicate the country thou hast saved to a purer life, a more religious, unselfish patriotism, a deeper loyalty to the great kingship of Thy Son. Work out in her what purposes Thou wilt."

Phillips Brooks was a great admirer of Lincoln. From the first he put his trust in him on account of his plainness and honesty. In this respect he was far ahead of a number of distinguished men of his time, who, with all their wisdom, could not appreciate greatness in this one of their contemporaries. The most eloquent and just tribute paid to the memory of Lincoln was the address delivered by Phillips Brooks on the morning when Lincoln was lying in state in Philadelphia. It is full of deep feeling, but is also the best and most just analysis of the character of the "Man of the People" that has been published. This address is published in a small volume, which is sold at nearly all book stores. Every one should read it.

Harvard College celebrated Commemoration Day, Friday, July 21, 1865. Phillips Brooks, at that time only twenty-nine years of age, was invited by Professor Child to make the prayer. On this occasion poems were read by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oliver Wendall Holmes, and by James Russell Lowell. Everybody expected these to be the features of the day, not expecting the prayer to be more than a mere ceremony, performed in the usual perfunctory manner. The following paragraph from one who was present describes its real effect: "That prayer! O that prayer!" These were the words I heard as I re-entered the college grounds. It was given by Rev. Phillips Brooks, a graduate Harvard ten years previous, now an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia. As he stood in all the majestic beauty with which he is endowed by favoring nature, he stood, to mortal eye, confessed of hosts the leader, and of princes the king. . . . . One would rather have been able to pray that prayer than to lead an army or conduct a State. . . . . It is not too much to say that that prayer was the crowning grace of the Commemoration!" Other such statements could be quoted if space were not limited.

Very soon Phillips Brooks secured from his people permission to spend a year's vacation visiting Europe and the Holy Land. He sailed August 7, 1865. His notes written during this trip show how thoroughly he enjoyed the visit. He seems bubbling over with unfeigned pleasure, and hurrahs occur here and there in his accounts of his travels. He was exceedingly fond of travelling and made other trips across the waters, visiting England and Europe often, and India and Japan each once. Each time he came back from these trips he struck some deeper note in the great anthem of life, with which he was winning the souls of his people. The minutest study of the philosophy and the religions of the heathen world only increased his faith in Christianity and called for deeper consecration to the cause he loved.

July 29, 1869, Phillips Brooks accepted a call to Trinity Church, Boston. Attempts had previously been made by this church to get him, but it was not until he was fully persuaded that this was the path of duty that he accepted. Here he spent the remainder of his life till his death in January, 1893. He was Bishop of Massachusetts after October, 1891. Up till that time he was Rector of Trinity Church. The present building, magnificent in its conception and details, is a monument to his labor. It is modelled according to his taste and desire.

Prof. Allen divides the ministry of Phillips Brooks into three periods. The first, including his work in Philadelphia, was the time when he wrote his most beautiful sermons, "disclosing the hidden significance of the divine allegory of human history—a great artist, himself unmoved, as he unrolled the panorama of man." In the second period, beginning about the seventies, he is found grappling with the forces which were undermining faith, with all that go to make the latter half of the 19th century an "Age of Doubt." He bravely studied the disease and sought to apply the remedy. He believed that all the seeming destructive innovations of science would simply bring us to a larger faith. In the third period, beginning about 1883, he began to feel that it was his distinctive mission to speak to the "New Age." He fell back upon the simplest issues of life, taking the simplest truths as his main themes and addressing "himself, in his totality as a man to the common humanity, doing greatly whatever he did." This he could now do as never before on account of the richness of his character after years of self-sacrifice in public service, study and travel.

During the second period he delivered his "Lectures on Preaching" (now published in book form) to the Yale Divinity School. The following quotations from various persons give evidence of the value of the book: "It is the best word about preaching that has been uttered." "It seems to me," writes a noted divine, "that it will make ministers from serious

young men now trying the shifts of the meaner crafts and not entering the ministry because of the glamour and unreality about it. This unreality your book will certainly remove." "It has met certain wants and touched experiences which seem hidden from any one but God." The following from Rev. H. C. Badger, of New Haven:

"I believe neither the English language nor any other has anything worthy to stand beside them, treating such a theme—judging the wide reading, the wit, the wisdom, the mental grasps of the problem, the keenness of analyses, the profoundness of the insight, or the perfect comprehension of the problem of our day. . . . . That book I would lay beside the Bible of every minister to-day. I would have every preacher read it every year as long as he lives."

These quotations show how nearly Phillips Brooks succeeded in touching the infecting sore of his diseased age.

In 1879, the Bohlen Lectures on the "Influence of Jesus" were published. In these lectures he brings out most clearly the power of *personality.* "The trouble which so many have in finding any power in the truths that they believe is, that strange as it may seem, Christianity is to multitudes of people a purely abstract system. It has lost its personal aspect. Its very essence is personality. It is all built about a person. Take him out and it falls to pieces." "The personal force is the nature of Jesus, full of humanity, full of divinity, and powerful with a love for man. . . . . Every man's power is his idea multiplied by and projected through his personality."

The making clear of this great fact is perhaps the greatest achievement of the past century, and Phillips Brooks deserves a large share of the credit for setting it forth. The "Influence of Jesus" should become a manual for the ministry and a library companion for all who desire a satisfying faith, immovable by the perplexities of this changeful age. It is impossible to give any adequate conception of it in a few sentences.

The above named books, together with a volume entitled "Essays and Addresses," the small volume of essays before

mentioned, and numerous volumes of sermons, constitute the published works of Phillips Brooks.

During his Boston ministry Phillips Brooks' reputation as a preacher became world-wide. He was quite as popular in England as in America, preaching a number of times at Westminster for Dean Stanley, at Oxford (where the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him), once before the Queen, and in a number of the most important English churches. His eloquence always won his audiences, causing them to yearn to hear him again; but it was the eloquence of simplicity and sincerity, free from cant and the tricks of rhetoric. It was the eloquence of one who knew and loved the human soul. He always attracted immense crowds. Boston became the Mecca for seekers after divine things. Even in the middle of the week business men would leave their work to go to hear this great man who could appreciate their work and give them loftier conceptions of the life possible for them. While he was conducting a series of meetings in Old Trinity Church, New York, the old building was packed every day from pulpit to the remotest corners of the gallery with great crowds of brokers, bankers, clerks and men of all professions, who listened spell-bound, as if they had for months been starving for this eloquent message. A paper comments: "His eloquence is so simple that at the time one hardly recognizes it as eloquence. It is what he says and the man who says it, not his manner of saying it, that attract and win. Phillips Brooks appeals to men as one of themselves who has himself found a great secret—the secret of faith in the unknown God."

One would infer from this that Phillips Brooks' eloquence was the spontaneous outburst of inspired moments. Prof. Allen reveals some things that disprove this theory. He always carefully planned his discourses beforehand, even giving the form to his sentences. His sermons were generally written; this was invariably done on paper 8 x 6¾ inches and amounting to thirty pages in all. He first wrote his outline in short paragraphs and then set over against each

paragraph the number of pages it would occupy when elaborated in the finished sermon. One may call this putting chains upon the spirit, but in Phillips Brooks' case it always seemed the opposite. His sermons were full of fire, giving none of the impressions of painfully studied efforts.

The following is a tribute by a noted Scotchman, who was asked the question, "How does Phillips Brooks compare with your great preachers in Scotland and England?"

"It is this way: our great preachers take into the pulpit a bucket full or half full of the Word of God, and then by the force of personal mechanism, they attempt to convey it to the congregation. But this man is just a great water main, attached to the everlasting reservoir of God's truth, and grace and love, and streams of life, by a heavenly gravitation, pour through him to refresh every weary soul."

Among his friends and admirers were the chief literary men of both continents. He was much liked by Tennyson. Prof. Allen gives an interesting account of a conversation between these two master spirits at Tennyson's home. Also of one with Browing. Tennyson's son wrote Phillips Brooks that one of the last things his father asked him to do was to read him one of the great American's sermons.

The predominant characteristic of Phillips Brooks was his true and genuine manhood. There was nothing of the morbid ecclesiastic about him. "The flowing years did not diminish the beauty of the countenance, or the dignity and symmetry of form, but lent rather a higher beauty wherein might be read the traces of some deep inward moods, purifying and enriching the whole nature; depths ever deeper, of a soul that had fathomed, if it were possible, the mystery of human existence. So he appeared. The 'royal carriage,' the 'kingly majority,' the 'spirit of childhood,' but combined with 'the virile strength of manhood'—these were the phrases applied to him." A beautiful, earnest face in which "simplicity and total humility" appear, looks out from one of his photographs taken at the age of fifty, as if saying to the world, "Let us be clear-souled enough to look through and behind the present connection of life and pain, and know that in its essence life

is not pain, but joy. It is half-seriousness that is gloomy, the life lived in its deepest consciousness, is as full of joy as of seriousness."

Phillips Brooks never married. He spoke of this not long before his death as perhaps his mistake in life. But it seemed as if the claims of the people became stronger upon him each succeeding year of his ministry. He was twice tempted very strongly to accept a professorship in theology—once in the Theological School at Philadelphia, and once at Harvard University. He earnestly desired to pursue more thoroughly some lines of study that were attractive to him, but the people each time rose in their loving might and prevented him from doing so. So each year saw him giving himself more and more to the people. He was sought by ever increasing multitudes of all classes and conditions of men in all kinds and degrees of trouble and distress. The latter part of his life was given up almost entirely to this kind of work, with but little leisure for study and recreation. His love and self-sacrifice seemed to know no limits.

One one his favorite texts was, "I came that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." "Life" was a word running through all his sermons and appears repeatedly in many of their titles. He had other words, "rich," "large," and "full," but they were the epithets he applied to "Life." One of his last addresses was delivered at Johns Hopkins University. The audience was profoundly impressed with this discourse on account of a "certain unearthliness in the address, as if the speaker had not much longer to live." He quoted from "Two Voices,"

> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> O life, not death, for which we pant.
> More life and fuller that we want."

Sunday, January 15, 1893, his last Sabbath's work on earth, he quoted in his morning sermon the lines from "Saul,"

> "How good is man's life! The mere living,
> How fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses
> Forever in joy."

Death seemed a total stranger to such a spirit. And yet from that very hour he began to decline. A severe cold and sore throat soon confined him to his room and though the symptoms did not give his loved ones any alarm, he did not improve, and on Monday, January 23, he was seized with a slight spasm, soon after which his heart ceased to beat.

An immense throng of people filled Trinity Church and Copley Square on the day of the funeral. The body was borne into and out of the church on the shoulders of eight Harvard students. Thence the long procession moved to Harvard University, and finally to Mount Auburn Cemetery. 'Twas fitting that the great inspirer of youth should be carried upon the shoulders of those whose lives he had enriched. Always young himself, his life cannot fail to uplift young manhood for generations to come. Such a life makes the atmosphere of earth sweeter and purer and immortality doubly sure.

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

SONNET—TO FLORENCE.

BY "SOPHIE MOORE."

A little thing it is to you, I know,
Florence,—this foolish story I have told.
You listen with a smile serene and cold
Like winter sunshine on the frozen snow.
'Tis everything to me . . . . . .
. . . . . Come, let us go.
The music stops; the sunshine that of old
Lit up my life has passed; and I behold
Dark skies above and darker earth below.
But after all I'll fight it out alone,
I'll live the life God gives me, never fear,
I'li crush the groan and brush away the tear
And struggle on as though I had not known
This grief—the sharpest—in thine eyes to see
A Heaven of light forever shut to me.

CHAUCER AND KIPLING.

BY WM. H. WANNAMAKER.

It sometimes happens that men widely separated by time, far differently environed, and unequally conditioned show remarkable resemblances in the attitude they assume towards the world and other men, and in their interpretation of man's duty in life. This is true of literary men as of others. Sometimes a writer gives but a faint echo of an early predecessor's voice; sometimes the late comer is, as it were, the earlier writer revisiting the world, dressed of course in the garb of the later time. Such a resemblance there undoubtedly is between the great father of our poetic literature, that many-sided sensible man of the fourteenth century, Geoffrey Chaucer, and him who is easily the foremost literary man of the present time, the equally many-sided practical man, Rudyard Kipling.

Now, I do not mean to say that Kipling is either an admirer or an imitator of Chaucer, that he shows the influence of Chaucer in any line of his writing. I cannot put my finger on any phrase, line, or story of Kipling's and say, Here is Chaucer. Indeed, I have never heard that Kipling cares for Chaucer. I mean rather to say that in temperament, in spirit, in outlook on life Kipling is a nineteenth century Chaucer. To any one who has read with appreciation the works of these men my statement will not seem surprising. One can hardly read them without being struck with the many similarities both in what is present and in what is lacking in their works. In a short paper I can do little more than give my impressions.

There is much of likeness in the lives of these men—the way they live. Whatever may have been the natural predilections of Chaucer for the retired life of the student, his life was one of work, and was spent largely among men who fought, who ruled, who labored. His experience as a soldier revealed to him the good and the noble as well as the useful

in the soldier's life, and gave him the point of view of this class of men. A trusted servant of the Government on various occasions, he learned to see things from the point of view of the King, and to appreciate the fact that government stands for law and order. Then his position as Collector of Customs brought him in contact with all classes of men. So from books—for he was a great lover of books—from travels, and from constant association with men he learned to know life from the highest to the lowest, and to value all that he found in human nature. Naturally an observer of wonderful insight he saw men and things just as they were around him and took them for what they were worth.

Of Kipling's training we do not know a great deal, but we do know that he, like Chaucer, has been with soldiers, sailors, laborers of all classes; that he has had his share of seeing men and things, and sees them as they are; that in his own way he has served his government, which he loves, and appreciates what that government stands for and strives to accomplish. Kipling is a man of the world with all the curiosity of an interested worldling to know what is going on everywhere. Indeed, the world seems to have been his school, and he has been a faithful student. Like Chaucer he thirsts for new scenes and is never satisfied when idle. Chaucer says honestly,—

> "Unto this day it doth mine herte boote
> That I have had my world as in my time."

And Kipling is speaking of himself when he says, —

> "It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
> Which you can read and care for just so long,
> But presently you feel that you will die
> Unless you get the page that you are reading done;
> But what you're after is to turn 'em all."

Kipling goes further than Chaucer, for he ridicules the man who would teach the world without knowing the world. In his Conference of the Powers he has a young soldier to say of a famous writer who had harped on the uselessness and

barbarity of the Indian war, and who had had his eyes opened by a conversation with three soldiers: "He is as good a man as they make; knew what a man was driving at almost before be said it; and yet he's so damned simple about things any man knows." Of the same man the author had just said: "Solitude of the soul he could understand—none better—but he had never in the body moved ten miles from his fellows."

So Kipling, like Chaucer, has learned to value the simple elemental qualities of human nature to be found in the common soldier and sailor, and he can be one with them as could Chaucer with his Reeve and Miller. Both with justness, too, appreciate the work of men and women in higher spheres of life.

We are not surprised to find in the writings of these men sane views of life, for they know enough to be temperate and calm. They are men of neither wild visions nor vagaries, for they know life too well to be foolish. What they see, they see clearly; what they know, they know thoroughly; what they think, they think without bias. They are self-contained men and are never swept off their feet by sudden emotions or excitement. They do not give opinions on one page and correct them on the next. They are concerned with the world as it is, not as it should be. For this reason we find in the works of neither man very much about doubt, faith, immortality, and kindred questions. There is evidence enough in their works to show that they feel deeply along all lines that serious men must concern themselves about, but they keep their troubles largely to themselves. Though Chaucer was a contemporary of Wycliff and must have felt deeply the influence of the great reformer, no one can tell from his poetry whether he were a Wycliffite or not. He could picture with all the accuracy of an eye witness, the beauty of a poet, and the pathos of a sympathetic man, the death-bed of Arcite; but when the soul leaves the body he simply says,—

"His spirit chaunged hous, and wente ther,
As I cam never, I can not tellen wher.
Therefore I stynte, I nam no divinistre;
Of soules fynde I nat in this registre,
Ne me list thilke opinions to telle,
Of hem, though that they writen wher they dwelle."

Readers of Kipling will recall the blunt words of Ortheris in On Greenbow Hill. The three soldiers—those three immortals—are waiting in ambush to shoot a cowardly deserter, and the conversation turns upon churches and preachers:

"Wat's the use o' worritin' 'bout these things?" said Ortheris. "You're bound to find all out quicker nor you want to, any'ow." He jerked the cartridge out of the breech-block into the palm of his hand. "'Ere's my chaplin," he said, and made the venomous black-headed bullet bow like a marionette. "E's goin' to teach a man all about which is which, and wat's true, after all, before sundown."

Chaucer's poetry is so full of proverbs insisting on a common sense philosophy of life that Dryden aptly called him "a fountain of good sense;" and he has been written about so much that I shall quote as little as possible from him. These words from Kipling's "A Song of the English" give his interpretation of an Englishman's duty in the world, and this interpretation is about what Chaucer would give us were he a man of our time,—

"Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealed us;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and over-stale.
Except you pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them trebble tale.
Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience;
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reaps what he has sown;
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord."

These men are close to life and know it in its entirety; they "are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men."

And just here one notes a strong point of resemblance in these men. Chaucer saw as clearly as a man could see the many evils in the church of his day; but he did not break out in a savage satire against the church, for he saw the good as well as the evil. He was a cautious man. So what he has to say against the religious order he puts in the mouth of his characters, frequently servants of the church. In the same way he selects the Wife of Bath to express his indignation at the crime of celibacy instituted by the church. Kipling, too, sees the evil done by ignorant and misdirected religious zeal, but he is seldom bitter in his satire. He lets such characters as Mulvaney, as in On Greenbow Hill, speak for him.

I do not wish to imply from what I have said that Chaucer and Kipling care for only the commonplace and practical, or that there is not a great deal in their writings to inspire an honest reader. Chaucer was, with all his common sense, a philosopher and loved his Boece to the last. Of this there is ample proof in his writings, and his own fresh and beautiful poetry convinces us that he was a lover of the beautiful and saw the value of beauty in life. He speaks kindly and lovingly of the poet, the scholar, and the philosopher; but he is never a crank about any one of them. He had too much common sense and too wide a knowledge of the world to hold the false opinion that the world can do without everything save "spiritual poetry." The same is true of Kipling. I can recall no other writer in which there is a juster recognition of the poet's or prophet's place in the world. I quote from his Song of the Dead,—

> "We were dreamers, dreaming greatly in the man-stifled town;
> We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down.
> Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need
> Till the Soul that is not man's Soul was lent us to lead."

Those who are accustomed to think of Kipling as the glorifier of brute force in the world will do well to read that marvelous story of his, Children of the Zodiac. There is

as much "spirit" in this as in whole volumes of what Mulvaney would call "spitin' it out and bellowin' melojus to the moon," to be found in many of our poets.

Both Chaucer and Kipling have made use of their accurate knowledge of human nature in the stories they have given us; they picture life with wonderful fidelity. For this very reason many hasty readers condemn Chaucer for what seems to them wanton vulgarity in his works. It is useless for me to attempt to defend him here, for he needs no defense. It is enough to say that the objectionable stories are not Chaucer, but Chaucer's time. He does not leave the impression on an honest reader that he sanctions the wickedness or immorality of his villains; and he certainly does make it evident that he sympathizes with the good and pure characters he draws. And how many different types of human nature are represented to the life in The Canterbury Tales! Kipling is not behind Chaucer in this respect; it is amazing to note with what accuracy he can paint all classes and conditions of men. A glance at the title page of any volume of his stories will convince one of the wide range of his interest and knowledge. In The Day's Work, which gives, as the name suggests, what is going on in the busy world, we find at the beginning The Bridge Builders, a remarkable story of men who labor to an end, and at the conclusion The Brushwood Boy, a beautiful story of a manly fellow, who, while in the world of work, found time for his dreams and his visions.

As a result of their wide outlook on life these men assume a manly and courageous attitude towards the world. They are sensible optimists who see the good and the evil, but are neither frightened into cowardice by the evil nor blinded into want of seriousness by the good. Chaucer certainly enjoyed life, and if he ever became despondent over life's troubles, or convinced that this is a bad world, he has failed to tell us so. Occasionally there is a short complaint; but his poetry makes me believe that he found the world, taking it all in all, a very good place to live in, and he accordingly seems to have

made the most of it. I do not think of him as mourning much over the golden age; he awoke every morning, especially in May, with new courage, hopes, and joys. I suspect his poetry is the freshest and most joyous in our literature. Kipling is, I think, the most courageous of modern writers. He loves the world and thinks all men should find it a joy to live here and work. There is nothing except the prattle of the Bandar-log among men more contemptible to him than the cowardice of pessimism in the face of work and hardships. He has the utmost respect for the man who does his work and holds his peace and leaves the rest to God. He is confident that the work of strong and brave men and women is enough to save the world from the bad. He makes Sestina say for him,—

> "Gawd bless this world! Whatever she hath done—
> Excep' when awful long—I've found it good.
> So write, before I die, 'E liked it all!' "

It is interesting to compare Chaucer's Nun's Priest's Tale with Kipling's Walking Delegate, stories that in many respects are as good as anything either writer has given us. Both stories are satires keen and accurate, but devoid of all bitterness. The animals are treated by the authors in the same way. Chaucer's Chaunticleer is a barnyard king to the tips of his toes, in the description of whom not a detail is lacking or unlifelike; and Kipling's horses are perfect to the switching of their tails. But these fowls and horses are more than mere animals, true to life as they are; they are men and women to the core. What a splendid gentleman is Chaunticleer, who uses his learning to close the mouth of his charming Pertelote, but not that of the Fox. And I am sure the Walking Delegate must have used his arguments to good effect in Kansas in the late Presidential campaign. It is in this humanizing of their animals that Chaucer and Kipling have given permanent interest to their stories. A mere naturalist cannot interest the world for any length of time by stories of animals, however perfect they be; such

stories must have the human note in them to insure them a place in literature. It is in this very respect that Kipling's stories of animals interest us more than other stories of the same kind. He knows enough of the jingle to write of it in a realistic way; but his wolves and tigers and monkeys are all human beings. So his Jungle Books with Chaucer's tale of the Fox and the Cock have a permanent place in literature.

I have a quotation in mind from Kipling which points out another resemblance in our authors, and with it I will close this paper. Readers of Chaucer know with what fondness he speaks of his knights who do things and jangle not of their accomplishments. Perhaps Chaucer's hero is the man of action who bears the brunt of life's battle and does the world's work in silence; certainly he is Kipling's:

"I have done one braver thing
Than all the worthies did;
And yet a braver yet doth spring,
Which is to keep that hid."

D. D. PEELE, - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. H. FLOWERS, - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The College is to be congratulated on the program for commencement. Besides the annual baccalaureate address by President Kilgo, which is always looked forward to with high anticipations, there will be the alumni address by President Peacock, one of the most progressive educators of the State; the commencement sermon by Bishop Charles B. Galloway, easily the most popular orator in the Southern Methodist Church; and the annual literary address by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, of New York City.

While Mr. Mabie is not so well known in this section of the country, he ranks as one of the leading editors and authors of New York. That was a notable occasion the other day when his friends gathered about him at the University Club to express their high appreciation of his work. Henry Van Dyke, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Brandner Matthews, Hopkinson Smith, Mark Twain and others expressed in glowing terms their high estimate of his literary work, and their cordial feelings for him as a man. Dr. Van Dyke characterized him in an especially felicitous speech as "honest, true, kind, sunny, hearty; an author without a guide, a teacher without a rod, an idealist without a fad; a good man to tie to, and a good friend to have."

Mr. Mabie is author of several books, notably Nature and Culture, My Study Fire, Short Studies in Literature, and The Life of Shakspere. He is not a great creative writer, nor is he a first-rate scholar; he has been an interpreter of the best rather than a producer. To quote his own words: "I have not created any literature, but I think I have pointed other people, told

other people where to find literature and how to recognize it when they come in contact with it. I have stood far off, doing my best for Homer and Shakspere, Tennyson and Browning, for Hawthorne and Poe." As an enthusiastic lover of the best literature and as a graceful, sympathetic writer and lecturer he is one of the most useful men in the country.

I should like to call attention to our first contribution in the present number. In it, Dr. Kilgo has made a thorough and appreciative study of one of North Carolina's noblest sons. As one reads the sketch, he feels that he is in the presence of a great, unpretentious man of wonderful simplicity and power. It is to such men as Mr. Burton, with high ideals of his chosen work and a deep devotion to it, that our State must look for the preservation of the dignity of the legal profession within her borders. Our citizens should learn to appreciate the lives of such men and encourage the emulation of them.

Those who are opposed to the recent movement in our State to overthrow the tendency to make athlteics the first and preeminent feature of a college course, might learn a few things from the following remarks clipped from a recent paper:

"We have a man from A ——," said the principal of A —— School, "on the P —— team who gets $300 a month. Mr. H—— is on N—— team, and is getting $350 a month. Mr. B—— is with the O—— team and is getting $125 a month, and Mr. S—— is captain of the W—— team.' 'At such salaries it would not be a bad idea to establish a department in the schools to teach base-ball playing,' was suggested. 'Well, do not have exactly that,' he laughed, 'but we attain practically the same end in a different way.' "

There is much truth in the last sentence and evidently the speaker was enthusiastic over his base-ball department. He said nothing of the high place his graduates were occupying in the educational and business world. Now, athletics are alright and deserve a high place in every college community. But when an institution directs its attention to turning out professional base-ball players and not cultured citizens—men who in many instances know more about work on the diamond than they do

about the multiplication table—it falls far short of its ideals, and is hardly worthy to be called an educational institution. It is possible to have both athletics and culture. The experience of this spring has amply vindicated that any college that so desires need feel no anxiety about the results of an athletic spirit based on good healthy principles.

With this issue, THE ARCHIVE passes from the hands of the present senior class. Our work during the year has not been altogether unpleasant. We have received words of encouragement from some and assistance from others; and we have been confident during the entire year that the whole college community as well as our friends over the State felt a deep interest in our success, for all of which the class is profoundly grateful. It is needless to say we have been unworthy of the concern of such a constituency or that we have disappointed them in their desires. We have fallen short of our own ideals, but that is an old story. Our work is before the public. We have no apologies to offer and no charity to beg. Take it for what it is worth with no considerations whatever. We have done what we could and think our efforts have been appreciated.

MAUDE E. MOORE, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

Popular fiction during the past year has nothing astonishing though a great many very admirable stories have been written and several books had great sales. There is no one book which stands out above all the others either on account of its popularity or literary merit, however. Among the most popular we find at the head of the list "*To Have and to Hold*," by Mary Johnston, then come "*Janice Meredith*," "*Richard Carvel*," "*When Knighthood Was in Flower*," and "*Red Pottage*."

This is the season for year books. The Rev. George Sidney Webster has made selections from the works of Henry Van Dyke and has published them, through the Messrs. Scribner, under the title "*The Friendly Year*." This book will be especially attractive to the admirers of Dr. Van Dyke's work in prose and in verse.—*Bookman*.

Mr. R. H. Russell has brought out a souvenir of Maude Adams in "*L'Aiglon*," and will issue next week one of Mary Mannering in "*Janice Meredith*," which will contain sixteen pages of heavy plate paper filled with reproductions of Miss Mannering in scenes from the play.

William L. Alden thinks that when Richard Harding Davis visits London again he will find that the climate has changed—has become almost arctic. Mr. Davis rubbed the British public the wrong way in his letters and magazine articles concerning the Boer war. They do not object to his sympathizing with the Boers, but they do object to his representation of the English officers.

The fact that Kipling's popularity is undiminished is shown by the increase of the subscription list of the *Cassell Magazine*, in

which magazine his new novel is now appearing. It is the longest story he has yet written.

Edmund Goose, the eminent English literary reviewer, has written a critical and biographical sketch of the young English poet, Stephen Phillips, which appeared in a recent number of *The Century*. Mr. Gosse believes that the head of the author of "*Francesa and Paolo*" and "*Herod*," will be saved by the poet's own keen sense of humor; it will not even be turned by the almost universal chorus of praise which has been called forth by his poems.—*Saturday Book Review.*

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, who is now lecturing in this country has contributed a very interesting character sketch of Lord Roberts to the January number of *The World's Work*, based on a study of the great soldier while Mr. Churchill was a war correspondent in South Africa.

Twelve novels, one appearing each month, will be published during the year 1901, by Harper & Brothers. All the stories will deal with contemporary life in America, and nearly all are by new writers. The first one, "*East Over Court House*," deals with life in Virginia, and is by Kenneth Brown.

A short time ago we presented an extract from a letter written by Rudyard Kipling to Mr. Frank T. Bullen in response to a request that Mr. Kipling should write the introduction to Mr. Bullen's "The Cruise of the Cachalot." Mr. Kipling declined the invitation principally on the grounds that everybody who had a knife ready for him would take pleasure in sticking it into Mr. Bullen. Doubtless Mr. Bullen has appreciated the advice given for his new work, "The Men of the Merchant Service," published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, is dedicated "To Rudyard Kipling in grateful recognition of both his wonderful genius and his great kindness to the author."—*Saturday Book Review.*

Y.M.C.A. Department

J. C. BLANCHARD, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

We were glad to have Prof. Meritt speak to us again on Sunday afternoon, April 8. He based his talk on the first three verses of St. John's gospel. These verses he interpreted in a clear and comprehensive manner, making especially clear the meaning of "the Word," about which there had always been a great deal of mystery to most of us.

* * *

For the Sunday afternoon following Prof. Meritt's very helpful talk, the Devotional Committee saw fit not to ask any special person to speak to us. The meeting was turned into what is commonly called an experience meeting. We had short but earnest talks from a number of men. Many things were said that were helpful to those who spoke as well as to those who listened. Occasional meetings of this kind bring all the members of the Association into closer touch with each other. The talks that are made reveal the common problems with which we have to deal; they unite us in a bond of sympathy and strengthen us in our purpose to live for Christ.

* * *

The members of the Association had the pleasure, on April 21, of listening to Prof. B. R. Payne, an alumnus of the College, who spoke to us on "Gentleness." His talk was earnest and thoughtful, revealing the full value and power of the gentle spirit in one.

* * *

Prof. Dowd spoke to us Sunday afternon, April 28, on "The Object of Life."

The eighth annual Southern Students' Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held in Asheville, N. C., June 21–30. Last year we sent three men to this Conference, but this year we hope to send more if it is possible. We feel that the work done there means a great deal to the representatives whom we send. They come in touch with the great leaders of the Y. M. C. A. movement; they are filled with new energy and zeal for the work, and come back to us better fitted to conduct the work of our Association during the following year. We hope our friends will aid us in sending a large delegation to the Conference.

At Home and Abroad

S. G. WINSTEAD, - - - - - MANAGER.

Dr. J. C. Kilgo spent the first week in May at Nashville, Tenn., where he attended a meeting of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Kilgo was a member of the committee.

According to announcement in the last issue of THE ARCHIVE the inner-society debate was held in the Southern Conservatory of Music May 3. The question discussed was, *Resolved*, That labor unions have been more beneficial than injurious. Messrs. Webb and Cranford; of the Columbian Society, argued the affirmative side of the question, while Messrs. Giles and Howard, of the Hesperian Society, upheld the negative. Both sides were ably represented; each speaker seemed perfectly familiar with every phase of the question. A decision was necessary, and after thorough consideration, as announced by the spokeman of the committee, the question was decided in favor of the affirmative. The College as well as the two Societies should be congratulated on being so ably represented, for as a matter of fact argument, not oratory, was the striking feature of the debate, and we presume that this feature, as heretofore, will be considered in our Thanksgiving contest. The judges for the occasion were Messrs. Jas. H. Southgate, H. A. Foushee, and Dr. Mims. Judge Winston acted as president.

Rev. Mr. Giles, of Mt. Tirzah Circuit, and son, M. S. Giles, spent Friday, May 3, on the Park.

Trinity Commencement Program.—June 2, 8 p. m., Baccalaureate Address by Dr. Kilgo. June 4, 11 a. m., Baccalaureate Sermon by Bishop Galloway, of Mississippi. June 4, 8 p. m., Commencement Address by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, of

New York City. June 4, 4 p. m., Alumni Address by President Dred Peacock, of Greensboro Female College. June 5, Graduating day.

Mr. Woodard, class of 1900, who for the past year has been teaching at Horner's, Oxford, N. C., resigned his position there in view of taking a medical course next fall. Mr. Anderson, of the Senior class, has been elected to succeed him, and as Mr. Woodard has in every respect proven a successful teacher, we congratulate Horner on securing such a worthy successor. Steve is the first of our number to secure a job, yet the fourteen that are left extend to him our best wishes for a successful year.

The following is the record of our ball team this year, and also of individual players:

March 23, at Durham, Horner 1, Trinity 11. March 27, at Durham, Trinity 4, Lafayette 6. April 1, at Durham, Bingham 1, Trinity 25. April 5, at Durham, Wake Forest 0, Trinity 3. April 8, at Guilford, Trinity 6, Guilford 14. April 10, at Durham, Trinity 3, Lehigh 17. April 17, at Durham, Trinity 0, Harvard 12. April 18, at Durham, Trinity 2, Harvard 7. April 20, at Raleigh, Trinity 6, Wake Forest 8. April 26, at Durham, University of Georgia 1, Trinity 13. April 28, at Durham, T. P. H. S. 0, Trinity 13. May 4, at Durham, University of Maryland 9, Trinity 14.

RECORD OF EACH PLAYER.

	Games.	A. B.	R.	H	S. B.	P. O.	A.	E.	B. A.	F. A.
Turner, c. f.	12	53	20	20	13	19	2	2	377	913
Puryear, l. f.—3b	12	52	12	14	9	11	2	4	369	765
Giles, r. f.	9	39	6	15	4	6	0	0	405	1000
Anderson, 2b.	12	49	12	15	13	30	28	7	306	892
Short, 1b.	12	52	11	14	4	91	5	17	269	850
Howard, 3b.—s. s.	11	39	6	8	7	24	33	10	205	825
Lassiter, 3b—p.	11	38	5	7	4	11	13	7	184	775
Bradsher, p.	11	44	5	15	4	9	12	3	340	875
Smith, c.	12	51	8	16	7	76	15	6	314	939
Elliott, sub.	1	1	1	1	0	3	0	0	1000	1000
Peacock, sub.	5	18	6	3	2	3	0	0	166	1000

With Anderson as Captain and Schoch as coach, the team was carried through the season with perfect satisfaction. Anderson besides holding his team together with great ability, attended to everything that came near second base, and hit the ball hard and

often when at the bat. On account of his being a senior next year's team will suffer a great loss.

Lassiter looked after the duties at third base with great capability. He also is a senior and will not be with us next year. "Begorry," we are sorry to give you up.

Turner in center field, the star on the team, accepted all kinds of chances, and used the stick with much skill.

Giles was handicapped the season through on account of a bad ankle, he was compelled to stay in the outfield when he was needed on the infield. He hit hard.

Short, although small in statue, held down first base well. This is his first year in college. We expect great things of him next season.

Howard at short was always in the game, playing in seven out of eleven games without an error. His batting eye was good, drawing more free passes than any man on the team.

The season opened with Puryear at short, but he went to the outfield after the second game where he showed himself to be a fast man.

Bradsher and Smith did the battery work. This is Bradsher's first year in college and first appearance as a pitcher. He is young and promises to be one of the best college pitchers in the State before his college course ends. Three hundred and forty men faced him, sixty-three hit safe, seventy struck out, fourteen drew a base on balls, and six were hit by pitched balls. This is a record that any young pitcher should be proud of.

Smith held up his end of the battery string with great capacity. Besides the battery work of Smith and Bradsher, they both hit among the leaders.

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